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THE WORKS

OF

SHAKESPEARE.

NY

c

THE HENRY IRVING SHAKESPEARE.

THE WORKS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

EDITED BY

HENRY IRVING AND FRANK A. MARSHALL.

WITH

NOTES AND INTRODUCTIONS TO EACH PLAY BY F. A. MARSHALL
AND OTHER SHAKESPEARIAN SCHOLARS,

AND

NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS BY GORDON BROWNE.

VOLUME I.

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PREFACE.

Although the General Introduction must be left till the completion of the Work, it is necessary to say a few words here with regard to the various distinctive features of this edition, for the invention of which I am chiefly responsible. The guiding principle, which has been kept in view throughout, is the treatment of Shakespeare's work as that of a dramatist, whose plays were intended not to be read as poetical exercises, but to be represented by living men and women before a general audience. Mr. Irving having, in his Introduction, treated Shakespeare as a playwright, that is to say a practical writer of plays, it is not necessary for me to say any more on this point. I would simply point out that, in accordance with this principle, there will be found in this edition more explicit stage directions than there are in other modern editions of Shakespeare. But they are not so many as might be expected, because, after all, Shakespeare's text contains in itself the best stage directions, and because many points bearing upon gesture or by-play of the actor have been pointed out in the notes. Again, before adopting any emendation, the fact that the words have to be spoken and not read has always been borne in mind; and therefore no alteration of the text has been made without considering the requirements, not only of the sense and metre, but also of what may be called the dramatic rhythm; that is to say, the rhythm which the sentiment or passion of the words may require in order to be spoken with due dramatic effect. The superiority of Shakespeare as a dramatist can only be fully appreciated by reading his plays aloud; and therefore every assistance has been given to the reader by marking those words, or syllables, which, contrary to ordinary usage, are to be accented by the speaker.

It is with the object of assisting those who read Shakespeare aloud, either in private or in public, that those passages which may be omitted in the recitation or representation of the plays, as suggested by Mr. Irving, have been marked in a clear and simple manner. Mr. C. Flower of Stratford-on-Avon has published some twenty of the plays separately, in which the passages generally omitted on the stage are printed in a smaller type; but there has been hitherto no edition in which this practice has been adopted throughout. Some of Shakespeare's plays have been already published by Mr. Irving as prepared by him for dramatic purposes; but the passages omitted in this edition will not be found always to correspond with those omitted in Mr. Irving's Lyceum editions, and, of course, the transpositions of scenes cannot be marked. In fact this edition does not pretend to be, as many paragraphs in the newspapers have announced, an acting edition of Shakespeare; but what we do claim for it is that, while giving the whole of Shakespeare's text, anyone with the aid of this edition could easily prepare an acting version of any of the plays either for private or public representation; and also that it affords most necessary help to those who wish to read Shakespeare aloud, either at home or on the platform. It need scarcely be pointed out that these omissions are not merely such as would be made in a so-called "Bowdlerized" edition; but the passages placed between brackets are those which may, without any detriment to the story or action of the play, be left out. Anyone who, without any practical knowledge or stage experience, has tried to arrange a scene of Shakespeare for the purpose of public reading, will know how difficult it is to mark the omissions which are necessary without interrupting the sequence of the story, or obscuring its intelligibility.

The treatment of words ending in *ed* has been slightly different from that employed by most modern editors. The First Folio (1623) has been followed, except in very few instances. With regard to the elision of the final syllable of such words, not only in the verse portions but also in the prose portions of the plays, the greatest care would seem to have been exercised by the editors of the First Folio; a most important point, it need scarcely be said, as far as the actor or speaker of

the verse is concerned. In the prose portions the final *ed* seems to be generally elided when the speaker is speaking familiarly. It may be therefore as well to note that, wherever it is not elided in this edition, the syllable *ed* is supposed to be pronounced by the reader. Words ending in *ion*, as "action," "confusion," &c., must not be pronounced in the usual slovenly way in vogue nowadays, as if they were spelt "acshun," "confushun," but as if the *ion* were the two last syllables of a dactyl. If attention is not paid to this rule, some of the lines of Shakespeare will be curtailed of one syllable where the poet did not intend it.

The foot-notes have been confined to the translation of any foreign or Latin words occurring in the text, and to the explanation of such words as would not be readily understood by an *ordinary* reader: the object being to prevent the necessity of turning to the notes, at the end of each play, for explanation of any one word the meaning of which such reader might not know. The number of such foot-notes has been limited as much as possible; but it was thought better to err on the side of explaining too many words rather than too few, although such explanations will doubtless seem quite unnecessary to those who are well acquainted with the language of Shakespeare.

For the convenience of the student, as well as of the general reader, the Introductions have been divided into three heads: (1) "The Literary History," which treats of the various early editions of the plays and the source whence the plot, or dialogue, may have been wholly, or in part, borrowed. (2) "The Stage History,"—which I regret to say is, in many cases, very scanty, as we have so few early records of the representations of Shakespeare's plays—giving an account of any remarkable stage versions of the plays which may have been produced, as well as some notice of the most remarkable performances and of any notable cast. (3) "The Critical Remarks," in which I have purposely abstained from quoting the criticisms of others. It appears to me that such a practice is neither advantageous to the reader, nor to the writers from whom such criticism, necessarily more or less mutilated, may be taken; and I venture to presume that an editor who has been studying a play

closely, and living, as it were, with the various characters, ought to have something worth saying on his own account without giving the opinions of others.

For the Time Analysis given at the beginning of each play I am indebted to Mr. P. A. Daniel's work on that subject, for which all students of Shakespeare should feel grateful to the author.

With regard to the text itself it is, as will be seen, no mere reprint of any former edition, though we have taken as our model Dyce (third edition), who seems to hit the just medium between slavish adherence to the old copies and a reckless adoption of modern emendations. The early printed Quartos of Shakespeare's plays, nearly all of which were surreptitiously published, are, no doubt, of great value in correcting some of the errors in the First Folio, and in supplying passages omitted in that edition, which was mainly founded on the copies of the plays that existed in the theatre of which Shakespeare had been part manager. In all cases where the original text either of Quartos or Folios has not been followed, reasons have been given for such a course in the notes; and whenever we have ventured to print any original emendation, the fact has been pointed out in the list of such emendations appended to each play; so that the critical reader may see at once what innovations have been introduced into this text. They will be found to be comparatively few, and we trust, in no case, will be considered rash or unnecessary. Great attention has been paid to the punctuation of the text, a point neglected by some modern editors, especially with regard to the use of commas, which are most important as guides to the reader or reciter, and to the actor are positively necessary.

The maps to be found prefixed to the notes of many of the plays are, it is believed, quite a new feature. They will be found useful for the purposes of reference in the historical plays, and will enable the reader to follow the incidents of those plays with greater ease; while even in the non-historical plays, they will serve to illustrate some of the notes.

As for the notes themselves, I should have liked to have separated those which relate purely to discrepancies or errors in the various texts,

as well as those which relate to questions of grammar or philology, from the general notes. But it was thought advisable, after mature consideration, not to make any such distinction. No difficulty has been consciously shirked; while it has been borne in mind that the difficulties, which may exist for the general reader who is unacquainted with the literature of the Elizabethan age, might easily escape the notice of those familiar with such literature. In a work like this, intended for the general public, it is better, perhaps, that the notes should be too many rather than too few. In all cases where it is possible, Shakespeare's meaning has been explained by reference to some one or other of his contemporaries; and, whenever practicable, all quotations have been taken from the works of the author quoted, and have been carefully verified. The notes referring to subjects connected with natural history or botany have been made ampler than is usual in most editions; for Shakespeare's references to the animals and plants of his native land cannot but be interesting to the general reader, if only as showing how closely he observed objects in the country, and studied them with as much loving attention as he did the characters of men and women in the town. Many of the popular superstitions, that existed with regard to the wild animals and flowers in Shakespeare's time, still exist. On this subject my obligation to such writers as Harting and Ellacombe will be sufficiently apparent from the notes.

One word as to the notes on the Dramatis Personæ, prefixed to the historical plays. Richard II. had already been printed when, in preparing the notes for King John, it occurred to me that it would be very advantageous to give all the information referring to the Dramatis Personæ together at the beginning of the notes. In order to accomplish this the publishers did not hesitate to recast all the notes of Richard II., though they had already been stereotyped. This is only one of many instances in which they have spared neither trouble nor expense to carry out the various details of the plan suggested by me. Mr. George Russell French's excellent book, Shakespeariana Genealogica, suggested this idea to me; and if I have been able, by the assistance of other books, to supplement the information given by him in that valuable work, it does

not lessen the obligation which I owe to his labours. No pains have been spared in trying to obtain the utmost accuracy in these notes; but the task of tracing the intermarriages between the various noble families during the Wars of the Roses is one of the greatest difficulty.

The lists of words peculiar to each play—that is to say, the words which are found only in that play, or in the poems of Shakespeare—will, I trust, prove not merely interesting but useful to students of the language of Shakespeare. It will be seen that the proportion of such words is much larger in some plays than in others, and in those plays (the three parts of Henry VI. for instance), of which we know Shakespeare to have been only part author, it is possible that, through the medium of the words distinctly peculiar which occur in those plays, we may be assisted in the solution of the vexed question as to who were his collaborators. We may be able also, through the examination of these words, to trace, in some measure, under what literary influence Shakespeare was when writing any particular play: and by distinguishing between those words which are merely incidental to any particular character,—such, for instance, as the affected pedant Holofernes in Love's Labour's Lost—and those which are employed by the author, when writing as a poet rather than as a dramatist, one may arrive at some interesting internal evidence as to the period of Shakespeare's career to which the various plays belong. For instance, if we find in any play several words used, which occur more than once in the Sonnets or the Poems, we may assign such a play more confidently, if the other evidence, external or internal, coincides, to his earlier period.

The plays have been arranged in this edition, as nearly as possible in the order in which they are supposed to have been written by Shakespeare. But, as is well known, the opinions of the best authorities differ very much as to what the exact order of such an arrangement ought to be. Our object has been to give in each volume as much variety as is possible, consistent with those principles, to which we consider we shall have sufficiently adhered, if we have kept together those plays which belong to the three periods into which Shakespeare's literary career is generally divided, viz. the early, the middle, and the last period.

For the delay which has occurred in the production of this long-promised edition I fear I must be held responsible. The causes which have led to such delay have been various; but it is not necessary for me to specify them. The publishers have been fortunate enough to secure the hearty co-operation of more than one Shakespearian scholar, whose names will be a sufficient guarantee of the excellence of their work, and without whose aid I could not have had any hope of bringing the work to a conclusion for some years to come.

It only remains for me to express my heartiest thanks for the kind and courteous help afforded me by such distinguished editors of Shakespeare as Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps and Dr. Furnivall, and others, to whom grateful acknowledgment will be more fitly made at the conclusion of the work.

Finally, as gratitude is said to be "a lively sense of favours to come," I will thank, by anticipation, those who shall be kind enough to correct any errors they may detect in this edition, or to supply any information on points left partially or wholly unexplained. Any communications addressed either to the publishers or to me shall receive the fullest attention.

F. A. MARSHALL.

LONDON, *November*, 1887.

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PASSAGES AND SCENES ILLUSTRATED.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

Act I. scene 1. lines 119, 120, . . 7

Biron [reads]. "Item, that no woman shall come within a mile of my court."

Act I. scene 1. lines 189, 190, . . 10

Dull. . . . There's villany abroad: this letter will tell you more.

Act I. scene 2. lines 146, 147, . . 13

Arm. I love thee.
Jaq. So I heard you say.

Act II. scene 1. line 1, . . . 15

Boyet. Now, madam, summon up your dearest spirits.

Act III. scene 1. lines 1, 2, . . 19

Arm. Warble, child; make passionate my sense of hearing.

Act III. scene 1. lines 162, 163, . . 21

Biron. Hark, slave, it is but this.

Act IV. scene 2. line 13, . . 25

Hol. Most barbarous intimation!

Act IV. scene 3. lines 129, 130, . . 29

Long. [advancing]. . . . You may look pale, but I should blush, I know,
To be o'erheard, and taken napping so.

Act IV. scene 3. line 152, . . 31

Biron [advancing]. . . . Ah, good my liege, I pray thee, pardon me!

Act V. scene 1. line 37, . . . 34

Arm. Men of peace, well encountered.

Act V. scene 2. line 29, . . . 37

Prin. Well bandied both; a set of wit well play'd.

Act V. scene 2. lines 94, 95, . . 39

Boyet. I stole into a neighbour thicket by,
And overheard what you shall overhear.

Act V. scene 2. line 230, . . 40

Biron. White-handed mistress, one sweet word with thee.

Act V. scene 2. lines 383, 384, . . 43

Biron. O, I am yours, and all that I possess!
Ros. All the fool mine?

Act V. scene 2. lines 723–725, (*Etching*) 48

Mer. God save you, madam!
Prin. Welcome, Mercade, but that thou interruptest our merriment.

Tailpiece, Returning from the Revels, . 51

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

Act I. scene 1. lines 95, 96, . . . 79

Ægeon. Let me say no more!
Gather the sequel by that went before.

Act I. scene 2. line 91, . . . 82

Ant. S. What, will thou flout me thus unto my face?

Act II. scene 1. lines 87, 88, . . . 85

Adr. His company must do his minions grace,
Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.

Act III. scene 1. lines 32, 33. . . . 89

Dro. S. Mome, malt-horse, capon, coxcomb, idiot, patch!
Either get thee from the door, or sit down at the hatch.

Act III. scene 2. line 29, . . . 91

Ant. S. Sweet mistress, — what your name is else,
I know not.

Act III. scene 2. lines 71, 72. . . . 93

Ant. S. Why, how now, Dromio! where runs thou so fast?

Act IV. scene 2. line 32. . . . 97

Dro. S. No, he's in Tartar limbo, worse than hell.

Act IV. scene 4. line 110, (*Etching*) 101

Pinch. More company! — The fiend is strong within him.

Act V. scene 1. line 133. . . . 104

Ade. Justice, most sacred duke, against the abbess!

Act V. scene 2. lines 423, 425. . . . 108

Dro. E. Nay, then, thus:
. . . let's go hand in hand, not one before another.

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

Act V. scene 4. lines 1, 2, . . . 127

Val. How use doth breed a habit in a man!
These shadowy, desert, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns.

Act I. scene 1. lines 61, 62, . . . 129

Pro. All happiness bechance to thee in Milan!
Val. As much to you at home! and so, farewell.

Act I. scene 2. line 108, . . . 132

Jul. I'll kiss each several paper for amends.

Act I. scene 3. lines 84, 85, . . . 133

Pro. O, how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day.

Act II. scene 3. lines 16–18, . . . 137

Launce. Nay, I'll show you the manner of it. This shoe is my father: no, this left shoe is my father.

Act II. scene 4. lines 23–26, . . . 139

Sil. What, angry, Sir Thurio! do you change colour?
Val. Give him leave, madam; he is a kind of chameleon.

Act II. scene 5. lines 40, 41, . . . 142

Launce. Thou shalt never get such a secret from me but by a parable.

Act III. scene 1. lines 4, 5, . . . 145

Pro. My gracious lord, that which I would discover
The law of friendship bids me to conceal.

Act III. scene 1. lines 157, 158. . . . 147

Duke. Go, base intruder! overweening slave!
Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates.

Act IV. scene 1. line 3, . . . 152

Third Out. Stand, sir, and throw us that you have about ye.

Act IV. scene 4. line 29, . . . 156

Launce. "Friend," quoth I, "you mean to whip the dog?"
"Ay, marry, do I," quoth he.

Act IV. scene 4. lines 203, 204, . . . 159

Jul. O thou senseless form
Thou shalt be worshipp'd, kiss'd, lov'd and ador'd!

Act V. scene 4. lines 60, 61, (*Etching*) 161

Val. Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch,
Thou friend of an ill fashion!

ROMEO AND JULIET.

Act I. scene 1. line 74, . . . 185

Tyb. Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

Act I. scene 1. line 51, . . . 186

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Act I. scene 1. line 231, . . . 189

Ben. Be ruled by me, forget to think of her.

Act I. scene 3. line 5, . . . 192

Enter JULIET.

Act I. scene 4. line 53, . . (*Etching*) 194

Mer. O, then, I see, Queen Mab hath been with you.

Act II. scene 2. line 33, . . . 199

Jul. O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?

Act II. scene 4. lines 150, 151, . . 205
Mer. Farewell, ancient lady; farewell,- [*singing*] lady, lady, lady.

Act III. scene 1. line 130, . . 210
Rom. Now, Tybalt, take the "villain" back again.

Act III. scene 3. lines 74, 75, . . 215
Fri. L. Romeo, arise!—Thou wilt be taken

Act III. scene 5. line 51, . . 218
Jul. O, think'st thou we shall ever meet again?

Act IV. scene 1. line 121, . . 223
Jul. Give me, give me! O, tell not me of fear!

Act IV. scene 3. line 58, . . 225
Jul. Romeo! I come. This do I drink to thee.

Act V. scene 1. line 37, . . . 229
Rom. I do remember an apothecary.

Act V. scene 3. line 72, . . . 231
Par. O, I am slain!

Act V. scene 3. line 121, . . . 233
Fri. L. Saint Francis be my speed!

Act V. scene 3. lines 309, 310, . . 235
Prince. For never was a story of more woe
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.

KING HENRY VI.—PART I.

Act I. scene 1. line 18, . . . 265
Exe. Henry is dead, and never shall revive.

Act I. scene 2. lines 76 78, . . 269
Puc. Lo, whilst I waited on my tender lambs,
And to sun's parching heat display'd my cheeks,
God's mother deigned to appear to me

Act I. scene 3. lines 45-47, . . 271
Glo. What! am I dar'd and beardel to my face?
Draw, men, for all this privileged place;
Blue coats to tawny —Priest, beware your beard.

Act I. scene 4. line 11, . . . 273
M. Gun. In yonder tower, to o'erpeer the city.

Act II. scene 1. lines 26, 27, . . 277
Tal. God is our fortress, in whose conquering name
Let us resolve to scale their flinty bulwarks.

Act II. scene 3. lines 16, 17, . . 280
Const. Is this the Talbot, so much fear'd abroad
That with his name the mothers still their babes?

Act II. scene 5. line 122, . . 284
Plan. Here dies the dusky torch of Mortimer.

Act III. scene 3. line 1, . . . 290
Puc. Dismay not, princes, at this accident.

Act IV. scene 1. lines 45, 46, . . 295
King. Stain to thy countrymen, thou hear'st thy doom!
Be packing, therefore, thou that wast a knight.

Act IV. scene 5. lines 1, 2, . . 298
Tal. O young John Talbot! I did send for thee
To tutor thee in stratagems of war.

Act IV. scene 7. line 32, . . . 302
Tal. Now my old arms are young John Talbot's grave.

Act V. scene 3. lines 110, 111, (*Etching*) 306
Suf. Say, gentle princess, would you not suppose
Your bondage happy, to be made a queen?

Act V. scene 5. lines 1, 2, . . 310
King. Your wondrous rare description, noble earl,
Of beauteous Margaret hath astonish'd me.

Act V. scene 5. line 103, . . . 311
Suf. Thus Suffolk hath prevail'd.

SHAKESPEARE AS A PLAYWRIGHT.

I daresay that it will appear to some readers a profanation of the name of Shakespeare to couple with it the title of playwright. But I have chosen this title for my introduction because I am anxious to show that with the mighty genius of the poet was united, in a remarkable degree, the capacity for writing plays intended to be acted as well as read. One often finds that the very persons who claim most to reverence Shakespeare, not only as a poet but also as a dramatist, carry that reverence to such an extent that they would almost forbid the representation of his plays upon the stage, except under conditions which are, if not impossible, certainly impracticable.

Shakespeare was one of the most practical dramatists which the world has ever seen, and this notwithstanding that he lived in an age when the drawbacks which existed to the proper representation of stage plays were very many. It must not be thought that in claiming for him this quality one necessarily detracts, in the slightest degree, from his greater qualities as a poet. But surely the end of all plays is to be acted, and not to be simply read in the study. It is no reproach against a dramatist, whose object it is to produce plays, that he should prove himself a good playwright; for that is only equivalent to saying that he does his work well. Indeed there is no reason why we should praise him as a dramatist if his plays will not bear acting. During his lifetime Shakespeare took extraordinary pains to prevent his plays being published: not that he feared the literary test, but because it diminished their value as works for the stage, inasmuch as it enabled other companies, in which he was not interested, to act them without his deriving any profit. It is quite possible that, had Shakespeare lived,

he would have brought out an edition of his plays as literary works, and would have bestowed upon their revision the greatest care. But, unfortunately, if such was his purpose, he did not live to fulfil it; and the consequence is that to the actors, and not to the ingenious publishers who "conveyed" his plays into print, we owe the preservation of the complete dramatic works of William Shakespeare. If his plays had not been successful in the staging, if they had not been frequently represented in action, we may venture to say that only a very few of them would have come down to us. It was surely on account of their popularity as acting plays that they were published without the author's consent. There can be no better test of the skill of a playwright than that his work should be popular, not only in his own time, but also with posterity, and in countries where the language in which he wrote is almost unknown. It must be admitted that Beaumont and Fletcher, and Ben Jonson, were considered superior to Shakespeare by many persons, both during his lifetime and for some considerable time after his death. Yet, as far as we can discover, in his own day, Shakespeare more than held his own; and, with the exception of a period after the Restoration, when the worst taste in dramatic literature prevailed, Shakespeare's popularity has ever since increased; while that of Beaumont and Fletcher, Ben Jonson, Marlowe, Chapman, and all his other contemporaries, has declined, till, at the present time, their plays have almost ceased to be represented on the stage.

It is fortunate that we have the means of practically testing Shakespeare's excellence as a playwright by comparing his work with the old plays which he used as materials. Take, for example, "The Taming of the Shrew," in which, as Shakespeare's adaptation resembles the original so very closely both in plot and in the principal characters, we have a very good opportunity of judging his capacity by reading the old play side by side with his own. In Mr. Marshall's notes to this edition there will be found many instances of the skill which Shakespeare has shown, not only in important modifications in the language of that play, but also in the action. In King John

and King Lear it is scarcely possible to recognize the crude originals as transformed by Shakespeare's genius. There are, indeed, many plays which, though not suggested by the work of other dramatists, as far as we know, were founded on stories which fortunately have been preserved to us. In these we can see with what unerring tact Shakespeare selected the most effective incidents for treatment on the stage, with what wide and deep knowledge of human nature he brought to life the characters of history, and how thoroughly he knew the greatest secret of a successful dramatist—how to enlist the sympathies of an audience for his hero or heroine, without making them prodigies of consistent virtue. It is with Shakespeare's heroes and heroines, as it is in real life; those we love the best have the least pretension to perfection; we love them all the more for their inconsistencies and their faults; perhaps because their very defects make us acknowledge them the more readily as our fellow-creatures. In this human imperfection of character lies much of the fascination of Hamlet. Equally striking is the effective use which Shakespeare makes of a situation, when he finds one in the story on which he has founded his plot, or invents one for himself. In nothing is the instinct of a true dramatist more forcibly exemplified. It is a common experience that a play which is excellent in all other respects, often falls short of success because the writer either fails to recognise a situation, when it naturally occurs, or, if he do recognise it, is unable to turn it to the best account.

Of the stage traditions of Shakespeare we know nothing, though we are told they descended from Burbage, Taylor, and Lowin to Davenant, and were given by him to Betterton. For fifty years Betterton held the position of the greatest actor of his day; and during that half-century, although the prejudices and predilections of the literary taste of the day were alike hostile to Shakespeare's works, Betterton had only to appear in Mercutio, Macbeth, or, above all, in Hamlet to draw the town. It was not till after the Restoration that the idea seems generally to have prevailed that Shakespeare wanted improving: that, in order to be acted, his plays must be adapted

by some literary genius of that day. Even Dryden, great poet as he was, and sincere admirer of Shakespeare, did his best to spoil The Tempest; while such inferior men as Davenant, Crowne, and, later on, Cibber, found a congenial task in degrading as much as possible the poetry of Shakespeare to the level of commonplace. Anyone who is interested in these labours will find the fruits of them in such pieces as Davenant's Law against Lovers (a fusion of *Measure for Measure* and *Much Ado*), and his version of Macbeth; Crowne's Miseries of Civil War *(Henry VI.)*; Colley Cibber's Papal Tyranny *(King John)*, and his bombastic Richard III. Even in Garrick's day the public, which eagerly applauded his acting, and welcomed his purer and wholesomer style of dramatic art, continued to tolerate mutilated versions of the works of our greatest dramatist; Garrick himself supplying a version of Romeo and Juliet. There is an old engraving representing Mr. Holman and Miss Brunton in the scene at Capulet's tomb. Underneath this picture are these lines:—

> *Juliet.*—You fright me . . . Speak . . . O, let me hear some voice
> Besides my own in this drear vault of death,
> Or I shall faint. . . Support me . . .
> *Romeo.*— . . O, I cannot . . I have no strength . . but want
> Thy feeble aid. . . Cruel poison!
>
> SHAKESPEARE.

It will puzzle the reader to find this passage in any edition of the dramatist; and yet there is no doubt that many persons in all innocence accepted these words as having been written by Shakespeare.

It is well known that for many years Cibber's Richard III. was the only version of that play with which the majority of Englishmen were acquainted; indeed, Porson said that for one man who knew Shakespeare's play there were more than ten who knew only Cibber's; and the inflated commonplaces of the latter were accepted as the work of the great poet himself.

All the principal comedies were, at one time or other, most recklessly manipulated; while of the tragedies, Romeo and Juliet, Lear, and Macbeth suffered much from these improvers of our poet. Perhaps, if we were asked to name the ideal representative of Hamlet, we should say

Betterton was the actor who seems to have satisfied most fully the fastidious requirements of such intellectual lights as Dryden, Steele, and Pope, and who enjoyed the advantage, as has already been said, of having received, only at second hand, the poet's own ideas as to the mode of realizing on the stage his great creation. Yet to those who have always been ready to believe that Betterton, even when comparatively an old man, was the best representative of Hamlet, it is humiliating to find, on examining the acting text which was in use at his theatre, that the greatest liberties were taken with the author's language. In many plays of Shakespeare the omission of passages, the modification of certain words or phrases, and the transposition of some scenes, are all absolutely necessary before they can be acted; but the popular taste nowadays would not permit an actor to take such liberties with the text as were once thought not only pardonable but commendable; and indeed, the more the actor plays Shakespeare, the more he must be convinced that to attempt to improve the language of our greatest dramatist is a very hopeless task.

Much objection has been made to the employment of the sister arts of music and painting in the stage representation of Shakespeare, and to the elaborate illustrations of the countries in which the various scenes are laid, or of the dress and surroundings of the different characters. I do not contend that a play, fairly acted, cannot be fully effective without any of these aids and adjuncts. But, practically, their value has ceased to be a matter of opinion; they have become necessary. They are dictated by the public taste of the day—not by the desire for mere scenic display, but that demand for finish in details which has grown with the development of art in all its phases. A painter who should neglect truthful detail, however broad and powerful his method, would nowadays be exposed to severe criticism. This is not a proof of decadence; it is a striving after completeness. The stage has become not only a mirror of the passions, but also a nursery of the arts, for here students of the past learn the form and colour of the costumes and the decorations of distant ages. To all this there are clear limits. It is not always possible to reproduce an historic period with exactness.

Macbeth, and Lear, and Hamlet belong to history too remote for fidelity of costume. But a period has, in such cases, to be chosen and followed with conscientious thoroughness, tempered by discrimination. Above all, the resources of the picturesque must be wholly subordinate to the play. Mere pageant apart from the story has no place in Shakespeare, although there may be a succession of truthful and harmonious pictures which shall neither hamper the natural action, nor distract the judgment from the actor's art. In fine, there is no occasion to apologize for the system of decoration. True criticism begins when the manager carries ornament to excess, for then he sins against the laws of beauty as well as against the poet. Tried by this standard, a successful representation of a Shakespeare play may be ranked as a worthy tribute to the genius which commands the homage of all art, and which has laid on us the memorable injunction of "an honest method, as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine."—(Hamlet, ii. 2. 165–167.)

I suppose the vexed question whether Shakespeare disliked his vocation as an actor will never pass out of the region of controversy. We shall always be told that the lament in the Sonnets over the "public means which public manners breeds" marked the poet's sense of his own degradation on the stage. But against this theory I would enter an earnest protest. First, because it is by no means established that the allusions in the Sonnets are personal to Shakespeare; and, secondly, because they are wholly inconsistent with his masterly exposition of the actor's art in Hamlet's well-known speech to the players. On the first point there is undeniably a conflict of cultivated opinion; on the second there is not, and cannot be, any dispute whatever. The players are "the abstract and brief chronicles of the time." It is their noble function to "hold the mirror up to nature:" and the whole scope and subtlety of their art receive from Shakespeare the most apt, eloquent, and comprehensive definition. No player, who despised his calling, and solemnly charged fortune with the "harmful deeds" which that calling compelled him to commit, could have put upon immortal record this vindication of the art which was both his pride and his livelihood. No doubtful expres-

sion which escaped him can be set against the weight of his own authority. You might as well say that Macbeth's

> poor player
> That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
> And then is heard no more.
> —Macbeth, v. 5. 24–26.

is a fit companion for the "idiot," in the same speech, whose tale is "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing," and that such symbols are appropriate to the undying fame of Roscius or Burbage, of David Garrick or Edmund Kean. "If there is amongst the defective records of the poet's life," says Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps, "one feature demanding special respect, it is the unflinching courage with which, notwithstanding his desire for social position, he braved public opinion in favour of a continued adherence to that which he felt was in itself a noble profession, and this at a time when it was not merely despised but surrounded by an aggressive fanaticism that prohibited its exercise even in his own native town." The stage cannot be dissociated from Shakespeare, either as the poet or as the man. It was the lever with which he moved the world; and, while we accord to him the supremacy of literature, it is but just to remember the practical aid he derived from his judgment and experience as playwright and player.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

NOTES AND INTRODUCTION

BY

F. A. MARSHALL.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.[1]

FERDINAND, King of Navarre.

BIRON,[2] LONGAVILLE,[3] DUMAIN, } Lords attending on the King.

BOYET,[4] MERCADE,[5] } Lords attending on the Princess of France.

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO,[6] a Spaniard.

SIR NATHANIEL, a Curate.

HOLOFERNES, a Schoolmaster.

DULL, a Constable.

COSTARD,[7] a Clown.

MOTH,[8] Page to Armado.

A FORESTER.

PRINCESS OF FRANCE.

ROSALINE,[9] MARIA, KATHARINE, } Ladies attending on the Princess.

JAQUENETTA, a Country Wench.

Lords, Attendants, &c.

THE SCENE IS LAID IN NAVARRE.

HISTORICAL PERIOD: about the year 1427.[10]

TIME OF ACTION,

TWO DAYS:[11]—First day, Acts I. and II.; Second day, Acts III. to V.

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[1] DRAMATIS PERSONÆ: first enumerated by Rowe.

[2] BIRON, spelt *Berowne* in Q. 1, F. 1, Q. 2: the accent is invariably on the last syllable. On the title-pages of the two plays of Chapman founded on the history of the celebrated Duc De Biron, the name is spelt in both instances *Byron*.

[3] LONGAVILLE, spelt *Longavill* in Q. 1, F. 1, Q. 2; made to rhyme with *ill* in iv. 3. 123.

[4] BOYET, pronounced with the accent on the last syllable; made to rhyme to *debt* in v. 2. 334.

[5] MERCADE, printed *Marcade* in Qq. and Ff.

[6] ARMADO, sometimes written *Armatho;* in Q. 1. and F. 1 often called the *Braggart*.

[7] COSTARD, often called in Q. 1, F. 1 simply *Clown*.

[8] MOTH. Grant White suggests that *Moth* should be written *Mote*, "as it was clearly thus pronounced." Certainly *mote* is written *moth* both by Q. 1 and F. 1, in iv. 3. 161.

[9] ROSALINE, made to rhyme with *thine*, iv. 3. 221.

[10] See Hunter's Illustrations, vol. i. p. 257 and note 41.

[11] This is Mr. P. A. Daniel's calculation, and is manifestly right.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

INTRODUCTION.

LITERARY HISTORY.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST was published for the first time in quarto with the following title:—

"A | Pleasant | Conceited Comedie | called | Loues labors lost. | As it was presented before her Highnes | this last Christmas | Newly corrected and augmented | By W. Shakespere. | Imprinted at London by *W. W.* | for *Cuthbert Burby*, 1598."

The folio edition is, more or less, a reprint of this quarto, differing mainly in its being divided into acts. The Cambridge editors add, "and as usual inferior in accuracy;" but in that sweeping judgment I cannot agree.[1] In some cases the readings of the Quarto are preferable, in others those of the Folio. The Second Quarto (Q. 2) is reprinted from the First Folio.

It bears the following title:—

"Loues Labours lost. | A wittie and pleasant | comedie, | As it was Acted by his Maiesties Seruants at | *the* Blacke-Friers *and the* Globe. | *Written* | By William Shakespeare. | London, | Printed by W. S. for *John Smethwicke*, and are to be | sold at his shop in Saint Dunstones Church-yard vnder the Diall. | 1631."

The date of this play may be fixed with tolerable accuracy about 1589–90. It certainly is one of Shakespeare's earliest, if the evidence, afforded by metre and style, is worth anything. As compared with The Comedy of Errors, Love's Labour's Lost has nearly twice as many rhymed lines as blank verse, while the former play has only one rhyme in three. In the scarcity of eleven-syllable lines among the blank verse; in the quantity of doggerel and of alternate rhymes, this play bears the usual characteristics of Shakespeare's earliest style more strongly marked than The Comedy of Errors or The Two Gentlemen of Verona The allusions contained in Love's Labour's Lost, which help to settle the date of it, are the references to "Bankes's horse" (i. 2. 57), whose first exhibition is said to have been in 1589; to "Monarcho," a crazy Italian,[2] so called because he claimed to be the monarch of the world, to whom allusions may be found in an epitaph by Churchyard (1580), and in A Brief Discourse of the Spanish State, 4to, 1590; as well as the adoption by Shakespeare of names for some of his principal characters from those of persons who figured prominently in French politics from 1581 to 1590, such as Biron, Longaville, Dumain (Duc du Maine). (See S. L. Lee's communication, given in Furnivall's "Forewords" to Facsimile of First Quarto.)

This play is mentioned, in 1598, by two writers; by Meres in the well-known passage in Palladis Tamia, and by Robert Tofte in a poem called Alba: or the Months Minde of a Melancholy Lover, who speaks of it as a play he "once did see," implying that he saw it some time before. Dr. Grosart, in his edition of Robert Southwell's poems (written about 1594), professes to find an adaptation of a passage from this play (iv. 3. 350–353) in a description of the eyes of our Saviour. Drummond of Hawthornden enumerates among the books he read in 1606, *Loues Labors Lost*.

As to the source from which Shakespeare derived the story of Love's Labour's Lost, no-

[1] See Mr. Furnivall's admirable analysis of the differences between Q. 1 and F. 1, in his "Forewords" to Griggs' Facsimile of Q. 1.

[2] His real name was Bergamasco, as appears from A Brief Discourse of the Spanish State, &c., 4to, quoted by Staunton.

thing is known. No older play on the same subject has yet been discovered, nor any story upon which it could have been founded.[1] Undoubtedly it was revised and altered by Shakespeare, considerably, between the date of its first production and that of its publication. The last two acts, especially, bear unmistakable marks of the author's revision. The lines (iv. 3. 299–304)[2] are evidently the first version of the subsequent lines 320–323, and 350–353; as are the lines v. 2. 827–832,[2] of lines 850–863 in the same scene. In both cases the earlier versions are very much inferior to the later amplifications.

STAGE HISTORY.

Very little is known of the stage history of this play. From the title-page of the first quarto we know that it was acted at court at Christmas, 1597, before Queen Elizabeth; that it was revived in 1604 we know from a letter[3] of Sir Walter Cope, addressed to Lord Cranborne, and endorsed 1604.

"I have sent and been all this morning hunting for players, jugglers, and such kind of creatures, but find them hard to find; wherefore, leaving notes for them to seek me, Burbage is come, and says there is no new play which the queen hath not seen; but they have revived an old one, called *Loves Labore Lost*, which for wit and mirth he says will please her exceedingly. And this is appointed to be played to-morrow night at my Lord of Southampton's, unless you send a writ to remove the corpus cum causa to your house in Strand. Burbage is my messenger. Ready attending your pleasure.—Yours most humbly, WALTER COPE."

No mention of this play having been acted occurs in Henslowe's Diary, 1591–1609, nor in Pepys, nor in Genest, whose work embraces the period between 1660 and 1830. In October, 1839, under the management of Madame Vestris, Love's Labour's Lost was played at Covent Garden; the cast of this performance, as given in Duncombe's acting edition, included, among other well-known names, Mr. Harley as *Don Adriano*, Mr. Keeley as *Costard*, Mrs. Nisbett as the *Princess*, and Madame Vestris as *Rosaline*. It was also acted in 1853 at Sadlers Wells, under the management of Mr. Phelps, who himself took the part of *Don Adriano*.[4] I can find no instance of its subsequent representation in our time.

Genest mentions a play called Students, and dated 1762, but never acted. He says: "This is professedly Love's Labour's Lost adapted to the stage; but it does not seem to have been ever acted—the maker of the alteration (as is usual in these cases) has left out too much of Shakespeare, and put in too much of his own stuff—Biron is foolishly made to put on Costard's coat—in this disguise he speaks part of what belongs to Costard, and is mistaken for him by several of the characters. The curate and schoolmaster are omitted, but one of the pedantic speeches belonging to the latter is absurdly given to a player. One thing is very happily altered; Armado's letter to the king is omitted as a letter, and the contents of it are thrown into Armado's part. The cuckoo song is transferred from the end of the play to the 2d act, in which it is sung by Moth. It is now usually sung in As you Like it."

CRITICAL REMARKS.

It may be difficult to point out Shakespeare's best play, but there is little difficulty in pointing out his worst. Love's Labour's Lost, whether we consider it as a drama, or as a study of character, or as a poetical work, is certainly the least to be admired of all his plays. How little real attraction it possesses as a drama is proved by the fact that, during the whole period over which Genest's record extends, Love's Labour's Lost was never once acted. It appears to have been fortunate enough to please Queen Elizabeth; but considering that Lilly's plays found so great favour with that

[1] Hunter gives a passage from Monstrelet, in which a payment of "two hundred thousand gold crowns" by the King of France to Charles, King of Navarre, is spoken of. See ii. 1. 129-132, in the note on which passage I have given the quotation in full.

[2] The references here are to the lines in the Globe Edition, as in this edition the redundant lines are omitted altogether.

[3] Ingleby's Centurie of Prayse, second edition, p. 62.

[4] I am indebted to the kindness of Mr. E. L. Blanchard for the above information.

learned and virtuous sovereign, this fact does not say much for the intrinsic merits of Love's Labour's Lost. There is scarcely one scene which contains any real dramatic interest. Perhaps the best is the one, in which Biron overhears the confessions of love on the part of the king and the other two lords. His stepping forth to whip hypocrisy is very amusing, considering that he has already confessed to the audience his own passion for Rosaline, and that he is almost immediately convicted of being equally false to his vows with those whom he has denounced, through the clumsy intervention of Costard and Jaquenetta. In all Shakespeare's other plays, not excepting Timon of Athens, there is a gradually increasing dramatic interest; but in this play no one who reads it, or who sees it acted, can care very much about the fate of any character in it. None of the female characters are developed sufficiently to enlist our sympathies; while the male ones produce, for the most part, only a sense of weariness in the reader or spectator. The individuality of each character is very slight. Biron and Boyet, Armado and Holofernes, Costard and Dull, Rosaline and Maria, are each like faint reflections of the other; they run in pairs, as it were, and the power which should have been concentrated on the one is frittered away on both. The end of the play is, to an audience, eminently unsatisfactory; no definite result is attained, and the spectator is simply left to imagine that, in the course of a year or so, the various couples, male and female, are joined together in holy matrimony. The comic element is infinitely weaker even than in The Two Gentlemen of Verona; while, for construction and situation, The Comedy of Errors ranks far above Love's Labour's Lost.

It would seem that Shakespeare had two main objects in writing Love's Labour's Lost; first, to ridicule the euphuistic school, to satirize the pedantic tone and tedious antitheses of Lilly's plays; secondly, to laugh good-humouredly at the clumsy and ineffective pageants, which it was then the custom for the country people to present at the houses and in the gardens of the nobility, or at village fairs and festivals. One can well imagine that Shakespeare, when quite a young man, feeling within himself the latent power of a great dramatist, must have been more or less incensed at the ridiculous extravagance of the praise awarded to John Lilly, who was at that time, undoubtedly, the most popular playwright. Lilly's comedies, or whatever he was pleased to call them, were performed by companies of boys in the presence of her gracious majesty Queen Elizabeth, who led the applause. The laborious and sententious style of dialogue, the vulgarly paraded scholarship—if we may use such a term for the lavish sprinkling of Latin phrases,[1] which Lilly puts into the mouth of every character, whether heathen god, or Christian clown—the utterly affected and unnatural sentiments, the absence of any real passion, all these points were just of the nature which Queen Elizabeth could thoroughly appreciate. Whatever the talent of her courtiers might be, they were far too submissive to dispute her judgment; and the lower classes, as far as they took any interest in the matter, followed suit: so that, during the period when Shakespeare was growing from boyhood to manhood, John Lilly was accepted as the leading dramatist of the age. It cannot be denied that Lilly had talent, or that his plays contain, here and there, flashes of merit and even of poetry; but his was essentially a false and unwholesome style of writing; and, indeed, had it been otherwise, he would scarcely have found favour at court then, or in later days. It is also true that Queen Elizabeth made some pretence, at a subsequent time, of appreciating Shakespeare;[2]

[1] Dr. Landmann in his interesting paper on "Shakspere and Euphuism" (New Shak. Soc. Transactions, Feb. 10, 1822), makes the astounding statement that "Lilly's style is free from Latin and foreign-English, nor does he *indulge in Latin quotations.*" No one who reads Lilly's plays can fail to notice the ridiculous abundance of Latin quotations and sentences, assigned to every character, without the slightest regard to their appropriateness in the mouth of the person who speaks them.

[2] Although Queen Elizabeth's style is generally over-sententious and affected, yet some of her writings—her letter to Essex, for instance (Nugæ Antiquæ, vol. i. p. 302)—are so clear and masterly, that one cannot well believe she really held Lilly superior to Shakespeare. But her vanity was so great, that she would not show any marked favour to one who declined to condescend to such adulations as Lilly did in his Cynthia's Revels, or Peele in his Arraignment of Paris. It is to Shakespeare's honour that his writings are nowhere disfigured by such sycophancy.

that is not the question at present. What I wish to point out is, that the extravagance and tediousness of Love's Labour's Lost may be attributed, in a great measure, to the over-anxiety of a young writer to satirize one, whose popularity he felt to be undeserved; and whose superior he knew himself to be, not with the self-conceit of a merely clever man, but with the intuition of genius. Shakespeare, however, fell into the fault which young writers, actuated by similar motives, generally display. His satire was so elaborate, that it became equally tedious with that which it sought to ridicule. Armado is quite as great a bore as Sir Tophas in Lilly's Endymion, and Moth may rival for his impertinence—in the strict sense of the word—any of the numerous young prodigies who, under the title of "pages," infest Lilly's plays. But, in spite of all its faults, the satire of Love's Labour's Lost was, no doubt, very effective. The popularity of Lilly seems to have faded before the rising star of those dramatists who, like Shakespeare, imitated his epigrammatic force, while they infused into *their* characters what *his* wanted, life and nature. For some time conceits had their day. It was a long day; but, by the time Shakespeare's genius had begun to mature, he was able to discard such adventitious aid and ornament.

The character of Holofernes has been supposed by some commentators to have been intended for John Florio, the author of many works, and especially of the well-known Italian-English Dictionary which bears his name. Apart from other reasons, it may be doubted whether Shakespeare would have ridiculed one who was so especial a protégé of the Earl of Southampton as Florio was. It is more probable that under cover of a character found, as The Pedant, in many old Italian comedies, Shakespeare intended to satirize the silly display of Latinity which Lilly was so fond of making in his plays. Doubtless, as Dr. Landmann points out, the Spanish bombastic style is more specially ridiculed in Don Armado, and, in the king and his courtiers, the love-sick affectations of the school which professed to follow Petrarch.

In his ridicule of such pageants as the clowns of Warwickshire presented before their liege lords, Shakespeare was more happy, because less tedious; of course, in the admirable "Clown's scenes" of Midsummer's Night's Dream he reaches a far higher point than he does in this play. One can easily imagine the humorous, thoughtful face of the young lad from Stratford-upon-Avon amongst the crowd of spectators at one of those "*pleasant interludes;*" one can picture him as he notes down in his mind the amusing blunders of the rustic actors, and evolves from such scanty materials the rich humour of "Pyramus and Thisbe."

As to the bearing of this play on the social questions of Shakespeare's day, I doubt if he had any intention to treat such serious matters, as the intellectual position of women compared with that of men, in the work before us; nor can we draw any parallel between this play and Tennyson's Princess, without stretching conjecture to unjustifiable limits.

In all Shakespeare's earlier plays there is some idea imperfectly worked out which foreshadows one of his later and more perfect creations. The weak wit-combats, if they can be called so, of Biron and Rosaline, of Boyet and Maria, contain the feeble embryo of those matchless creations, Benedick and Beatrice.

It would be unfair to dismiss this play without noticing the great superiority, as far at least as poetical merit goes, of the two last acts, which were, undoubtedly, much enlarged and improved by Shakespeare, at some period later than that of their original production. There is an elevation in the language of the Princess, in the last act, which belongs to a later period of Shakespeare's career; and some of Biron's speeches contain evidence of a far more skilful touch, both in the metre and in the matter, than the writer possessed when executing the earlier portions of the play.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *The king of Navarre's park.*

Enter FERDINAND, *king of Navarre*, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, *and* DUMAIN.

King. Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live register'd upon our brazen tombs,
And then grace us in the disgrace of death;
When, spite of cormorant devouring Time,
The endeavour of this present breath may buy
That honour which shall bate his scythe's keen edge,
And make us heirs of all eternity.
Therefore, brave conquerors,—for so you are,
That war against your own affections,
And the huge army of the world's desires,— 10
Our late edict shall strongly stand in force:
Navarre shall be the wonder of the world;
Our court shall be a little Academe,
Still and contemplative in living art.
You three, Biron, Dumain, and Longaville,
Have sworn for three years' term to live with me
My fellow-scholars, and to keep those statutes
That are recorded in this schedule here:
Your oaths are pass'd; and now subscribe your names,
That his own hand may strike his honour down
That violates the smallest branch herein: 21
If you are arm'd to do as sworn to do,
Subscribe to your deep oaths, and keep it too.

Long. I am resolv'd; 't is but a three years' fast:
The mind shall banquet, though the body pine:
Fat paunches have lean pates, and dainty bits
Make rich the ribs, but bankrupt quite the wits.

Dum. My loving lord, Dumain is mortified:
The grosser manner of these world's delights
He throws upon the gross world's baser slaves:
To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die;
With all these living in philosophy. . 32

Biron. I can but say their protestation over;
So much, dear liege, I have already sworn,
That is, to live and study here three years.
But there are other strict observances;
As, not to see a woman in that term,
Which I hope well is not enrolled there;
And one day in a week to touch no food
And but one meal on every day beside, 40
The which I hope is not enrolled there;
And then, to sleep but three hours in the night,
And not be seen to wink of all the day—
When I was wont to think no harm all night

And make a dark night too of half the day—
Which I hope well is not enrolled there: 46
O, these are barren tasks, too hard to keep,
Not to see ladies, study, fast, not sleep!
King. Your oath is pass'd to pass away from these.
Biron. Let me say no, my liege, an if you please: 50
I only swore to study with your grace,
And stay here in your court for three years' space.
[*Long.* You swore to that, Biron, and to the rest.
Biron. By yea and nay, sir, then I swore in jest.
What is the end of study? let me know.
King. Why, that to know, which else we should not know.
Biron. Things hid and barr'd, you mean, from common sense?
King. Ay, that is study's god-like recompense.
Biron. Come on, then; I will swear to study so,
To know the thing I am forbid to know: 60
As thus,—to study where I well may dine,
When I to fast expressly am forbid;
Or study where to meet some mistress fine,
When mistresses from common sense are hid;
Or, having sworn too hard a keeping oath,
Study to break it, and not break my troth.
If study's gain be thus, and this be so,
Study knows that which yet it doth not know:
Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say no.
King. These be the stops that hinder study quite, 70
And train our intellects to vain delight.
Biron. Why, all delights are vain; but that most vain,
Which with pain purchas'd doth inherit pain:
As, painfully to pore upon a book
To seek the light of truth; while truth the while
Doth falsely blind the eyesight of his look:
Light seeking light doth light of light beguile:
So, ere you find where light in darkness lies,
Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.
Study me how to please the eye indeed 80
By fixing it upon a fairer eye,
Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed, 82
And give him light that it was blinded by.
Study is like the heaven's glorious sun
That will not be deep-search'd with saucy looks:
Small[1] have continual plodders ever won,
Save base authority from others' books.
These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,
That give a name to every fixed star,
Have no more profit of their shining nights
Than those that walk and wot not what they are. 91
Too much to know is to know nought but fame;
And every godfather can give a name.
King. How well he's read, to reason against reading!
Dum. Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding!
Long. He weeds the corn and still lets grow the weeding.
Biron. The spring is near when green geese are a-breeding.
Dum. How follows that?
Biron. Fit in his place and time.
Dum. In reason nothing.
Biron. Something then in rhyme.
King. Biron is like an envious sneaping[2] frost
That bites the first-born infants of the spring. 101
Biron. Well, say I am; why should proud summer boast
Before the birds have any cause to sing?
Why should I joy in any abortive birth?
At Christmas I no more desire a rose
Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled shows;
But like of each thing that in season grows.
So you, to study now it is too late,
Climb o'er the house to unlock the little gate.]
King. Well, sit you out: go home, Biron: adieu. 110
Biron. No, my good lord; I have sworn to stay with you:
[And though I have for barbarism spoke more
Than for that angel knowledge you can say,
Yet confident I'll keep what I have swore
And bide the penance of each three years' day.]

---

[1] *Small*, small or little (gain). [2] *Sneaping*, checking.

Give me the paper; let me read the same; 116
And to the strict'st decrees I'll write my name.

King. How well this yielding rescues thee from shame!

Biron [*reads*]. "Item, That no woman shall come within a mile of my court:" Hath this been proclaimed? 121

Long. Four days ago.

Biron. Let's see the penalty. [*Reads*] "On pain of losing her tongue." Who devised this penalty?

Long. Marry, that did I.

Biron. Sweet lord, and why?

Long. To fright them hence with that dread penalty.

Biron. A dangerous law against gentility! [*Reads*] "Item, if any man be seen to talk with a woman within the term of three years, he shall endure such public shame as the rest of the court can possibly devise." 133

This article, my liege, yourself must break;
For well you know here comes in embassy
The French king's daughter with yourself to speak,—
A maid of grace, complete in majesty—
About surrender up of Aquitaine
To her decrepit, sick, and bedrid father:
Therefore this article is made in vain, 140
Or vainly comes th' admired princess hither.

King. What say you, lords? why, this was quite forgot.

Biron. So study evermore is overshot:
While it doth study to have what it would,
It doth forget to do the thing it should,
And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,
'Tis won as towns with fire, so won, so lost.

King. We must of force dispense with this decree;
She must lie[1] here on mere necessity.

Biron. Necessity will make us all forsworn
Three thousand times within this three years' space; 151
For every man with his affects is born,
Not by might master'd but by special grace:
If I break faith, this word shall speak for me;
I am forsworn on "mere necessity."
So to the laws at large I write my name:
[*Subscribes.*

[1] *Lie*, reside.

And he that breaks them in the least degree
Stands in attainder of eternal shame:
Suggestions[2] are to others as to me;
But I believe, although I seem so loath, 160
I am the last that will last keep his oath.
But is there no quick[3] recreation granted?

King. Ay, that there is. Our court, you know, is haunted
With a refined traveller of Spain;
A man in all the world's new fashion planted,
That hath a mint of phrases in his brain;
One whom the music of his own vain tongue
Doth ravish like enchanting harmony;
A man of complements,[4] whom right and wrong
Have chose as umpire of their mutiny: 170
This child of fancy, that Armado hight,
For interim to our studies shall relate,
In high-born words, the worth of many a knight
From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate.
How you delight, my lords, I know not, I;
But, I protest, I love to hear him lie,
And I will use him for my minstrelsy.

Biron. Armado is a most illustrious wight,
A man of fire-new[5] words, fashion's own knight.

Long. Costard the swain and he shall be our sport; 180
And so to study; three years is but short.

Enter DULL *with a letter, and* COSTARD.

Dull. Which is the duke's own person?

Biron. This, fellow: what would'st?

Dull. I myself reprehend his own person, for I am his grace's tharborough:[6] but I would see his own person in flesh and blood.

Biron. This is he.

Dull. Signior Arme — Arme — commends you. There's villany abroad: this letter will tell you more. 190

Cost. Sir, the contempts thereof are as touching me.

King. A letter from the magnificent Armado.

Biron. How low soever the matter, I hope in God for high words.

Long. A high hope for a low heaven: God grant us patience!

Biron. To hear? or forbear laughing?

[2] *Suggestions*, temptations. [3] *Quick*, lively.
[4] *Complements*, ornamental accomplishments.
[5] *Fire-new*, bran-new.
[6] *Tharborough*, third borough, a peace-officer.

Long. To hear meekly, sir, and to laugh moderately: or to forbear both. 200

Biron. Well, sir, be it as the style shall give us cause to climb in the merriness.

Cost. The matter is to me, sir, as concerning Jaquenetta. The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.[1]

Biron. In what manner? 206

Cost. In manner and form following, sir; all those three: I was seen with her in the manor-house, sitting with her upon the form, and taken following her into the park; which, put together, is in manner and form following. Now, sir, for the manner,—it is the manner

Dull. . . . There's villany abroad: this letter will tell you more.

of a man to speak to a woman: for the form, —in some form. 213

Biron. For the following, sir?

Cost. As it shall follow in my correction: and God defend the right!

King. Will you hear this letter with attention?

Biron. As we would hear an oracle.

Cost. Such is the simplicity of man to hearken after the flesh. 220

King [*reads*]. "Great deputy, the welkin's vicegerent and sole dominator of Navarre, my soul's earth's god, and body's fostering patron."

Cost. Not a word of Costard yet.

King [*reads*]. "So it is,"--

Cost. It may be so: but if he say it is so, he is, in telling true, but so.

King. Peace!

Cost. Be to me and every man that dares not fight! 230

King. No words!

Cost. Of other men's secrets, I beseech you.

King [*reads*]. "So it is, besieged with sable-coloured melancholy, I did commend the black-oppressing humour to the most wholesome physic of thy health-giving air; and, as I am a gentleman, betook myself to walk. The time when. About the sixth hour; when beasts most graze, birds best peck, and men sit down to that nourishment which is called supper: so much for the time when. Now for the ground which; which, I mean, I walk'd upon: it is yclipped thy park. Then for the place where; [where,

[1] *With the manner*, in the fact.

I mean, I did encounter that obscene and most preposterous event, that draweth from my snow-white pen the ebon-coloured ink, which here thou viewest, beholdest, surveyest, or seest: but to the place where;] it standeth north-north-east and by east from the west corner of thy curious-knotted garden: there did I see that low-spirited swain, that base minnow of thy mirth,"— 251

Cost. Me.

King [*reads*]. "that unlettered small-knowing soul,"—

Cost. Me.

King [*reads*]. "that shallow vassal,"—

Cost. Still me.

King [*reads*]. "which, as I remember, hight Costard,—

Cost. O, me. 260

King [*reads*]. "sorted and consorted, contrary to thy established proclaimed edict and continent canon, with—with,—O, with—but with this I passion to say wherewith,—

Cost. With a wench.

King [*reads*]. "with a child of our grandmother Eve, a female; or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman. Him I, as my ever-esteemed duty pricks me on, have sent to thee, to receive the meed of punishment, by thy sweet grace's officer, Anthony Dull; a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, and estimation." 271

Dull. Me, an't shall please you; I am Anthony Dull.

King [*reads*]. "For Jaquenetta,—so is the weaker vessel called which I apprehended with the aforesaid swain,—I keep her as a vessel of thy law's fury; and shall, at the least of thy sweet notice, bring her to trial. Thine, in all complements of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty.

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO." 280

Biron. This is not so well as I looked for, but the best that ever I heard.

King. Ay, the best for the worst. But, sirrah, what say you to this?

Cost. Sir, I confess the wench.

King. Did you hear the proclamation?

Cost. I do confess much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

[*King.* It was proclaimed a year's imprisonment, to be taken with a wench. 290

Cost. I was taken with none, sir: I was taken with a damsel.

King. Well, it was proclaimed "damsel."

Cost. This was no damsel neither, sir; she was a virgin.

King. It is so varied too; for it was proclaimed "virgin." 297

Cost. If it were, I deny her virginity: I was taken with a maid.

King. This maid will not serve your turn, sir. 300

Cost. This maid will serve my turn, sir.]

King. Sir, I will pronounce your sentence: you shall fast a week with bran and water.

Cost. I had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge.

King. And Don Armado shall be your keeper.

My Lord Biron, see him deliver'd o'er:
And go we, lords, to put in practice that
Which each to other hath so strongly sworn.

[*Exeunt King, Longaville, and Dumain.*

Biron. I'll lay my head to any good man's hat,
These oaths and laws will prove an idle scorn. 311

Sirrah, come on.

Cost. I suffer for the truth, sir; for true it is, I was taken with Jaquenetta, and Jaquenetta is a true girl; and therefore welcome the sour cup of prosperity! Affliction may one day smile again; and till then, sit thee down, sorrow! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same.*

Enter ARMADO *and* MOTH.

Arm. Boy, what sign is it when a man of great spirit grows melancholy?

Moth. A great sign, sir, that he will look sad.

Arm. Why, sadness is one and the self-same thing, dear imp.

Moth. No, no; O Lord, sir, no.

Arm. How canst thou part sadness and melancholy, my tender juvenal?

Moth. By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough senior. 10

Arm. Why tough senior? why tough senior?

Moth. Why tender juvenal? why tender juvenal?

Arm. I spoke it, tender juvenal, as a congruent epitheton appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate tender.

Moth. And I, tough senior, as an appertin-

ent title to your old time, which we may name tough. 18

Arm. Pretty and apt.

[*Moth.* How mean you, sir? I pretty, and my saying apt? or I apt, and my saying pretty?

Arm. Thou pretty, because little.

Moth. Little pretty, because little. Wherefore apt?

Arm. And therefore apt, because quick.

Moth. Speak you this in my praise, master?

Arm. In thy condign praise.

Moth. I will praise an eel with the same praise.

Arm. What, that an eel is ingenious?

Moth. That an eel is quick. 30

Arm. I do say thou art quick in answers: thou heat'st my blood.

Moth. I am answer'd, sir.

Arm. I love not to be cross'd.

Moth. [*Aside*] He speaks the mere contrary; crosses[1] love not him.

Arm. I have promis'd to study three years with the duke.

Moth. You may do it in an hour, sir.

Arm. Impossible. 40

Moth. How many is one thrice told?

Arm. I am ill at reckoning; it fitteth the spirit of a tapster.

Moth. You are a gentleman and a gamester, sir.

Arm. I confess both: they are both the varnish of a complete man.

Moth. Then, I am sure, you know how much the gross sum of deuce-ace amounts to.

Arm. It doth amount to one more than two.

Moth. Which the base vulgar do call three.

Arm. True. 52

Moth. Why, sir, is this such a piece of study? Now here is three studied, ere you'll thrice wink: and how easy it is to put "years" to the word "three," and study three years in two words, the dancing horse will tell you.

Arm. A most fine figure!

Moth. To prove you a cipher.] 59

Arm. I will hereupon confess I am in love: and as it is base for a soldier to love, so am I in love with a base wench. [If drawing my sword against the humour of affection would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take Desire prisoner, and ransom him to any French courtier for a new-devis'd courtesy. I think scorn to sigh: methinks I should outswear Cupid.] Comfort me, boy: what great men have been in love? 68

Moth. Hercules, master.

Arm. Most sweet Hercules! More authority, dear boy, name more; and, sweet my child, let them be men of good repute and carriage.

Moth. Samson, master: he was a man of good carriage, great carriage, for he carried the town-gates on his back like a porter: and he was in love.

Arm. O well-knit Samson! strong-jointed Samson! I do excel thee in my rapier as much as thou didst me in carrying gates. I am in love too. Who was Samson's love, my dear Moth? 80

Moth. A woman, master.

[*Arm.* Of what complexion?

Moth. Of all the four, or the three, or the two, or one of the four.

Arm. Tell me precisely of what complexion.

Moth. Of the sea-water green, sir.

Arm. Is that one of the four complexions?

Moth. As I have read, sir; and the best of them too. 89

Arm. Green indeed is the colour of lovers; but to have a love of that colour, methinks Samson had small reason for it. He surely affected her for her wit.

Moth. It was so, sir; for she had a green wit.

Arm. My love is most immaculate white and red.

Moth. Most maculate thoughts, master, are mask'd under such colours.

Arm. Define, define, well-educated infant.

Moth. My father's wit and my mother's tongue, assist me! 101

Arm. Sweet invocation of a child; most pretty and pathetical!

Moth. If she be made of white and red,
Her faults will ne'er be known,
For blushing cheeks by faults are bred,
And fears by pale white shown:
Then, if she fear, or be to blame,
By this you shall not know;

[1] *Crosses*, money.

For still her cheeks possess the same,
Which native she doth owe.[1] 111
A dangerous rhyme, master, against the reason of white and red.]

Arm. Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar?

Moth. The world was very guilty of such a ballad some three ages since: but I think now 't is not to be found; or, if it were, it would neither serve for the writing nor the tune. 119

Arm. I will have that subject newly writ o'er, that I may example my digression by

Arm. I love thee. *Jaq.* So I heard you say.

some mighty precedent. Boy, I do love that country girl that I took in the park with the rational hind Costard: she deserves well. 124

Moth. [*Aside*] To be whipp'd; and yet a better love than my master.

Arm. Sing, boy; my spirit grows heavy in love.

Moth. And that's great marvel, loving a light wench.

Arm. I say, sing. 130

Moth. Forbear till this company be past.

Enter DULL, COSTARD, *and* JAQUENETTA.

Dull. Sir, the duke's pleasure is, that you keep Costard safe: and you must suffer him to take no delight nor no penance; but he must fast three days a week. For this damsel, I must keep her at the park: she is allow'd for the day-woman.[2] Fare you well.

Arm. I do betray myself with blushing. Maid!

Jaq. Man?

Arm. I will visit thee at the lodge. 140

Jaq. That's hereby.

Arm. I know where it is situate.

Jaq. Lord, how wise you are!

Arm. I will tell thee wonders.

Jaq. With that face?

Arm. I love thee.

Jaq. So I heard you say.

[1] *Owe*, possess.

[2] *Day-woman*, dairy-maid.

Arm. And so, farewell.

Jaq. Fair weather after you!

Dull. Come, Jaquenetta, away! 150

[*Exeunt Dull and Jaquenetta.*

Arm. Villain, thou shalt fast for thy offences ere thou be pardoned.

Cost. Well, sir, I hope, when I do it, I shall do it on a full stomach.

Arm. Thou shalt be heavily punished.

[*Cost.* I am more bound to you than your fellows, for they are but lightly rewarded.

Arm. Take away this villain; shut him up.

Moth. Come, you transgressing slave; away!

Cost. Let me not be pent up, sir: I will fast, being loose. 161

Moth. No, sir; that were fast and loose: thou shalt to prison.]

Cost. Well, if ever I do see the merry days of desolation that I have seen, some shall see.

Moth. What shall some see?

Cost. Nay, nothing, Master Moth, but what they look upon. It is not for prisoners to be too silent in their words; and therefore I will say nothing: I thank God I have as little patience as another man; and therefore I can be quiet. [*Exeunt Moth and Costard.* 171

Arm. I do affect the very ground, which is base, where her shoe, which is baser, guided by her foot, which is basest, doth tread. I shall be forsworn, which is a great argument of falsehood, if I love. And how can that be true love which is falsely attempted? Love is a familiar; Love is a devil: there is no evil angel but Love. Yet was Samson so tempted, and he had an excellent strength; yet was Solomon so seduced, and he had a very good wit. [Cupid's butt-shaft is too hard for Hercules' club; and therefore too much odds for a Spaniard's rapier. The first and second cause will not serve my turn; the passado he respects not, the duello he regards not: his disgrace is to be called boy; but his glory is to subdue men.] Adieu, valour! rust, rapier! be still, drum! for your manager is in love; yea, he loveth. Assist me, some extemporal god of rhyme, for I am sure I shall turn sonnet. Devise, wit; write, pen; for I am for whole volumes in folio. [*Exit.* 192

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The same.*

Enter the PRINCESS OF FRANCE, ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, BOYET, *Lords, and other Attendants.*

Boyet. Now, madam, summon up your dearest spirits:
Consider who the king your father sends,
To whom he sends, and what's his embassy:
Yourself, held precious in the world's esteem,
To parley with the sole inheritor
Of all perfections that a man may owe,
Matchless Navarre; the plea of no less weight
Than Aquitaine, a dowry for a queen.
Be now as prodigal of all dear grace,
As Nature was in making graces dear 10
When she did starve the general world beside,
And prodigally gave them all to you.

Prin. Good Lord Boyet, my beauty, though but mean,
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise:
[Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues:
I am less proud to hear you tell my worth
Than you much willing to be counted wise
In spending your wit in the praise of mine.]
But now to task the tasker: good Boyet, 20
You are not ignorant, all-telling fame
Doth noise abroad, Navarre hath made a vow,
Till painful study shall outwear three years,
No woman may approach his silent court:
Therefore to's seemeth it a needful course,
Before we enter his forbidden gates,
To know his pleasure; and in that behalf,
Bold of your worthiness, we single you
As our best-moving fair solicitor.
Tell him, the daughter of the King of France,
On serious business, craving quick despatch,
Importunes personal conference with his grace:
Haste, signify so much; while we attend, 33
Like humble-visag'd suitors, his high will.

Boyet. Proud of employment, willingly I go.
Prin. All pride is willing pride, and yours is so. [*Exit Boyet.*
Who are the votaries, my loving lords, 37
That are vow-fellows with this virtuous duke?
First Lord. Lord Longaville is one.
Prin. Know you the man?
Mar. I know him, madam: at a marriage-feast, 40
Between Lord Perigort and the beauteous heir
Of Jaques Falconbridge, solémnized
In Normandy, saw I this Longaville:
A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd;
In arts well fitted, glorious in arms: 45

Boyet. Now, madam, summon up your dearest spirits.

Nothing becomes him ill that he would well.
The only soil of his fair virtue's gloss,
If virtue's gloss will stain with any soil,
Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a will;
[Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still wills 50
It should none spare that come within his power.]
Prin. Some merry mocking lord, belike; is't so?
Mar. They say so most that most his humours know.
Prin. Such short-liv'd wits do wither as they grow.
Who are the rest?
Kath. The young Dumain, a well-accomplish'd youth,
Of all that virtue love for virtue loved:
[Most power to do most harm, least knowing ill;
For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,
And shape to win grace though he had no wit.]
I saw him at the Duke Alençon's once; 61
And much too little of that good I saw
Is my report to his great worthiness.
Ros. Another of these students at that time
Was there with him, if I have heard a truth.
Biron they call him; but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal:

His eye begets occasion for his wit;
For every object that the one doth catch, 70
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest,
Which his fair tongue—conceit's expositor—
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished;
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

Prin. God bless my ladies! are they all in love,
That every one her own hath garnished
With such bedecking ornaments of praise?

First Lord. Here comes Boyet.

Re-enter BOYET.

Prin. Now, what admittance, lord?

Boyet. Navarre had notice of your fair approach; 81
And he and his competitors[1] in oath
Were all address'd[2] to meet you, gentle lady,
Before I came. Marry, thus much I have learnt:
He rather means to lodge you in the field,
Like one that comes here to besiege his court,
Than seek a dispensation for his oath,
To let you enter his unpeopled house.
Here comes Navarre. [*The Ladies, all except Princess, put on their masks.*]

Enter KING, LONGAVILLE, DUMAIN, BIRON, *and Attendants.*

King. Fair princess, welcome to the court of Navarre. 90

Prin. "Fair" I give you back again; and "welcome" I have not yet: the roof of this court is too high to be yours; and welcome to the wide fields too base to be mine.

King. You shall be welcome, madam, to my court.

Prin. I will be welcome, then: conduct me thither.

King. Hear me, dear lady; I have sworn an oath.

Prin. Our Lady help my lord! he 'll be forsworn.

King. Not for the world, fair madam, by my will.

Prin. Why, will shall break it; will and nothing else. 100

King. Your ladyship is ignorant what it is.

Prin. Were my lord so, his ignorance were wise,
Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance.
I hear your grace hath sworn out house-keeping:
'T is deadly sin to keep that oath, my lord,
And sin to break it.
But pardon me, I am too sudden-bold:
To teach a teacher ill beseemeth me.
Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my coming,
And suddenly resolve me in my suit. 110
[*Gives him a paper.*

King. Madam, I will, if suddenly I may.

Prin. You will the sooner, that I were away;
For you 'll prove perjur'd if you make me stay.

Biron. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

Ros. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

Biron. I know you did.

Ros. How needless was it then to ask the question!

Biron. You must not be so quick.

Ros. 'T is 'long of you that spur me with such questions.

Biron. Your wit 's too hot, it speeds too fast, 't will tire. 120

Ros. Not till it leave the rider in the mire.

[*Biron.* What time o' day?

Ros. The hour that fools should ask.

Biron. Now fair befall your mask!

Ros. Fair fall the face it covers!

Biron. And send you many lovers!

Ros. Amen, so you be none.

Biron. Nay, then will I be gone.]

King. Madam, your father here doth intimate
The payment of a hundred thousand crowns;
Being but th' one half of an entire sum 131
Disbursed by my father in his wars.
But say that he or we—as neither have—
Receiv'd that sum, yet there remains unpaid
A hundred thousand more; in surety of the which,
One part of Aquitaine is bound to us,
Although not valued to the money's worth.

[1] *Competitors*, confederates. [2] *Address'd*, prepared.

If then the king your father will restore
But that one half which is unsatisfied,
We will give up our right in Aquitaine, 140
And hold fair friendship with his majesty.
[But that, it seems, he little purposeth,
For here he doth demand to have repaid
A hundred thousand crowns; and not demands,
On payment of a hundred thousand crowns,
To have his title live in Aquitaine;
Which we much rather had depart[1] withal,
And have the money by our father lent,
Than Aquitaine so gelded as it is.
Dear princess, were not his requests so far
From reason's yielding, your fair self should make 151
A yielding 'gainst some reason in my breast,
And go well satisfied to France again.]

Prin. You do the king my father too much wrong,
And wrong the reputation of your name,
In so unseeming to confess receipt
Of that which hath so faithfully been paid.

King. I do protest I never heard of it;
And if you prove it, I'll repay it back,
Or yield up Aquitaine.

Prin. We arrest your word.
Boyet, you can produce acquittances 161
For such a sum from special officers
Of Charles his father.

King. Satisfy me so.

Boyet. So please your grace, the packet is not come
Where that and other specialties are bound:
To-morrow you shall have a sight of them.

King. It shall suffice me: at which interview
All liberal reason I will yield unto.
Meantime receive such welcome at my hand,
As honour without breach of honour may 170
Make tender of to thy true worthiness:
You may not come, fair princess, in my gates;
But here without you shall be so receiv'd
As you shall deem yourself lodg'd in my heart,
Though so deni'd fair harbour in my house.
Your own good thoughts excuse me, and farewell:
To-morrow shall we visit you again.

Prin. Sweet health and fair desires consort[2] your grace!

King. Thy own wish wish I thee in every place! [*Exit.*

Biron. Lady, I will commend you to mine own heart. 180

Ros. Pray you, do my commendations; I would be glad to see it.

[*Biron.* I would you heard it groan.

Ros. Is the fool sick?

Biron. Sick at the heart.

Ros. Alack, let it blood.

Biron. Would that do it good?

Ros. My physic says "ay."

Biron. Will you prick 't with your eye?

Ros. No *poynt*, with my knife. 190

Biron. Now, God save thy life!

Ros. And yours from long living!

Biron. I cannot stay thanksgiving.] [*Retiring.*

Dum. Sir, I pray you, a word: what lady is that same? [*Indicating Katharine.*

Boyet. The heir of Alençon, Katharine her name.

Dum. A gallant lady. Monsieur, fare you well. [*Exit.*

Long. I beseech you a word: what is she in the white? [*Indicating Maria.*

Boyet. A woman sometimes, an you saw her in the light.

Long. Perchance light in the light. I desire her name.

Boyet. She hath but one for herself; to desire that were a shame. 200

Long. Pray you, sir, whose daughter?

Boyet. Her mother's, I have heard.

Long. God's blessing on your beard!

Boyet. Good sir, be not offended.
She is an heir of Falconbridge.

Long. Nay, my choler is ended.
She is a most sweet lady.

Boyet. Not unlike, sir, that may be. [*Exit Longaville.*

Biron. What's her name in the cap? [*Indicating Rosaline.*

Boyet. Rosaline, by good hap. 210

Biron. Is she wedded or no?

Boyet. To her will, sir, or so.

Biron. You are welcome, sir: adieu.

Boyet. Farewell to me, sir, and welcome to you. [*Exit Biron—Ladies unmask.*

Mar. That last is Biron, the merry mad-cap lord:

[1] *Depart*, part. [2] *Consort*, accompany.

Not a word with him but a jest. 215
Boyet. And every jest but a word.
Prin. It was well done of you to take him at his word.
Boyet. I was as willing to grapple as he was to board.
[*Mar.* Two hot sheeps, marry.
Boyet. And wherefore not ships?
No sheep, sweet lamb, unless we feed on your lips. 220
Mar. You sheep, and I pasture: shall that finish the jest?
Boyet. So you grant pasture for me.
[*Offering to kiss her.*
Mar. Not so, gentle beast:
My lips are no common, though several they be.
Boyet. Belonging to whom?
Mar. To my fortunes and me.
Prin. Good wits will be jangling; but, gentles, agree:
This civil war of wits were much better us'd
On Navarre and his book-men; for here 't is abus'd.]
Boyet. If my observation, which very seldom lies,
By the heart's still rhetòric disclosed with eyes,
Deceive me not now, Navarre is infected. 230
Prin. With what?
Boyet. With that which we lovers entitle affected.
Prin. Your reason?
Boyet. Why, all his behaviours did make their retire
To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire:
His heart, like an agate, with your print impress'd,
Proud with his form, in his eye pride express'd: 237
His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see,
Did stumble with haste in his eyesight to be;
[All senses to that sense did make their repair,
To feel only looking on fairest of fair: 241
Methought all his senses were lock'd in his eye,
As jewels in crystal for some prince to buy;
Who, tendring their own worth from where they were glass'd,
Did point you to buy them, along as you pass'd:
His face's own margent did quote such amazes
That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes.]
I 'll give you Aquitaine and all that is his,
An you give him for my sake but one loving kiss.
Prin. Come to our pavilion: Boyet is dispos'd.[1]
Boyet. But to speak that in words which his eye hath disclos'd. 250
I only have made a mouth of his eye,
By adding a tongue which I know will not lie.
Ros. Thou art an old love-monger and speakest skilfully.
Mar. He is Cupid's grandfather and learns news of him.
Ros. Then was Venus like her mother, for her father is but grim.
Boyet. Do you hear, my mad wenches?
Mar. No.
Boyet. What then, do you see?
Ros. Ay, our way to be gone.
Boyet. You are too hard for me.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The same.*

Enter ARMADO *and* MOTH.

Arm. Warble, child; make passionate my sense of hearing.
Moth. Concolinel.[2] [*Singing.*
Arm. Sweet air! Go, tenderness of years; take this key, give enlargement to the swain, bring him festinately[3] hither: I must employ him in a letter to my love.
[*Moth.* Master, will you win your love with a French brawl[4]? 9

[1] *Dispos'd*, merry.
[2] *Concolinel* (?), perhaps the name of the song to be sung.
[3] *Festinately*, hastily.
[4] *Brawl*, a kind of dance.

Arm. How meanest thou? brawling in French? 10

Moth. No, my complete master: but to jig off a tune at the tongue's end, canary to it with your feet, humour it with turning up your eyelids, sigh a note and sing a note, sometime through the throat, as if you swallowed love with singing love, sometime through the nose, as if you snuff'd up love by smelling love; with your hat penthouse-like o'er the shop of your eyes; with your arms cross'd on your thin-belly doublet like a rabbit on a spit; or your hands in your pocket like a man after the old painting; and keep not too long in one tune, but a snip and away. These are complements, these are humours; these betray nice

Arm. Warble, child; make passionate my sense of hearing.

wenches, that would be betrayed without these; and make them men of note—do you note me?—that most are affected to these. 26

Arm. How hast thou purchased this experience?

Moth. By my penny of observation.

Arm. But O,—but O,—

Moth. "The hobby-horse is forgot." 30

Arm. Callest thou my love "hobby-horse?"

Moth. No, master; the hobby-horse is but a colt, and your love perhaps a hackney. But have you forgot your love?

Arm. Almost I had.

Moth. Negligent student! learn her by heart.

Arm. By heart and in heart, boy.

Moth. And out of heart, master: all those three I will prove. 40

Arm. What wilt thou prove?

Moth. A man, if I live; and this, by, in, and without, upon the instant: by heart you love her, because your heart cannot come by her; in heart you love her, because your heart is in love with her; and out of heart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.

Arm. I am all these three.

Moth. And three times as much more, and yet nothing at all.

Arm. Fetch hither the swain: he must carry me a letter.] 51

Moth. A message well sympathiz'd; a horse to be ambassador for an ass.

Arm. Ha, ha! what sayest thou?

Moth. Marry, sir, you must send the ass upon the horse, for he is very slow-gaited. But I go.

Arm. The way is but short: away! 57
Moth. As swift as lead, sir.
Arm. The meaning, pretty ingenious?
Is not lead a metal heavy, dull, and slow? 60
Moth. Minimè, honest master; or rather, master, no.
Arm. I say lead is slow.
Moth. You are too swift, sir, to say so:
Is that lead slow which is fir'd from a gun?
Arm. Sweet smoke of rhetoric!
He reputes me a cannon; and the bullet, that 's he:
I shoot thee at the swain.
Moth. Thump then and I flee. [*Exit.*
Arm. A most acute juvenal; voluble and free of grace!
By thy favour, sweet welkin, I must sigh in thy face:
Most rude melancholy, valour gives thee place.
My herald is return'd. 70

Re-enter MOTH *with* COSTARD.

Moth. A wonder, master! here 's a costard[1] broken in a shin.
Arm. Some enigma, some riddle: come, thy l'envoy; begin.
Cost. No egma, no riddle, no l'envoy; no salve in these all, sir: O, sir, plantain, a plain plantain! no l'envoy, no l'envoy; no salve, sir, but a plantain!
Arm. By virtue, thou enforcest laughter; thy silly thought my spleen; the heaving of my lungs provokes me to ridiculous smiling. O, pardon me, my stars! Doth the inconsiderate take salve for l'envoy, and the word l'envoy for a salve? 80
Moth. Do the wise think them other? is not l'envoy a salve?
Arm. No, page: it is an epilogue or discourse, to make plain
Some obscure precedence that hath tofore been sain.
I will example it:
The fox, the ape and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.
There 's the moral. Now the l'envoy.
Moth. I will add the l'envoy. Say the moral again.
Arm. The fox, the ape, the humble-bee, 90
Were still at odds, being but three.
Moth. Until the goose came out of door,
And stay'd the odds by adding four.
[Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow with my l'envoy.
The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.
Arm. Until the goose came out of door,
Staying the odds by adding four.]
Moth. A good l'envoy, ending in the goose: would you desire more? 101
[*Cost.* The boy hath sold him a bargain, a goose, that 's flat.
Sir, your pennyworth is good, an your goose be fat.
To sell a bargain well is as cunning as fast and loose:
Let me see; a fat l'envoy; ay, that 's a fat goose.]
Arm. Come hither, come hither. How did this argument begin?
Moth. By saying that a costard was broken in a shin.
Then call'd you for the l'envoy.
Cost. True, and I for a plantain: thus came your argument in;
Then the boy's fat l'envoy, the goose that you bought; 110
And he ended the market.
Arm. But tell me; how was there a costard broken in a shin?
Moth. I will tell you sensibly.
Cost. Thou hast no feeling of it, Moth: I will speak that l'envoy:
I Costard, running out, that was safely within,
Fell over the threshold, and broke my shin.
Arm. We will talk no more of this matter.
Cost. Till there be more matter in the shin.
Arm. Sirrah Costard, I will enfranchise thee.
Cost. O, marry me to one Frances: I smell some l'envoy, some goose, in this. 123
Arm. By my sweet soul, I mean setting thee at liberty, enfreedoming thy person: thou wert immured, restrained, captivated, bound.
Cost. True, true; and now you will be my purgation and let me loose.
Arm. I give thee thy liberty, set thee from durance; and, in lieu thereof, impose on thee

[1] *Costard*, head.

nothing but this: bear this significant [*giving a letter*] to the country maid Jaquenetta: there is remuneration; for the best ward of mine honour is rewarding my dependents. Moth, follow. [*Exit.*

Biron. Hark, slave, it is but this.

Moth. Like the sequel, I. Signior Costard, adieu. 135

Cost. My sweet ounce of man's flesh! my incony[1] Jew! [*Exit Moth.*
Now will I look to his remuneration. Remuneration! O, that's the Latin word for three farthings: three farthings—remuneration.—"What's the price of this inkle?[2]—"One penny.—"No, I'll give you a remuneration:" why, it carries it. Remuneration! why, it is a fairer name than French crown. I will never buy and sell out of this word. 144

Enter BIRON.

Biron. O, my good knave Costard! exceedingly well met.

Cost. Pray you, sir, how much carnation ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?

Biron. What is a remuneration?

Cost. Marry, sir, halfpenny farthing.

Biron. Why, then, three-farthing worth of silk. 150

Cost. I thank your worship: God be wi' you!

Biron. Stay, slave; I must employ thee:
As thou wilt win my favour, good my knave,
Do one thing for me that I shall entreat.

Cost. When would you have it done, sir?

Biron. This afternoon.

Cost. Well, I will do it, sir: fare you well.

Biron. Thou knowest not what it is.

Cost. I shall know, sir, when I have done it.

Biron. Why, villain, thou must know first.

Cost. I will come to your worship to-morrow morning. 161

Biron. It must be done this afternoon. Hark, slave, it is but this:
The princess comes to hunt here in the park,
And in her train there is a gentle lady;
When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her name,
And Rosaline they call her: ask for her;
And to her white hand see thou do commend
This seal'd-up counsel. There's thy guerdon; go.
[*Giving him a shilling.*

Cost. Gardon, O sweet gardon! better than remuneration, a 'leven-pence farthing better: most sweet gardon! I will do it, sir, in print. Gardon! Remuneration! [*Exit.* 174

Biron. And I, forsooth, in love! I, that have been love's whip;
A very beadle to a humorous sigh;
A critic, nay, a night-watch constable;
A domineering pedant o'er the boy;
Than whom no mortal so magnificent! 180
This wimpled,[3] whining, purblind, wayward boy;

[1] *Incony*, delicate.

[2] *Inkle*, tape.

[3] *Wimpled*, veiled or hooded.

This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Don Cupid; 182
Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms,
Th' anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,
Liege of all loiterers and malcontents,
Dread prince of plackets, king of codpieces,
Sole imperator and great general
Of trotting paritors[1]:—O my little heart!—
And I to be a corporal of his field,
And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop!
What, I! I love! I sue! I seek a wife! 191
A woman, that is like a German clock,
Still a-repairing, ever out of frame,
And never going aright, being a watch,
But being watch'd that it may still go right!
Nay, to be perjur'd, which is worst of all;
And, among three, to love the worst of all; 197
[A whitely[2] wanton with a velvet brow,
With two pitch-balls stuck in her face for eyes;
Ay, and, by heaven, one that will do the deed
Though Argus were her eunuch and her guard:] 201
And I to sigh for her! to watch for her!
To pray for her! Go to; it is a plague
That Cupid will impose for my neglect
Of his almighty dreadful little might.
Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue and groan:
Some men must love my lady and some Joan.
[*Exit.*

ACT IV.

Scene I. *The same.*

Enter the Princess, *and her train, a Forester,* Boyet, Rosaline, Maria, *and* Katharine.

Prin. Was that the king, that spurr'd his horse so hard
Against the steep uprising of the hill?
Boyet. I know not; but I think it was not he.
Prin. Whoe'er a' was, a' show'd a mounting mind.
Well, lords, to-day we shall have our dispatch:
On Saturday we will return to France.
[Then, forester, my friend, where is the bush
That we must stand and play the murderer in?
For. Hereby, upon the edge of yonder coppice;
A stand where you may make the fairest shoot.
Prin. I thank my beauty, I am fair that shoot, 11
And thereupon thou speak'st, the fairest shoot.
For. Pardon me, madam, for I meant not so.
Prin. What, what? first praise me and again say no?
O short-liv'd pride! Not fair? alack for woe!
For. Yes, madam, fair.
Prin. Nay, never paint me now:
Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.
Here, good my glass, take this for telling true:
Fair payment for foul words is more than due.
For. Nothing but fair is that which you inherit. 20
Prin. See, see, my beauty will be sav'd by merit!
O heresy in fair[3], fit for these days!
A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise.
But come, the bow: now mercy goes to kill,
And shooting well is then accounted ill.
Thus will I save my credit in the shoot:
Not wounding, pity would not let me do't;
If wounding, then it was to show my skill,
That more for praise than purpose meant to kill.
And out of question so it is sometimes, 30
Glory grows guilty of detested crimes,
When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,
We bend to that the working of the heart;
As I for praise alone now seek to spill
The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no ill.
Boyet. Do not curst[4] wives hold that self-sovereignty
Only for praise sake, when they strive to be
Lords o'er their lords?

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[1] *Paritors*, apparitors, officers of the ecclesiastical courts.
[2] *Whitely*, pale.
[3] *Fair*, beauty.
[4] *Curst*, cross-grained.

Prin. Only for praise: and praise we may afford
To any lady that subdues a lord.] 40

Boyet. Here comes a member of the commonwealth.

Enter COSTARD.

Cost. God dig-you-den all![1] Pray you, which is the head lady?

[*Prin.* Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the rest that have no heads.

Cost. Which is the greatest lady, the highest?

Prin. The thickest and the tallest.

Cost. The thickest and the tallest! it is so; truth is truth.
An your waist, mistress, were as slender as my wit,
One o' these maids' girdles for your waist should be fit. 50
Are not you the chief woman? you are the thickest here.]

Prin. What's your will, sir? what's your will?

Cost. I have a letter from Monsieur Biron to one Lady Rosaline.

Prin. O, thy letter, thy letter! he's a good friend of mine:
Stand aside, good bearer. Boyet, you can carve;
Break up this capon.[2]

Boyet. I am bound to serve.
This letter is mistook, it importeth none here;
It is writ to Jaquenetta.

Prin. We will read it, I swear.
Break the neck of the wax, and every one give ear. 59

Boyet [*reads*]. "By heaven, that thou art fair, is most infallible; true, that thou art beauteous; truth itself, that thou art lovely. More fairer than fair, beautiful than beauteous, truer than truth itself, have commiseration on thy heroical vassal! The magnanimous and most illustrate king Cophetua set eye upon the pernicious and indubitate beggar Penelophon; [and he it was that might rightly say, *Veni, vidi, vici;* which to anatomize in the vulgar,—O base and obscure vulgar!—*videlicet*, He came, saw, and overcame: he came, one; saw, two; overcame, three. Who came? the king: why did he come? to see: why did he see? to overcome: to whom came he? to the beggar: what saw he? the beggar: who overcame he? the beggar. The conclusion is victory: on whose side? the king's. The captive is enrich'd: on whose side? the beggar's. The catastrophe is a nuptial: on whose side? the king's: no, on both in one, or one in both.] I am the king; for so stands the comparison: thou the beggar; for so witnesseth thy lowliness. Shall I command thy love? I may: shall I enforce thy love? I could: shall I entreat thy love? I will. What shalt thou exchange for rags? robes; for tittles? titles; for thyself? me. Thus, expecting thy reply, I profane my lips on thy foot, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy every part. Thine, in the dearest design of industry,

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.

"Thus dost thou hear the Nemean lion roar 90
'Gainst thee, thou lamb, that standest as his prey.
Submissive fall his princely feet before,
And he from forage will incline to play:
But if thou strive, poor soul, what art thou then?
Food for his rage, repasture for his den."

Prin. What plume of feathers is he that indited this letter?
What vane? what weathercock? did you ever hear better?

Boyet. I am much deceived but I remember the style.

Prin. Else your memory is bad, going o'er it erewhile.

Boyet. This Armado is a Spaniard, that keeps here in court; 100
A phantasime, a Monarcho,[3] and one that makes sport
To the prince and his bookmates.

Prin. Thou fellow, a word:
Who gave thee this letter?

Cost. I told you; my lord.

Prin. To whom should'st thou give it?

Cost. From my lord to my lady.

Prin. From which lord to which lady?

Cost. From my lord Biron, a good master of mine,
To a lady of France that he call'd Rosaline.

Prin. Thou hast mistaken his letter. Come, lords, away.
[*To Ros.*] Here, sweet, put up this: 't will be thine another day.

[*Exeunt Princess and train.*

[1] *God dig-you-den*, God give you good even.

[2] *Break up this capon*, open this letter.

[3] *Monarcho*, a mad enthusiast of the time.

[*Boyet.* Who is the suitor? who is the suitor?[1]

Ros. Shall I teach you to know? 110

Boyet. Ay, my continent of beauty.

Ros. Why, she that bears the bow.
Finely put off!

Boyet. My lady goes to kill horns; but, if thou marry,
Hang me by the neck, if horns that year miscarry.
Finely put on!

Ros. Well, then, I am the shooter.

Boyet. And who is your deer?

Ros. If we choose by the horns, yourself: come not near.
Finely put on, indeed!

Mar. You still wrangle with her, Boyet, and she strikes at the brow.

Boyet. But she herself is hit lower: have I hit her now? 120

Ros. Shall I come upon thee with an old saying, that was a man when King Pepin of France was a little boy, as touching the hit it?

Boyet. So I may answer thee with one as old, that was a woman when Queen Guinover of Britain was a little wench, as touching the hit it.

Ros. Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it,
Thou canst not hit it, my good man,

Boyet. An I cannot, cannot, cannot,
An I cannot, another can. 130

[*Exeunt Ros. and Kath.*

Cost. By my troth, most pleasant: how both did fit it!

Mar. A mark marvellous well shot, for they both did hit it.

Boyet. A mark! O, mark but that mark! A mark, says my lady!
Let the mark have a prick in 't, to mete at, if it may be.

Mar. Wide o' the bow hand! i' faith, your hand is out.

Cost. Indeed, a' must shoot nearer, or he 'll ne'er hit the clout.

Boyet. An if my hand be out, then belike your hand is in.

Cost. Then will she get the upshoot by cleaving the pin.

Mar. Come, come, you talk greasily; your lips grow foul.

Cost. She 's too hard for you at pricks, sir: challenge her to bowl. 140

Boyet. I fear too much rubbing. Good night, my good owl.

[*Exeunt Boyet and Maria.*

Cost. By my soul, a swain! a most simple clown!
Lord, Lord, how the ladies and I have put him down!
O' my troth, most sweet jests! most incony vulgar wit!
When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely, as it were, so fit.
Armador at th' one side,—O, a most dainty man!
To see him walk before a lady and to bear her fan!
To see him kiss his hand! and how most sweetly a' will swear!
And his page at other side, that handful of wit!
Ah, heavens, it is a most pathetical nit![2] 150
Sola, sola! [*Shout within.*

Exit Costard, running.]

SCENE II. *The same.*

Enter HOLOFERNES, SIR NATHANIEL, *and* DULL.

Nath. Very reverend sport, truly; and done in the testimony of a good conscience.

Hol. The deer was, as you know, *sanguigno*, in blood; ripe as the pomewater,[3] who now hangeth like a jewel in the ear of *cielo*, the sky, the welkin, the heaven; and anon falleth like a crab on the face of *terra*, the soil, the land, the earth.

Nath. Truly, Master Holofernes, the epithets are sweetly varied, like a scholar at the least: but, sir, I assure ye, it was a buck of the first head. 10

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, *haud credo.*

Dull. 'Twas not a *haud credo;* 't was a pricket.[4]

---

[1] *Suitor*, formerly pronounced "shootor."

[2] *Nit*, the egg of an insect.

[3] *Pomewater*, a kind of apple.

[4] *Pricket*, a buck in his second year.

Hol. Most barbarous intimation! yet a kind of insinuation, as it were, *in via*, in way, of explication; *facere*, as it were, replication, or rather, *ostentare*, to show, as it were, his inclination, after his undressed, unpolished, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or rather, unlettered, or ratherest, unconfirmed fashion, to insert again my *haud credo* for a deer. 20

Hol. Most barbarous intimation!

Dull. I said the deer was not a *haud credo;* 't was a pricket. 22

Hol. Twice-sod simplicity, *bis coctus!*
O thou monster Ignorance, how deformed dost thou look!

Nath. Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book;
he hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink; his intellect is not replenished; he is only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts: And such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be, which we of taste and feeling are, for those parts that do fructify in us more than he. 30

[For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiscreet, or a fool,
So were there a patch set on learning, to see him in a school:
But *omne bene*, say I; being of an old father's mind, 33
Many can brook the weather that love not the wind.]

Dull. You two are book-men: can you tell me by your wit
What was a month old at Cain's birth, that's not five weeks old as yet?

Hol. Dictynna, goodman Dull; Dictynna, goodman Dull.

Dull. What is Dictynna?

Nath. A title to Phœbe, to Luna, to the moon.

Hol. The moon was a month old when Adam was no more, 40
And raught[1] not to five weeks when he came to five-score.

[1] *Raught*, reached.

Th' allusion holds in the exchange. 42

Dull. 'T is true indeed; the collusion holds in the exchange.

Hol. God comfort thy capacity! I say, th' allusion holds in the exchange.

Dull. And I say, the pollusion holds in the exchange; for the moon is never but a month old: and I say beside that, 't was a pricket that the princess kill'd. 50

[*Hol.* Sir Nathaniel, will you hear an extemporal epitaph on the death of the deer? And, to humour the ignorant, call the deer the princess killed a pricket.

Nath. *Perge*, good Master Holofernes, *perge;* so it shall please you to abrogate scurrility.

Hol. I will something affect the letter,[1] for it argues facility.

The preyful princess pierc'd and prick'd a pretty pleasing pricket;
Some say a sore;[2] but not a sore, till now made sore with shooting.
The dogs did yell: put L to sore, then sorel[3] jumps from thicket; 60
Or pricket sore, or else sorel; the people fall a-hooting.
If sore be sore, then L to sore makes fifty sores o' sorel.
Of one sore I an hundred make by adding but one more L.

Nath. A rare talent.

Dull. [*Aside*] If a talent be a claw, look how he claws him with a talent.

Hol. This is a gift that I have, simple, simple; a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions: these are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourish'd in the womb of pia mater, and delivered upon the mellowing of occasion. But the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.

Nath. Sir, I praise the Lord for you: and so may my parishioners; for their sons are well tutor'd by you, and their daughters profit very greatly under you: you are a good member of the commonwealth. 79

Hol. *Mehercle*, if their sons be ingenuous, they shall want no instruction; if their daughters be capable, I will put it to them: but *vir sapit qui pauca loquitur;* a soul feminine saluteth us.] 84

Enter JAQUENETTA *and* COSTARD.

Jaq. God give you good morrow, master Person[4].

Hol. Master Person, quasi pers-one[5]. An if one should be pierc'd, which is the one?

Cost. Marry, master schoolmaster, he that is likest to a hogshead.

Hol. O—piercing a hogshead! a good lustre of conceit in a tuft of earth; fire enough for a flint, pearl enough for a swine: 't is pretty; it is well. 92

Jaq. Good master Parson, be so good as read me this letter: it was given me by Costard, and sent me from Don Armado: I beseech you, read it.

Hol. [*Fauste, precor, gelidâ quando pecus omne sub umbrâ Ruminat,*—and so forth. Ah, good old Mantuan! I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice;

Venetia, Venetia,
Chi non ti vede non ti pretia. 100

Old Mantuan, old Mantuan! who understandeth thee not, loves thee not. *Ut, re, sol, la, mi, fa.*] Under pardon, sir, what are the contents? or rather, as Horace says in his—(*looking over Nathaniel's shoulder*) What, my soul, verses?

Nath. Ay, sir, and very learned.

Hol. Let me hear a staff, a stanza, a verse; *lege, domine.*

Nath. [*reads*]

"If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?
Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vowed!
Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll faithful prove; 111
Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like osiers bowed.
[Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes,
Where all those pleasures live that art would comprehend:
If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice;
Well learned is that tongue that well can thee commend,
All ignorant that soul that sees thee without wonder;

[1] *Affect the letter*, practise alliteration.
[2] *Sore*, "soare," a buck in his fourth year.
[3] *Sorel*, a buck in his third year.
[4] *Person*, the old form of parson.
[5] *Pers-one*, pierce-one.

Which is to me some praise that I thy parts admire:
Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his dreadful thunder, 119
Which, not to anger bent, is music and sweet fire.]
Celestial as thou art, O, pardon love this wrong,
That singeth heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue."

Hol. You find not the apostrophas, and so miss the accent: let me supervise the canzonet. Here are only numbers ratified; but, for the elegancy, facility, and golden cadence of poesy, *caret.* [Ovidius Naso was the man: and why, indeed, Naso, but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy, the jerks of invention? *Imitari* is nothing: so doth the hound his master, the ape his keeper, the tyred[1] horse his rider.] But, *damosella* virgin, was this directed to you? 132

Jaq. Ay, sir, from one Monsieur Biron, one of the strange queen's lords.

Hol. I will overglance the superscript:

"To the snow-white hand of the most beauteous Lady Rosaline."

I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing to the person written unto:

"Your ladyship's in all desired employment, BIRON."

Sir Nathaniel, this Biron is one of the votaries with the king; and here he hath framed a letter to a sequent of the stranger queen's, which accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarried. Trip and go, my sweet; deliver this paper into the royal hand of the king: it may concern much. Stay not thy compliment; I forgive thy duty: adieu.

Jaq. Good Costard, go with me. Sir, God save your life! 150

Cost. Have with thee, my girl.

[*Exeunt Cost. and Jaq.*

[*Nath.* Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiously; and, as a certain father saith,—

Hol. Sir, tell not me of the father; I do fear colourable colours.[2] But to return to the verses: did they please you, Sir Nathaniel?

Nath. Marvellous well for the pen.

Hol. I do dine to-day at the father's of a certain pupil of mine; where, if, before repast, it shall please you to gratify the table with a grace, I will, on my privilege I have with the parents of the foresaid child or pupil, undertake your *ben venuto;* where I will prove those verses to be very unlearned, neither savouring of poetry, wit, nor invention: I beseech your society. 166

Nath. And thank you too; for society, saith the text, is the happiness of life.

Hol. And, certes, the text most infallibly concludes it. [*To Dull*] Sir, I do invite you too; you shall not say me nay: *pauca verba.* Away! the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation.] [*Exeunt.*

[1] *Tyred*, adorned with trappings.
[2] *Colourable colours*, specious appearances.

SCENE III. *The same.*

Enter BIRON, *with a paper.*

Biron. The king he is hunting the deer; I am coursing myself: [they have pitch'd a toil; I am toiling in a pitch,—pitch that defiles: defile! a foul word. Well, sit thee down, sorrow! for so they say the fool said, and so say I, and I the fool: well proved, wit! By the Lord, this love is as mad as Ajax: it kills sheep; it kills me, I a sheep: well proved again o' my side!] I will not love: if I do, hang me; i' faith, I will not. O, but her eye, —by this light, but for her eye, I would not love her; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat. By heaven, I do love: and it hath taught me to rhyme and to be melancholy; and here is part of my rhyme, and here my melancholy. Well, she hath one o' my sonnets already: the clown bore it, the fool sent it, and the lady hath it: sweet clown, sweeter fool, sweetest lady! By the world, I would not care a pin, if the other three were in. Here comes one with a paper: God give him grace to groan! [*Conceals himself among the branches of a tree.*

Enter the KING, *with a paper.*

King. Ay me! 21

Biron. [*Aside*] Shot, by heaven! Proceed, sweet Cupid: thou hast thump'd him with thy bird-bolt under the left pap. In faith, secrets!

King [*reads*].

"So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not
To those fresh morning drops upon the rose,

As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smot[1]
The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows:
Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright 30
Through the transparent bosom of the deep,
As doth thy face through tears of mine give light;
Thou shin'st in every tear that I do weep:
No drop but as a coach doth carry thee;
So ridest thou triúmphing in my woe.
Do but behold the tears that swell in me,
And they thy glory through my grief will show:
But do not love thyself; then thou wilt keep
My tears for glasses, and still make me weep. 40
O queen of queens! how far dost thou excel,
No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell—"
How shall she know my griefs? I'll drop the paper:
Sweet leaves, shade folly. Who is he comes here? [*Conceals himself.*
What, Longaville! and reading! listen, ear.

Biron. Now, in thy likeness, one more fool appear!

Enter LONGAVILLE, *with a paper.*

Long. Ay me, I am forsworn!

Biron. Why, he comes in like a perjure, wearing papers.[2]

King. In love, I hope: sweet fellowship in shame!

Biron. One drunkard loves another of the name. 50

Long. Am I the first that have been perjur'd so?

Biron. I could put thee in comfort. Not by two that I know:
[Thou makest the triumviry, the corner-cap of society,
The shape of Love's Tyburn that hangs up simplicity.]

Long. I fear these stubborn lines lack power to move.
O sweet Maria, empress of my love!
These numbers will I tear, and write in prose.

Biron. O, rhymes are guards[3] on wanton Cupid's hose:
Disfigure not his shape.

Long. This same shall go.— [*Reads.*

"Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye, 60
'Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,
Persuade my heart to this false perjury?
Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.
A woman I forswore; but I will prove,
Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;
Thy grace being gain'd cures all disgrace in me.
Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is:
Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,
Exhal'st this vapour-vow; in thee it is: 70
If broken then, it is no fault of mine:
If by me broke, what fool is not so wise
To lose an oath to win a paradise?"

Biron. This is the liver-vein,[4] which makes flesh a deity,
A green goose a goddess: pure, pure idolatry.
God amend us, God amend! we are much out o' th' way.

Long. By whom shall I send this?—Company! stay. [*Conceals himself.*

Biron. All hid, all hid; an old infant play.
Like a demigod here sit I in the sky,
And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'er-eye.
More sacks to the mill! O heavens, I have my wish! 81

Enter DUMAIN, *with a paper.*

Dumain transform'd! four woodcocks in a dish!

Dum. O most divine Kate!

Biron. O most profane coxcomb!

Dum. By heaven, the wonder in a mortal eye!

Biron. By earth, she is not, corporal, there you lie.

Dum. Her amber hair for foul hath amber coted.[5]

Biron. An amber-colour'd raven was well noted.

Dum. As upright as the cedar.

Biron. Stoops, I say;
Her shoulder is with child.

Dum. As fair as day. 90

Biron. Ay, as some days; but then no sun must shine.

Dum. O that I had my wish!

Long. And I had mine!

King. And I mine too, good Lord!

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[1] *Smot* = *smote*, so all the old copies. The rhyme requires this obsolete form.

[2] *Papers*, papers describing the crime worn on the breast of the condemned perjurer.

[3] *Guards*, ornaments, trimmings.

[4] *Liver-vein*, the liver was supposed to be the seat of love.

[5] *Coted*, surpassed.

Biron. Amen, so I had mine: is not that a good word? 94

[*Dum.* I would forget her; but a fever she
Reigns in my blood and will remember'd be.

Biron. A fever in your blood! why, then incision
Would let her out in saucers: sweet misprision!]

Dum. Once more I'll read the ode that I have writ.

Biron. Once more I'll mark how love can vary wit. 100

Dum. [*reads*]

"On a day—alack the day!—
Love, whose month is ever May,
Spied a blossom passing fair
Playing in the wanton air:
Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unseen, gan passage find;
That the lover, sick to death,
Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.
Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow;
Ah! would I might triumph so! 110
But, alack, my hand is sworn
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:
Vow, alack, for youth unmeet,
Youth so apt to pluck a sweet!
Do not call it sin in me,
That I am forsworn for thee;
Thou for whom great Jove would swear
Juno but an Ethiope were;
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love." 120

This will I send; and something else more plain,
That shall express my true love's fasting pain.
O, would the king, Biron, and Longaville,
Were lovers too! Ill, to example ill,
Would from my forehead wipe a perjur'd note;
For none offend where all alike do dote.

Long. [*advancing*]. Dumain, thy love is far from charity,
That in love's grief desir'st society:
You may look pale, but I should blush, I know,
To be o'erheard, and taken napping so. 130

King. [*advancing*]. Come, sir, you blush; as his, your case is such;
You chide at him, offending twice as much;
You do not love Maria; Longaville
Did never sonnet for her sake compile,
Nor never lay his wreathed arms athwart
His loving bosom to keep down his heart.
I have been closely shrouded in this bush 137
And mark'd you both and for you both did blush:
I heard your guilty rhymes, observ'd your fashion,

Long. [*advancing*]. . . . You may look pale, but I should blush, I know,
To be o'erheard, and taken napping so.

Saw sighs reek from you, noted well your passion: 140
Ay me! says one; O Jove! the other cries;
One, her hair's gold; crystal the other's eyes:
[*To Long.*] You would for paradise break faith and troth;
[*To Dum.*] And Jove, for your love, would infringe an oath.

What will Biron say when that he shall hear
A faith infringed, which such zeal did swear?
How will he scorn! how will he spend his wit!
How will he triumph, leap and laugh at it!
For all the wealth that ever I did see, 149
I would not have him know so much by me.

Biron. Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy.— [*Advancing.*
Ah, good my liege, I pray thee, pardon me!
Good heart, what grace hast thou, thus to reprove
These worms for loving, that art most in love?
Your eyes do make no coaches[1]; in your tears
There is no certain princess that appears:
You'll not be perjur'd, 't is a hateful thing;
Tush, none but minstrels like of sonneting!
But are you not asham'd? nay, are you not,
All three of you, to be thus much o'ershot?
You found this mote; the king your mote did see; 161
But I a beam do find in each of three.
O, what a scene of fool'ry have I seen,
Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow and of teen![2]
O me, with what strict patience have I sat,
To see a king transformed to a gnat!
To see great Hercules whipping a gig,
And profound Solomon to tune a jig,
And Nestor play at push-pin with the boys,
And critic Timon laugh at idle toys! 170
Where lies thy grief, O, tell me, good Dumain?
And, gentle Longaville, where lies thy pain?
And where my liege's? all about the breast:
A caudle, ho!

King. Too bitter is thy jest.
Are we betrayed thus to thy over-view?

Biron. Not you to me, but I betrayed by you:
I, that am honest; I, that hold it sin
To break the vow I am engaged in;
I am betrayed, by keeping company 179
With men, like men—of strange inconstancy.
When shall you see me write a thing in rhyme?
Or groan for Joan? or spend a minute's time
In pruning[3] me? When shall you hear that I
Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,
A gait, a state, a brow, a breast, a waist,
A leg, a limb?

[1] *Coaches.* See above in King's sonnet.
"No drop but as a '*coach*' doth carry thee."
[2] *Teen,* grief.
[3] *Pruning,* as a bird "pruning" his feathers.

King. Soft! whither away so fast? 186
A true man or a thief that gallops so?

Biron. I post from love: good lover, let me go.

Enter JAQUENETTA *and* COSTARD.

Jaq. God bless the king!

King. What present hast thou there?

Cost. Some certain treason.

King. What makes treason here? 190

Cost. Nay, it makes nothing, sir.

King. If it mar nothing neither,
The treason and you go in peace away together.

Jaq. I beseech your grace, let this letter be read:
Our person[4] misdoubts it; 't was treason, he said.

King. Biron, read it over. [*Giving him the paper.*
Where hadst thou it?

Jaq. Of Costard.

King. Where hadst thou it?

Cost. Of Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio. [*Biron tears the letter.*

King. How now! what is in you? why dost thou tear it? 200

Biron. A toy, my liege, a toy: your grace needs not fear it.

Long. It did move him to passion, and therefore let's hear it.

Dum. It is Biron's writing, and here is his name. [*Gathering up the pieces.*

Biron. [*To Costard*] Ah, you whoreson loggerhead! you were born to do me shame.
Guilty, my lord, guilty! I confess, I confess.

King. What?

Biron. That you three fools lack'd me fool to make up the mess:
He, he, and you; and you, my liege, and I,
Are pick-purses in love, and we deserve to die.
O, dismiss this audience, and I shall tell you more. 210

Dum. Now the number is even.

Biron. True, true; we are four.
Will these turtles be gone?

King. Hence, sirs; away!

Cost. Walk aside the true folk, and let the traitors stay. [*Exeunt Costard and Jaquenetta.*

[4] *Person,* parson.

Biron. Sweet lords, sweet lovers, O, let us embrace! 214
As true we are as flesh and blood can be:
The sea will ebb and flow, heaven show his face;
Young blood doth not obey an old decree:
We cannot cross the cause why we were born;
Therefore of all hands must we be forsworn.

King. What, did these rent lines show some love of thine? 220
Biron. Did they? Who sees the heavenly Rosaline,
That, like a rude and savage man of Inde,
At the first opening of the georgeous east,
Bows not his vassal head, and, strucken blind,
Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?

Biron. [*advancing*]. . . . Ah, good my liege, I pray thee, pardon me!

What peremptory eagle-sighted eye
Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,
That is not blinded by her majesty?
King. What zeal, what fury hath inspir'd thee now?
My love, her mistress, is a gracious moon; 230
She an attending star, scarce seen a light.
Biron. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Biron:
O, but for my love, day would turn to night!
[Of all complexions the cull'd sovereignty
Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair cheek,
Where several worthies make one dignity,
Where nothing wants that want itself doth seek.
Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues,—
Fie, painted rhetoric! O, she needs it not:
To things of sale a seller's praise belongs, 240
She passes praise; then praise too short doth blot.]
A withered hermit, five-score winters worn,
Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye:
Beauty doth varnish age, as if new-born,
And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy:
O, 't is the sun that maketh all things shine.
King. By heaven, thy love is black as ebony.
Biron. Is ebony like her? O wood divine!
A wife of such wood were felicity. 249
O, who can give an oath? where is a book?
That I may swear beauty doth beauty lack,

If that she learn not of her eye to look: 252
No face is fair that is not full so black.
King. O paradox! Black is the badge of hell,
The hue of dungeons and the school of night;
And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well.
Biron. Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits of light.
O, if in black my lady's brows be deck'd,
It mourns that painting and usurping hair
Should ravish doters with a false aspect; 260
And therefore is she born to make black fair.
[Her favour turns the fashion of the days,
For native blood is counted painting now;
And therefore red, that would avoid dispraise,
Paints itself black, to imitate her brow.]
Dum. To look like her are chimney-sweepers black.
Long. And since her time are colliers counted bright.
King. And Ethiopes of their sweet complexion crack.[1]
Dum. Dark needs no candles now, for dark is light.
Biron. Your mistresses dare never come in rain, 270
For fear their colours should be wash'd away.
King. 'T were good, yours did; for, sir, to tell you plain,
I'll find a fairer face not wash'd to-day.
Biron. I'll prove her fair, or talk till doomsday here.
King. No devil will fright thee then so much as she.
Dum. I never knew man hold vile stuff so dear.
Long. Look, here's thy love: my foot and her face see.
[*Biron.* O, if the streets were paved with thine eyes,
Her feet were much too dainty for such tread!
Dum. O vile! then, as she goes, what upward lies 280
The street should see as she walk'd overhead.]
King. But what of this? are we not all in love?
Biron. Nothing so sure; and thereby all forsworn.
King. Then leave this chat; and, good Biron, now prove
Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn. 28
Dum. Ay, marry, there; some flattery for this evil.
Long. O, some authority how to proceed;
Some tricks, some quillets[2], how to cheat the devil.
Dum. Some salve for perjury.
Biron. O 't is more than need.
Have at you, then, affection's men at arms.
Consider what you first did swear unto, 29
To fast, to study, and to see no woman;
Flat treason 'gainst the kingly state of youth
Say, can you fast? your stomachs are too young;
And abstinence engenders maladies.
And where that you have vow'd to study, lords
In that each of you have forsworn his book,
Can you still dream, and pore, and thereon look?[3]
[Why, universal plodding prisons up
The nimble spirits in the arteries,
As motion and long-during action tires
The sinewy vigour of the traveller.
Now, for not looking on a woman's face,
You have in that forsworn the use of eyes,
And study too, the causer of your vow; 311
For where is any author in the world
Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye?]
Learning is but an adjunct to ourself,
And where we are, our learning likewise is:
Then when ourselves we see in ladies' eyes,
Do we not likewise see our learning there?
O, we have made a vow to study, lords,
And in that vow we have forsworn our books.
For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,
In leaden contemplation have found out 321
Such fiery numbers, as the prompting eyes
Of beauty's tutors have enrich'd you with?
Other slow arts entirely keep the brain;
And therefore, finding barren practisers,
Scarce show a harvest of their heavy toil:
But love, first learned in a lady's eyes,
Lives not alone immured in the brain;
But, with the motion of all elements,
Courses as swift as thought in every power,
And gives to every power a double power,
Above their functions and their offices. 331
[It adds a precious seeing to the eye;

[1] *Crack*, boast.

[2] *Quillets*, legal quibbles.

[3] Lines 299-304 Globe Ed. omitted here.

A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind: 334
A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,
When the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd:
Love's feeling is more soft, and sensible,
Than are the tender horns of cockled[1] snails;
Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste:
For valour, is not Love a Hercules, 340
Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?
Subtle as Sphinx; as sweet and musical
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair;
And when Love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Make heaven drowsy with the harmony.
Never durst poet touch a pen to write,
Until his ink were temper'd with Love's sighs;
O, then his lines would ravish savage ears
And plant in tyrants mild humility.]
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive: 350
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;
They are the books, the arts, the academes,
That show, contain, and nourish all the world:
Else none at all in aught proves excellent:
Then fools you were these women to forswear;
Or, keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools.
For wisdom's sake, a word that all men love,
Or for love's sake, a word that loves all men,
Or for men's sake, the authors of these women,
Or women's sake, by whom we men are men,
Let us once lose our oaths to find ourselves,
Or else we lose ourselves to keep our oaths.
It is religion to be thus forsworn; 363
For charity itself fulfils the law,
And who can sever love from charity? 365

King. Saint Cupid, then! and, soldiers, to the field!

Biron. Advance your standards, and upon them, lords;
Pell-mell, down with them! but be first advis'd,
In conflict that you get the sun of them.

Long. Now to plain-dealing; lay these glozes by: 370
Shall we resolve to woo these girls of France?

King. And win them too: therefore let us devise
Some entertainment for them in their tents.

Biron. First, from the park let us conduct them thither;
Then homeward every man attach the hand
Of his fair mistress: in the afternoon
We will with some strange pastime solace them,
Such as the shortness of the time can shape;
For revels, dances, masks and merry hours
Forerun fair Love, strewing her way with flowers. 380

King. Away, away! no time shall be omitted
That will betime, and may by us be fitted.

[*Biron. Allons! allons!* Sow'd cockle reap'd no corn;
And justice always whirls in equal measure:
Light wenches may prove plagues to men forsworn;
If so, our copper buys no better treasure.]

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The same.*

Enter HOLOFERNES, SIR NATHANIEL, *and* DULL.

Hol. Satis quod sufficit.

Nath. I praise God for you, sir: your reasons at dinner have been sharp and sententious; pleasant without scurrility, witty without affection[2], audacious without impudency, learned without opinion, and strange without heresy. I did converse this *quondam* day with a companion of the king's, who is intituled, nominated, or called, Don Adriano de Armado. 9

Hol. Novi hominem tanquam te: his humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed[3], his eye ambitious, his gait majestical, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and

[1] *Cockled*, furnished with shells.
[2] *Affection*, affectation.
[3] *Filed*, over-polished.

thrasonical[1]. He is too picked[2], too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too peregrinate[3], as I may call it. 16

Nath. A most singular and choice epithet.

[*Draws out his table-book.*

Hol. He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor such fanatical phantasimes, such insociable and point-devise[4] companions: such rackers of orthography, as to speak "dout," fine, when he should say "doubt;" "det," when he should pronounce "debt,"—d, e, b, t, not d, e, t: he clepeth a "calf," "cauf;" "half," "hauf;" "neighbour" *vocatur* "nebour;" "neigh" abbreviated "ne." This is abhominable,—which he would call abbominable: it

Arm. Men of peace, well encountered.

insinuateth me of insanie—*ne intelligis, domine?* to make frantic, lunatic.

Nath. *Laus Deo, bone, intelligo.* 30

Hol. *Bone?—bone*, for *benè:* Priscian a little scratch'd; 't will serve.

Nath. *Videsne quis venit?*

Hol. *Video, et gaudeo.*

Enter ARMADO, MOTH, *and* COSTARD.

Arm. Chirrah! [*To Moth.*

Hol. *Quare* "chirrah," not "sirrah?"

Arm. Men of peace, well encountered.

Hol. Most military sir, salutation.

Moth. [*Aside to Costard*] They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps. 40

Cost. O, they have liv'd long on the alms-basket of words. I marvel thy master hath not eaten thee for a word; for thou art not so long by the head as *honorificabilitudinitatibus:* thou art easier swallowed than a flap-dragon[5].

Moth. Peace! the peal begins.

Arm. [*To Hol.*] Monsieur, are you not letter'd?

Moth. Yes, yes; he teaches boys the horn-

[1] *Thrasonical*, bragging. [2] *Picked*, foppish.
[3] *Peregrinate*, like a foreigner; literally, travelled.
[4] *Point-devise*, over-exact, very precise.
[5] *Flap-dragon* = snap-dragon.

book. What is a, b, spelt backward, with the horn on his head? 51

Hol. Ba, *pueritia*, with a horn added.

Moth. Ba, most silly sheep with a horn. You hear his learning.

[*Hol.* *Quis, quis*, thou consonant?

Moth. The third of the five vowels, if you repeat them; or the fifth, if I.

Hol. I will repeat them,—a, e, i,—

Moth. The sheep: the other two concludes it,—o, u. 60

Arm. Now, by the salt wave of the Mediterraneum, a sweet touch, a quick venew[1] of wit! snip, snap, quick and home! it rejoiceth my intellect: true wit!

Moth. Offered by a child to an old man; which is wit-old.

Hol. What is the figure? what is the figure?

Moth. Horns.

Hol. Thou disputest like an infant: go, whip thy gig[2]. 70

Moth. Lend me your horn to make one, and I will whip about your infamy *circum circa*, —a gig of a cuckold's horn.]

Cost. An I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst have it to buy gingerbread: hold, there is the very remuneration I had of thy master, thou halfpenny purse of wit, thou pigeon-egg of discretion. [O, an the heavens were so pleased that thou wert but my bastard, what a joyful father wouldst thou make me!] Go to; thou hast it *ad dunghill*, at the fingers' ends, as they say. 82

Hol. O, I smell false Latin; "dunghill" for *unguem*.

Arm. Arts-man, preambulate; we will be singuled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the charge-house[3] on the top of the mountain?

Hol. Or *mons*, the hill.

Arm. At your sweet pleasure, for the mountain. 90

Hol. I do, sans question.

Arm. Sir, it is the king's most sweet pleasure and affection to congratulate the princess at her pavilion in the posteriors of this day, which the rude multitude call the afternoon.

Hol. The posterior of the day, most generous sir, is liable, congruent and measurable for the afternoon: the word is well cull'd, chose, sweet and apt, I do assure you, sir, I do assure. 99

Arm. Sir, the king is a noble gentleman, and my familiar, I do assure ye, very good friend: for what is inward[4] between us, let it pass. [I do beseech thee, remember thy courtesy; I beseech thee, apparel thy head: and among other important and most serious designs, and of great import indeed, too, but let that pass: for I must tell thee, it will please his grace, by the world, sometime to lean upon my poor shoulder, and with his royal finger, thus, dally with my excrement, with my mustachio; but, sweet heart, let that pass.] By the world, I recount no fable: some certain special honours it pleaseth his greatness to impart to Armado, a soldier, a man of travel, that hath seen the world; but let that pass. The very all of all is,—but, sweet heart, I do implore secrecy,—that the king would have me present the princess, sweet chuck, with some delightful ostentation, or show, or pageant, or antic, or firework. Now, understanding that the curate and your sweet self are good at such eruptions and sudden breaking out of mirth, as it were, I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your assistance. 123

Hol. Sir, you shall present before her the Nine Worthies. Sir Nathaniel, as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the posterior of this day, to be rendered by our assistants, at the king's command, and this most gallant, illustrate, and learned gentleman, before the princess; I say none so fit as to present the Nine Worthies. 130

Nath. Where will you find men worthy enough to present them?

Hol. Joshua, yourself; myself—and this gallant gentleman, Judas Maccabæus; this swain, because of his great limb or joint, shall pass as Pompey the Great; the page, Hercules,—

Arm. Pardon, sir; error: he is not quantity enough for that Worthy's thumb: he is not so big as the end of his club. 139

Hol. Shall I have audience? he shall present

[1] *Venew*, a hit at fencing. [2] *Gig*, a top.
[3] *Charge-house*, school-house.

[4] *Inward*, confidential.

Hercules in minority: his enter and exit shall be strangling a snake; and I will have an apology for that purpose. 143

Moth. An excellent device! so, if any of the audience hiss, you may cry "Well done, Hercules! now thou crushest the snake!" that is the way to make an offence gracious, though few have the grace to do it.

Arm. For the rest of the Worthies?—

Hol. I will play three myself. 150

Moth. Thrice-worthy gentleman!

Arm. Shall I tell you a thing?

Hol. We attend.

Arm. We will have, if this fadge[1] not, an antic. I beseech you, follow.

Hol. *Via*, goodman Dull! thou hast spoken no word all this while.

Dull. Nor understood none neither, sir.

Hol. Allons! we will employ thee.

Dull. I'll make one in a dance, or so; or I will play 160

On the tabor to the Worthies, and let them dance the hey.

Hol. Most dull, honest Dull! To our sport, away! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same.*

Enter the PRINCESS, KATHARINE, ROSALINE, *and* MARIA.

Prin. Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart,
If fairings come thus plentifully in:
A lady wall'd about with diamonds!
Look you what I have from the loving king.

Ros. Madame, came nothing else along with that?

Prin. Nothing but this! yes, as much love in rhyme
As would be cramm'd up in a sheet of paper,
Writ o' both sides the leaf, margent and all,
That he was fain to seal on Cupid's name.

Ros. That was the way to make his godhead wax, 10

For he hath been five thousand years a boy.

Kath. Ay, and a shrewd unhappy gallows too.

Ros. You'll ne'er be friends with him; a' kill'd your sister.

[1] *Fadge*, suit.

Kath. He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy; 14

And so she died: had she been light, like you,
Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit,
She might ha' been a grandam ere she died:
And so may you; for a light heart lives long.

Ros. What's your dark meaning, mouse, of this light word?

Kath. A light condition in a beauty dark.

Ros. We need more light to find your meaning out. 21

Kath. You'll mar the light by taking it in snuff[2];

Therefore I'll darkly end the argument.

[*Ros.* Look, what you do, you do it still i' the dark.

Kath. So do not you, for you are a light wench.

Ros. Indeed I weigh not you, and therefore light.

Kath. You weigh me not? O, that's you care not for me.

Ros. Great reason; for "past cure is still past care."]

Prin. Well bandied both; a set[3] of wit well play'd.

But, Rosaline, you have a favour too: 30

Who sent it? and what is it?

Ros. I would you knew:

An if my face were but as fair as yours,
My favour were as great; be witness this.
Nay, I have verses too, I thank Biron:
The numbers true; and, were the numbering too,
I were the fairest goddess on the ground:
I am compar'd to twenty thousand fairs.
O, he hath drawn my picture in his letter!

Prin. Any thing like?

Ros. Much in the letters; nothing in the praise. 40

Prin. Beauteous as ink; a good conclusion.

Kath. Fair as a text B in a copy-book.

Ros. 'Ware pensils, ho! let me not die your debtor,

My red dominical, my golden letter:
O that your face were not so full of O's[4]!

[2] *In snuff*, in anger. [3] *A set*, a set (at tennis).
[4] *Full of O's*, referring to the round pit-marks of small-pox.

Kath. Pox of that jest! and I beshrew all shrows. 46
Prin. But, what was sent to you from fair Dumain?
Kath. Madam, this glove.
Prin. Did he not send you twain?
Kath. Yes, madam, and moreover
Some thousand verses of a faithful lover, 50
A huge translation of hypocrisy, 51
Vilely compil'd, profound simplicity.
Mar. This, and these pearls, to me sent Longaville:
The letter is too long by half a mile.
Prin. I think no less. Dost thou not wish in heart
The chain were longer, and the letter short?

Prin. Well bandied both; a set of wit well play'd.

Mar. Ay, or I would these hands might never part.
Prin. We are wise girls to mock our lovers so.
Ros. They are worse fools to purchase mocking so.
That same Biron I'll torture ere I go: 60
O that I knew he were but in by th' week!
How I would make him fawn, and beg, and seek,
And wait the season, and observe the times,
And spend his prodigal wits in bootless rhymes,
And shape his service all to my behests,
And make him proud to make me proud that jests!
So portent-like would I o'ersway his state,
That he should be my fool, and I his fate.
Prin. None are so surely caught, when they are catch'd,
As wit turn'd fool: folly, in wisdom hatch'd,
Hath wisdom's warrant and the help of school,
And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.
Ros. The blood of youth burns not with such excess 73
As gravity's revolt to wantonness.
Mar. Folly in fools bears not so strong a note
As foolery in the wise, when wit doth dote;
Since all the power thereof it doth apply
To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity.

Prin. Here comes Boyet, and mirth is in his face. 79

Enter BOYET.

Boyet. O, I am stabb'd with laughter! Where's her grace? 80

Prin. Thy news, Boyet?

Boyet. Prepare, madàm, prepare!
Arm, wenches, arm! encounters mounted are
Against your peace: Love doth approach disguis'd,
Armed in arguments; you'll be surpris'd:
Muster your wits; stand in your own defence;
Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.

Prin. Saint Denis to Saint Cupid! What are they
That charge their breath against us? say, scout, say.

Boyet. Under the cool shade of a sycamore
I thought to close mine eyes some half an hour;
When, lo! to interrupt my purpos'd rest, 91
Toward that shade I might behold addrest
The king and his companions: warily
I stole into a neighbour thicket by,
And overheard what you shall overhear;
That, by and by, disguis'd they will be here.
Their herald is a pretty knavish page,
That well by heart hath conn'd his embassage:
Action and accent did they teach him there;
"Thus must thou speak, and thus thy body bear:" 100
And ever and anon they made a doubt
Presence majestical would put him out;
"For," quoth the king, "an angel shalt thou see;
Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously."
The boy replied, "An angel is not evil;
I should have fear'd her had she been a devil."
With that, all laugh'd and clapp'd him on the shoulder,
Making the bold wag by their praises bolder:
One rubb'd his elbow—thus, and fleer'd[1] and swore
A better speech was never spoke before; 110
Another, with his finger and his thumb,
Cried, "*Via!* we will do't, come what will come;"
The third he caper'd, and cried, "All goes well;"
The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell.
[With that, they all did tumble on the ground
With such a zealous laughter, so profound, 11
That in this spleen ridiculous appears,
To check their folly, passion's solemn tears.]

Prin. But what, but what, come they t visit us?

Boyet. They do, they do; and are apparell'd thus, 12
Like Muscovites or Russians, as I guess.
Their purpose is to parle, to court and dance;
And every one his love-feat will advance
Unto his several mistress, which they'll know
By favours several which they did bestow.

Prin. And will they so? the gallants shall be task'd;
For, ladies, we will every one be mask'd;
And not a man of them shall have the grace,
Despite of suit, to see a lady's face.
Hold, Rosaline, this favour thou shalt wear,
And then the king will court thee for his dear;
Hold, take thou this, my sweet, and give me thine, 132
So shall Biron take me for Rosaline.
And change you favours too; so shall your loves
Woo contrary, deceiv'd by these removes.

Ros. Come on, then; wear the favours most in sight.

Kath. But in this changing what is your intent?

Prin. The effect of my intent is to cross theirs:
They do it but in mocking merriment;
And mock for mock is only my intent. 140
Their several counsels they unbosom shall
To loves mistook; and so be mock'd withal
Upon the next occasion that we meet,
With visages display'd, to talk and greet.

Ros. But shall we dance, if they desire us to't?

Prin. No, to the death, we will not move a foot;
Nor to their penn'd speech render we no grace,
But while 't is spoke each turn away her face.

Boyet. Why, that contempt will kill the speaker's heart,
And quite divorce his memory from his part.

Prin. Therefore I do it; and I make no doubt 151
The rest will ne'er come in, if he be out.
There's no such sport as sport by sport o'erthrown,

[1] *Fleer'd*, grinned.

To make theirs ours, and ours none but our own:
So shall we stay, mocking, intended game, 155
And they, well mock'd, depart away with shame. [*Trumpets sound within.*

Boyet. The trumpet sounds: be mask'd; the maskers come. [*The Ladies mask.*

Boyet. . . . I stole into a neighbour thicket by,
And overheard what you shall overhear.

Enter Blackamoors with music; MOTH; *the* KING, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, *and* DUMAIN, *in Russian habits, and masked.*

Moth.
All hail, the richest beauties on the earth!—

Boyet. Beauties no richer than rich taffeta.

Moth. A holy parcel of the fairest dames 160
[*The Ladies turn their backs to him.*

That ever turn'd their—backs—to mortal views! 161

Biron. [*Aside to Moth*] "Their eyes," villain, "their eyes."

Moth.
That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal views!—
Out—

Boyet. True; out indeed.

Moth.
Out of your favours, heavenly spirits, vouchsafe
Not to behold

Biron. [*Aside to Moth*] "Once to behold," rogue.

Moth.
Once to behold with your sun-beamed eyes,
—with your sun-beamed eyes—

Boyet. They will not answer to that epithet;
You were best call it "daughter-beamed eyes."

Moth. They do not mark me, and that brings me out. 172

Biron. Is this your perfectness? be gone, you rogue! [*Exit Moth.*

Ros. What would these strangers? know their minds, Boyet:
If they do speak our language, 't is our will
That some plain man recount their purposes:
Know what they would.

Boyet. What would you with the princess?

Biron. Nothing but peace and gentle visitation.

Ros. What would they, say they? 180

Boyet. Nothing but peace and gentle visitation.

Ros. Why, that they have; and bid them so be gone.

Boyet. She says, you have it, and you may be gone.

King. Say to her, we have measur'd many miles
To tread a measure with her on this grass.

Boyet. They say, that they have measur'd many a mile
To tread a measure with you on this grass.

Ros. It is not so. Ask them how many inches
Is in one mile: if they have measur'd many,
The measure, then, of one is easily told. 190

Boyet. If to come hither you have measur'd miles,
And many miles, the princess bids you tell
How many inches doth fill up one mile.

Biron. Tell her, we measure them by weary steps.

Boyet. She hears herself.
Ros. How many weary steps,
Of many weary miles you have o'ergone, 196
Are number'd in the travel of one mile?
Biron. We number nothing that we spend for you:
Our duty is so rich, so infinite,
That we may do it still without accompt. 200
Vouchsafe to show the sunshine of your face,
That we, like savages, may worship it.
Ros. My face is but a moon, and clouded too.
King. Blessed are clouds, to do as such clouds do!
Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars, to shine,
Those clouds remov'd, upon our watery eyne.
Ros. O vain petitioner! beg a greater matter;
Thou now request'st but moonshine in the water.
King. Then, in our measure but vouchsafe one change.
Thou bidd'st me beg: this begging is not strange.
Ros. Play, music, then! Nay, you must do it soon. [*Music plays.* 211
Not yet!—no dance!—thus change I like the moon.
King. Will you not dance? How come you thus estrang'd?
Ros. You took the moon at full, but now she's chang'd.
King. Yet still she is the moon, and I the man.
The music plays; vouchsafe some motion to it.
Ros. Our ears vouchsafe it.
King. But your legs should do it.
Ros. Since you are strangers and come here by chance,
We'll not be nice: take hands. We will not dance.
King. Why take we hands, then?
Ros. Only to part friends:
Curtsy, sweet hearts; and so the measure ends.
King. More measure of this measure; be not nice. 222
Ros. We can afford no more at such a price.
King. Prize you yourselves: what buys your company?
Ros. Your absence only.
King. That can never be.
Ros. Then cannot we be bought: and so, adieu;
Twice to your visor, and half once to you.
King. If you deny to dance, let's hold more chat.
Ros. In private, then.
King. I am best pleas'd with that. [*They converse apart.*
Biron. White-handed mistress, one sweet word with thee. 230

Biron. White-handed mistress, one sweet word with thee.

Prin. Honey, and milk, and sugar; there is three.
Biron. Nay then, two treys, an if you grow so nice,
Metheglin[1], wort[2], and malmsey: well run, dice!
There's half-a-dozen sweets.
Prin. Seventh sweet, adieu:
Since you can cog, I'll play no more with you.
Biron. One word in secret.
Prin. Let it not be sweet.

[1] *Metheglin*, a drink made of honey and water fermented.
[2] *Wort*, a sweet unfermented beer.

Biron. Thou griev'st my gall. 237
Prin. Gall, bitter.
Biron. Therefore meet.
[*They converse apart.*
Dum. Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?
Mar. Name it.
Dum. Fair lady,—
Mar. Say you so? Fair lord,—
Take that for your fair lady.
Dum. Please it you, 240
As much in private, and I'll bid adieu.
[*They converse apart.*
Kath. What, was your vizard made without a tongue?
Long. I know the reason, lady, why you ask.
Kath. O for your reason! quickly, sir; I long.
Long. You have a double tongue within your mask,
And would afford my speechless vizard half.
[*Kath.* Veal, quoth the Dutchman. Is not "veal" a calf?
Long. A calf, fair lady!
Kath. No, a fair lord calf.
Long. Let's part the word.
Kath. No, I'll not be your half:
Take all, and wean it; it may prove an ox.
Long. Look, how you butt yourself in these sharp mocks! 251
Will you give horns, chaste lady? do not so.
Kath. Then die a calf, before your horns do grow.]
Long. One word in private with you, ere I die.
Kath. Bleat softly, then; the butcher hears you cry. [*They converse apart.*
Boyet. The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen
As is the razor's edge invisible,
Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen,
Above the sense of sense; so sensible
Seemeth their conference; their conceits have wings 260
Fleeter than arrows, wind, thought, swifter things.
Ros. Not one word more, my maids; break off, break off.
Biron. By heaven, all dry-beaten with pure scoff!
King. Farewell, mad wenches; you have simple wits. 264
Prin. Twenty adieus, my frozen Muscovits.
[*Exeunt King, Lords, and Blackamoors.*
[Are these the breed of wits so wonder'd at?
Boyet. Tapers they are, with your sweet breaths puff'd out.
Ros. Well-liking[1] wits they have; gross, gross; fat, fat.
Prin. O poverty in wit, kingly-poor flout!]
Will they not, think you, hang themselves tonight? 270
Or ever, but in vizards, show their faces?
This pert Biron was out of countenance quite.
Ros. O, they were all in lamentable cases!
The king was weeping-ripe for a good word.
Prin. Biron did swear himself out of all suit.
Mar. Dumain was at my service, and his sword:
No *point*, quoth I; my servant straight was mute.
Kath. Lord Longaville said, I came o'er his heart;
And trow you what he call'd me?
Prin. Qualm, perhaps.
Kath. Yes, in good faith.
Prin. Go, sickness as thou art!
Ros. Well, better wits have worn plain statute-caps. 281
But will you hear? the king is my love sworn.
Prin. And quick Biron hath plighted faith to me.
Kath. And Longaville was for my service born.
Mar. Dumain is mine, as sure as bark on tree.
Boyet. Madam, and pretty mistresses, give ear:
Immediately they will again be here
In their own shapes; for it can never be
They will digest this harsh indignity.
Prin. Will they return?
Boyet. They will, they will, God knows, 290
And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows:
Therefore change favours; and, when they repair,

[1] *Well-liking*, plump.

Blow like sweet roses in this summer air. 293
[*Prin.* How blow? how blow? speak to be understood.
Boyet. Fair ladies mask'd are roses in their bud;
Dismask'd, their damask's[1] sweet commixture shown,
Are angels vailing[2] clouds, or roses blown.]
Prin. Avaunt, perplexity! What shall we do,
If they return in their own shapes to woo?
Ros. Good madam, if by me you'll be advis'd, 300
Let's mock them still, as well known as disguis'd:
Let us complain to them what fools were here,
Disguis'd like Muscovites, in shapeless gear;
And wonder what they were, and to what end
Their shallow shows and prologue vilely penn'd,
And their rough carriage so ridiculous,
Should be presented at our tent to us.
Boyet. Ladies, withdraw: the gallants are at hand.
Prin. Whip to our tents, as roes run over land.
[*Exeunt Princess, Rosaline, Katharine, and Maria.*

Re-enter the KING, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, *and* DUMAIN, *in their proper habits.*

King. Fair sir, God save you! Where's the princess? 310
Boyet. Gone to her tent. Please it your majesty
Command me any service to her thither?
King. That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.
Boyet. I will; and so will she, I know, my lord. [*Exit.*
Biron. This fellow pecks up wit as pigeons pease,
And utters it again when God doth please:
He is wit's pedler, and retails his wares
At wakes and wassails,[3] meetings, markets, fairs;
[And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth know, 319
Have not the grace to grace it with such show.
This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve;
Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve;]
A' can carve too, and lisp: why, this is he 322
That kiss'd away his hand in courtesy;
This is the ape of form, monsieur the nice,
That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice
In honourable terms: nay, he can sing
A mean[4] most meanly; and in ushering,
Mend him who can: the ladies call him sweet
The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet
[This is the flower that smiles on every one,
To show his teeth as white as whale's bone;]
And consciences, that will not die in debt,
Pay him the due of "honey-tongu'd Boyet."
King. A blister on his sweet tongue, with my heart, 33
That put Armado's page out of his part!
Biron. See where it comes! Behaviour what wert thou
Till this mad man show'd thee? what art thou now?

Re-enter the PRINCESS, *ushered by* BOYET; ROSALINE, MARIA, *and* KATHARINE.

King. All hail, sweet madam, and fair time of day!
Prin. "Fair" in "all hail" is foul, as I conceive. 34
King. Construe my speeches better, if you may
Prin. Then wish me better; I will give you leave.
King. We came to visit you, and purpose now
To lead you to our court; vouchsafe it then
Prin. This field shall hold me; and so hold your vow:
Nor God, nor I, delights in perjur'd men.
King. Rebuke me not for that which you provoke:
The virtue of your eye must break my oath
Prin. You nickname virtue; vice you should have spoke;
For virtue's office never breaks men's troth
Now by my maiden honour, yet as pure 3
As the unsullied lily, I protest,
A world of torments though I should endure
I would not yield to be your house's guest
So much I hate a breaking cause to be

[1] *Damask's*, cheek's. [2] *Vailing*, making to sink.
[3] *Wassails*, health-drinkings.
[4] *Mean*, tenor part.

Of heavenly oaths, vow'd with integrity. 356
King. O, you have liv'd in desolation here,
Unseen, unvisited, much to our shame.
Prin. Not so, my lord; it is not so, I swear;
We have had pastimes here and pleasant game: 360
A mess[1] of Russians left us but of late.
King. How, madam! Russians!
Prin. Ay, in truth, my lord;
Trim gallants, full of courtship and of state.
Ros. Madam, speak true. It is not so, my lord:
My lady, to[2] the manner of the days,
In courtesy, gives undeserving praise.
We four, indeed, confronted were with four

Biron. O, I am yours, and all that I possess!
Ros. All the fool mine?

In Russian habit: here they stay'd an hour,
And talk'd apace; and in that hour, my lord,
They did not bless us with one happy word.
I dare not call them fools; but this I think,
When they are thirsty, fools would fain have drink. 372

[1] *A mess*, a party of four. [2] *To* = according to.

Biron. This jest is dry to me. Fair gentle sweet, 373
Your wit makes wise things foolish: when we greet,
With eyes best seeing, heaven's fiery eye,
By light we lose light: your capacity
Is of that nature, that to your huge store
Wise things seem foolish, and rich things but poor.
Ros. This proves you wise and rich; for in my eye,—
Biron. I am a fool, and full of poverty. 380
Ros. But that you take what doth to you belong,
It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.
Biron. O, I am yours, and all that I possess!
Ros. All the fool mine?
Biron. I cannot give you less.
Ros. Which of the vizards was it that you wore?
Biron. Where? when? what vizard? why demand you this?
Ros. There, then, that vizard; that superfluous case
That hid the worse, and show'd the better face.
King. We are descried; they'll mock us now downright.
Dum. Let us confess, and turn it to a jest.
Prin. Amaz'd, my lord? why looks your highness sad? 391
Ros. Help, hold his brows! he'll swoon! Why look you pale?
Sea-sick, I think, coming from Muscovy.
Biron. Thus pour the stars down plagues for perjury.
Can any face of brass hold longer out?
Here stand I, lady; dart thy skill at me;
Bruise me with scorn, confound me with a flout;
Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my ignorance;
Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit;
And I will wish thee never more to dance,
Nor never more in Russian habit wait. 401
O, never will I trust to speeches penn'd,
Nor to the motion of a schoolboy's tongue,
Nor never come in vizard to my friend,
Nor woo in rhyme, like a blind harper's song!

Taffeta phrases, silken terms precise, 406
Three-pil'd hyperboles, spruce affectation,
Figures pedantical; these summer-flies
Have blown me full of maggot ostentation:
I do forswear them; and I here protest, 410
By this white glove,—how white the hand, God knows!—
Henceforth my wooing mind shall be express'd
In russet yeas, and honest kersey noes:
And, to begin, wench,—so God help me, law!—
My love to thee is sound, sans crack or flaw.
Ros. Sans *sans*, I pray you.
Biron. Yet I have a trick
Of the old rage: bear with me, I am sick;
I'll leave it by degrees. Soft, let us see:
Write, "Lord have mercy on us" on those three;
They are infected; in their hearts it lies; 420
They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes;
These lords are visited; you are not free,
For the Lord's tokens on you do I see.
Prin. No, they are free that gave these tokens to us.
Biron. Our states are forfeit: seek not to undo us.
Ros. It is not so; for how can this be true,
That you stand forfeit, being those that sue?
Biron. Peace! for I will not have to do with you.
Ros. Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.
Biron. Speak for yourselves; my wit is at an end. 430
King. Teach us, sweet madam, for our rude transgression
Some fair excuse.
Prin. The fairest is confession.
Were not you here but even now, disguis'd?
King. Madam, I was.
Prin. And were you well advis'd?
King. I was, fair madam.
Prin. When you then were here,
What did you whisper in your lady's ear?
King. That more than all the world I did respect her.
Prin. When she shall challenge this, you will reject her.
King. Upon mine honour, no.
Prin. Peace, peace! forbear:
Your oath once broke, you force not[1] to forswear. 440
King. Despise me, when I break this oath of mine.
Prin. I will: and therefore keep it. Rosaline,
What did the Russian whisper in your ear?
Ros. Madam, he swore that he did hold me dear
As precious eyesight, and did value me
Above this world; adding thereto moreover
That he would wed me, or else die my lover.
Prin. God give thee joy of him! the noble lord
Most honourably doth uphold his word.
King. What mean you, madam? by my life, my troth, 450
I never swore this lady such an oath.
Ros. By heaven, you did; and to confirm it plain,
You gave me this: but take it, sir, again.
King. My faith and this the princess I did give:
I knew her by this jewel on her sleeve.
Prin. Pardon me, sir, this jewel did she wear;
And Lord Biron, I thank him, is my dear.
What, will you have me, or your pearl again?
Biron. Neither of either; I remit both twain.
I see the trick on 't: here was a consent, 460
Knowing aforehand of our merriment,
To dash it like a Christmas comedy:
[Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight zany,
Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight, some Dick,
That smiles his cheek in years, and knows the trick
To make my lady laugh when she 's dispos'd,
Told our intents before; which once disclos'd,]
The ladies did change favours; and then we,
Following the signs, woo'd but the sign of she.
Now, to our perjury to add more terror, 470
We are again forsworn, in will and error.
Much upon this it is: and might not you
[*To Boyet.*
Forestall our sport, to make us thus untrue?
Do not you know my lady's foot by th' squier[2],
And laugh upon the apple of her eye?

[1] *Force not*, care not. [2] *By th' squier*, by the rule.

And stand between her back, sir, and the fire,
Holding a trencher, jesting merrily? 477
You put our page out: go, you are allow'd;[1]
Die when you will, a smock shall be your shroud.
You leer upon me, do you? there's an eye 480
Wounds like a leaden sword.
Boyet. Full merrily
Hath this brave manage, this career, been run.
Biron. Lo, he is tilting straight! Peace! I have done.

Enter COSTARD.

Welcome, pure wit! thou partest a fair fray.
Cost. O Lord, sir—they would know
Whether the three Worthies shall come in or no.
Biron. What, are there but three?
Cost. No, sir; but it is vara fine,
For every one pursents three.
Biron. And three times thrice is nine.
Cost. Not so, sir; under correction, sir; I hope it is not so.
You cannot beg us[2], sir, I can assure you, sir; we know what we know: 490
I hope, sir, three times thrice, sir,—
Biron. Is not nine.
Cost. Under correction, sir, we know whereuntil it doth amount.
Biron. By Jove, I always took three threes for nine.
Cost. O Lord, sir!—it were pity you should get your living by reckoning, sir.
Biron. How much is it? 499
Cost. O Lord, sir—the parties themselves, the actors, sir, will show whereuntil it doth amount: for mine own part, I am, as they say, but to parfect one man, one poor man—Pompion the Great, sir.
Biron. Art thou one of the Worthies?
Cost. It pleased them to think me worthy of Pompion the Great: for mine own part, I know not the degree of the Worthy, but I am to stand for him.
Biron. Go, bid them prepare. 510
Cost. We will turn it finely off, sir; we will take some care. [*Exit.*

King. Biron, they will shame us: let them not approach. 512
Biron. We are shame-proof, my lord: and 't is some policy
To have one show worse than the king's and his company.
King. I say they shall not come.
Prin. Nay, my good lord, let me o'errule you now:
That sport best pleases that doth least know how:
Where zeal strives to content, and the contents
Dies in the zeal of that which it presents:
Their form confounded makes most form in mirth, 520
When great things labouring perish in their birth.
Biron. A right description of our sport, my lord.

Enter ARMADO.

Arm. Anointed, I implore so much expense of thy royal sweet breath, as will utter a brace of words. [*Converses apart with the King, and delivers him a paper.*
Prin. Doth this man serve God?
Biron. Why ask you?
Prin. He speaks not like a man of God's making. 529
Arm. That is all one, my fair, sweet, honey monarch; for, I protest, the schoolmaster is exceeding fantastical; too too vain, too too vain: but we will put it, as they say, to *fortuna del la guerra.* I wish you the peace of mind, most royal couplement! [*Exit.*
King. Here is like to be a good presence of Worthies. He presents Hector of Troy; the swain, Pompey the Great; the parish curate, Alexander; Armado's page, Hercules; the pedant, Judas Maccabæus: 540
And if these four Worthies in their first show thrive,
These four will change habits, and present the other five.
Biron. There is five in the first show.
King. You are deceived; 't is not so.
Biron. The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-priest, the fool and the boy:—

[1] *You are allow'd*, you are a licensed fool or jester.
[2] *Beg us*, beg us as idiots.

Abate a throw at novum,[1] and the whole world again
Cannot prick out five such, take each one in his vein.

King. The ship is under sail, and here she comes amain. 549

Enter COSTARD, *armed and accoutred, as Pompey.*

Cost. I Pompey am,—
Boyet. You lie, you are not he.
Cost. I Pompey am,— [*Bowing.*
Boyet. With libbard's[2] head on knee.
Biron. Well said, old mocker: I must needs be friends with thee.
Cost. I Pompey am, Pompey surnam'd the Big,—
Dum. The Great.
Cost. It is, "Great," sir:—
Pompey surnam'd the Great;
That oft in field, with targe[3] and shield, did make my foe to sweat:
And travelling along this coast, I here am come by chance,
And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet lass of France.
[*Bows to the Princess, and lays his arms at her feet.*
If your ladyship would say, "Thanks, Pompey," I had done.
Prin. Great thanks, great Pompey. 560
Cost. 'Tis not so much worth; but I hope I was perfect: I made a little fault in "Great."
Biron. My hat to a halfpenny, Pompey proves the best Worthy.

Enter SIR NATHANIEL, *armed, as Alexander.*

Nath.
When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander;
By east, west, north, and south, I spread my conquering might: [*Pointing to his shield.*
My scutcheon plain declares that I am Alisander,—

Boyet. Your nose says, no, you are not; for it stands too right.
Biron. Your nose smells "no" in this, most tender-smelling knight.

Prin. The conqueror is dismay'd. Proceed, good Alexander. 570
Nath. When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander,—
Boyet. Most true, 't is right; you were so, Alisander.
Biron. Pompey the Great,—
Cost. Your servant, and Costard.
Biron. Take away the conqueror, take away Alisander.
Cost. [*To Sir Nath.*] O, sir, you have overthrown Alisander the conqueror! You will be scrap'd out of the painted cloth for this: [your lion, that holds his poll-axe sitting on a close-stool, will be given to Ajax: he will be the ninth Worthy.] A conqueror, and afeard to speak! run away for shame, Alisander. [*Nath. retires.*] There, an 't shall please you; a foolish mild man; an honest man, look you, and soon dash'd. He is a marvellous good neighbour, faith, and a very good bowler: but, for Alisander,—alas, you see how 't is,—a little o'erparted[4]. But there are Worthies a-coming will speak their mind in some other sort. 590
Prin. Stand aside, good Pompey. [*Costard retires to back of stage.*

Enter HOLOFERNES, *as Judas; and* MOTH, *as Hercules.*

Hol.
Great Herc'les is presented by this imp, 592
Whose club kill'd Cerberus, that three-headed *canus;*
And when he was a babe, a child, a shrimp,
Thus did he strangle serpents in his *manus.*
Quoniam he seemeth in minority,
Ergo I come with this apology.
Keep some state in thy exit, and vanish.
[*Moth retires.*
Judas I am,—
Dum. A Judas! 600
Hol. Not Iscariot, sir.
Judas I am, ycliped Maccabæus.
Dum. Judas Maccabæus clipt is plain Judas.
Biron. A kissing traitor. How art thou prov'd Judas?
Hol. Judas I am,—
Dum. The more shame for you, Judas.
Hol. What mean you, sir?

[1] *Novum*, a game played with dice.
[2] *Libbard*, leopard.
[3] *Targe*, a shield. The tautology is intentional.
[4] *O'erparted*, overweighted in his part.

Boyet. To make Judas hang himself.
Hol. Begin, sir; you are my elder.
Biron. Well follow'd: Judas was hang'd on an elder. 610
Hol. I will not be put out of countenance.
Biron. Because thou hast no face.
Hol. What is this?
Boyet. A cittern-head.
Dum. The head of a bodkin.
Biron. A Death's face in a ring.
[*Long.* The face of an old Roman coin, scarce seen.
Boyet. The pommel of Cæsar's falchion.
Dum. The carv'd-bone face on a flask.
Biron. Saint George's half-cheek in a brooch.
Dum. Ay, and in a brooch of lead. 621
Biron. Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer.]
And now forward; for we have put thee in countenance.
Hol. You have put me out of countenance.
Biron. False; we have given thee faces.
Hol. But you have out-fac'd them all.
Biron. An thou wert a lion, we would do so.
Boyet. Therefore, as he is an ass, let him go.
[And so adieu, sweet Jude! nay, why dost thou stay?
Dum. For the latter end of his name. 630
Biron. For the ass to the Jude; give it him: —Jud-as, away!]
Hol. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.
Boyet. A light for Monsieur Judas! it grows dark, he may stumble. [*Hol. retires.*
Prin. Alas, poor Maccabæus, how hath he been baited!

Enter ARMADO, *armed, as Hector.*

Biron. Hide thy head, Achilles: here comes Hector in arms.
Dum. Though my mocks come home by me, I will now be merry.
King. Hector was but a Troyan in respect of this. 640
Boyet. But is this Hector?
King. I think Hector was not so clean-timber'd.
Long. His leg is too big for Hector's.
Dum. More calf, certain.
Boyet. No; he is best indued in the small.
Biron. This cannot be Hector. 647
Dum. He's a god or a painter; for he makes faces.
Arm.
The armipotent Mars, of lances[1] the almighty, 650
Gave Hector a gift,—
Dum. A gilt nutmeg.
Biron. A lemon.
Long. Stuck with cloves.
Dum. No, cloven.
Arm. Peace!—
The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,
Gave Hector a gift, the heir of Ilion;
A man so breath'd[2], that certain he would fight ye
From morn till night, out of his pavilion. 660
I am that flower,—
Dum. That mint.
Long. That columbine.
Arm. Sweet Lord Longaville, rein thy tongue.
Long. I must rather give it the rein, for it runs against Hector.
Dum. Ay, and Hector's a greyhound.
Arm. The sweet war-man is dead and rotten; sweet chucks, beat not the bones of the buried: when he breathed, he was a man. But I will forward with my device. [*To the Princess*] Sweet royalty, bestow on me the sense of hearing. 670
Prin. Speak, brave Hector: we are much delighted.
Arm. I do adore thy sweet grace's slipper.
[*Boyet.* [*Aside to Dum.*] Loves her by the foot.
Dum. [*Aside to Boyet*] He may not by the yard.
Arm. This Hector far surmounted Hannibal,—
Cost. [*Coming forward*] The party is gone, fellow Hector, she is gone; she is two months on her way.
Arm. What meanest thou? 680
Cost. Faith, unless you play the honest Troyan, the poor wench is cast away: she's quick; the child brags in her belly already: 't is yours.
Arm. Dost thou infamonize me among potentates? thou shalt die.
Cost. Then shall Hector be whipp'd for Ja-

[1] *Lances*, lance-men. [2] *So breath'd*, so vigorous.

quenetta that is quick by him, and hang'd for Pompey that is dead by him.

Dum. Most rare Pompey!

Boyet. Renowned Pompey! 690

Biron. Greater than great, great, great, great Pompey! Pompey the Huge!

Dum. Hector trembles.

Biron. Pompey is moved. More Ates, more Ates! stir them on! stir them on!

Dum. Hector will challenge him.

Biron. Ay, if a' have no more man's blood in's belly than will sup a flea.

Arm. By the north pole, I do challenge thee.

Cost. I will not fight with a pole, like a northern man: I'll slash; I'll do it by the sword. I pray you, let me borrow my arms again. 702

Dum. Room for the incensed Worthies!

Cost. I'll do it in my shirt. [*Begins to undress himself.*]

Dum. Most resolute Pompey!

Moth. Master, let me take you a button-hole lower. Do you not see Pompey is uncasing for the combat? What mean you? You will lose your reputation.

Arm. Gentlemen and soldiers, pardon me; I will not combat in my shirt. 711

Dum. You may not deny it: Pompey hath made the challenge.

Arm. Sweet bloods, I both may and will.

Biron. What reason have you for't?

Arm. The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt; I go woolward[1] for penance.

Boyet. True, and it was enjoined him in Rome for want of linen: since when, I'll be sworn he wore none, but a dishclout of Jaquenetta's, and that he wears next his heart for a favour.] 722

Enter MERCADE.

Mer. God save you, madam!

Prin. Welcome, Mercade, but that thou interruptest our merriment.

Mer. I am sorry, madam; for the news I bring is heavy in my tongue. The king your father—

Prin. Dead, for my life!

Mer. Even so; my tale is told.

Biron. Worthies, away! the scene begins to cloud. 731

Arm. For mine own part, I breathe free breath. I have seen the day of wrong through the little hole of discretion, and I will right myself like a soldier. [*Exeunt Worthies.*

King. How fares your majesty?

Prin. Boyet, prepare; I will away to-night.

King. Madam, not so; I do beseech you, stay.

Prin. Prepare, I say. I thank you, gracious lords,
For all your fair endeavours; and entreat, 740
Out of a new-sad soul, that you vouchsafe,
In your rich wisdom, to excuse, or hide,
The liberal opposition of our spirits;
If over-boldly we have borne ourselves
In the converse of breath, your gentleness
Was guilty of it. Farewell, worthy lord!
A heavy heart bears not a humble tongue:
Excuse me so, coming too short of thanks
For my great suit so easily obtain'd.

King. The extreme part of time extremely forms 750
All causes to the purpose of his speed;
And often, at his very loose, decides
That which long process could not arbitrate:
And though the mourning brow of progeny
Forbid the smiling courtesy of love
The holy suit which fain it would convince[2],
Yet, since love's argument was first on foot,
Let not the cloud of sorrow justle it
From what it purpos'd; since, to wail friends lost
Is not by much so wholesome-profitable 760
As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

Prin. I understand you not: my griefs hear dully.

Biron. Honest plain words best pierce the ear of grief;
And by these badges understand the king.
For your fair sakes have we neglected time,
Play'd foul play with our oaths: your beauty, ladies,
Hath much deform'd us, fashioning our humours
Even to the opposed end of our intents:
And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous,—

[1] *Woolward*, with wool next the skin.

[2] *Convince*, overcome.

As love is full of unbefitting strains, 770
All wanton as a child, skipping and vain,
Form'd by the eye and therefore, like the eye,
Full of stray shapes, of habits and of forms,
Varying in subjects as the eye doth roll
To every varied object in his glance:
Which parti-coated presence of loose love
Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes,
Have misbecom'd our oaths and gravities,
Those heavenly eyes, that look into these faults,
Suggested[1] us to make. Therefore, ladies, 780
Our love being yours, the error that love makes
Is likewise yours: we to ourselves prove false,
By being once false for ever to be true
To those that make us both,—fair ladies, you:
And e'en that falsehood, in itself a sin,
Thus purifies itself and turns to grace.

Prin. We have receiv'd your letters full of love;
Your favours, the ambassadors of love;
And, in our maiden council, rated them
At courtship, pleasant jest, and courtesy, 790
As bombast[2], and as lining to the time:
But more devout than this in our respects
Have we not been; and therefore met your loves
In their own fashion, like a merriment.

Dum. Our letters, madam, show'd much more than jest. 795

Long. So did our looks.

Ros. We did not quote[3] them so.

King. Now, at the latest minute of the hour,
Grant us your loves.

Prin. A time, methinks, too short
To make a world-without-end bargain in.
No, no, my lord, your grace is perjur'd much,
Full of dear guiltiness; and therefore this:
If for my love, as there is no such cause, 802
You will do aught, this shall you do for me:
Your oath I will not trust; but go with speed
To some forlorn and naked hermitage,
Remote from all the pleasures of the world;
There stay until the twelve celestial signs
Have brought about their annual reckoning.
If this austere insociable life
Change not your offer made in heat of blood;
If frosts and fasts, hard lodging, and thin weeds
Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love, 812
But that it bear this trial and last[4] love;
Then, at the expiration of the year,
Come challenge, challenge me by these deserts,
[*Giving him her hand.*]
And, by this virgin palm now kissing thine,
I will be thine; and till that instant shut
My woeful self up in a mourning house,
Raining the tears of lamentation
For the remembrance of my father's death.
If this thou do deny, let our hands part, 821
Neither intitled in the other's heart.

King. If this, or more than this, I would deny,
To flatter up these powers of mine with rest,
The sudden hand of death close up mine eye!
Hence ever then my heart is in thy breast[5].

Dum. But what to me, my love? but what to me?
A wife?

Kath. A beard, fair health, and honesty;
With three-fold love I wish you all these three.

Dum. O, shall I say, I thank you, gentle wife?

Kath. Not so, my lord; a twelvemonth and a day
I'll mark no words that smooth-fac'd wooers say:
Come when the king doth to my lady come;
Then, if I have much love, I'll give you some.

Dum. I'll serve thee true and faithfully till then. 841

Kath. Yet swear not, lest ye be forsworn agen.

Long. What says Maria?

Mar. At the twelvemonth's end,
I'll change my black gown for a faithful friend.

Long. I'll stay with patience; but the time is long.

Mar. The liker you; few taller are so young.

Biron. Studies my lady? mistress, look on me;
Behold the window of my heart, mine eye,
What humble suit attends thy answer there:
Impose some service on me for my love. 850

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[1] *Suggested*, tempted. [2] *Bombast*, padding.
[3] *Quote*, regard.
[4] *Last*, remain.
[5] Lines 827–832, Globe Edit., omitted here.

Ros. Oft have I heard of you, my Lord Biron, 851
Before I saw you; and the world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks,
Full of comparisons and wounding flouts,
Which you on all estates will execute
That lie within the mercy of your wit.
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain,
And therewithal to win me, if you please,
Without the which I am not to be won,
You shall this twelvemonth term from day to day 860
Visit the speechless sick, and still converse
With groaning wretches; and your task shall be,
With all the fierce endeavour of your wit
To enforce the pained impotent to smile.

Biron. To move wild laughter in the throat of death?
It cannot be; it is impossible:
Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.

Ros. Why, that's the way to choke a gibing spirit,
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace
Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools:
A jest's prosperity lies in the ear 871
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it: then, if sickly ears,
Deaf'd with the clamours of their own dear[1] groans,
Will hear your idle scorns, continue them,
And I will have you and that fault withal;
But if they will not, throw away that spirit,
And I shall find you empty of that fault,
Right joyful of your reformation.

Biron. A twelvemonth! well; befall what will befall, 880
I'll jest a twelvemonth in an hospital.

Prin. [*To the King*] Ay, sweet my lord; and so I take my leave.

King. No, madam; we will bring you on your way.

Biron. Our wooing doth not end like an old play;
Jack hath not Jill: these ladies' courtesy
Might well have made our sport a comedy.

King. Come, sir, it wants a twelve
and a day,
And then 't will end.

Biron. That 's too long for a

Re-enter ARMADO.

Arm. Sweet majesty, vouchsafe me,-

Prin. Was not that Hector?

Dum. The worthy knight of Troy.

Arm. I will kiss thy royal finger, a
leave. I am a votary; I have vow'd to
netta to hold the plough for her swe
three years. But, most esteemed greatn
you hear the dialogue that the two l
men have compiled in praise of the o
the cuckoo? it should have followed
end of our show.

King. Call them forth quickly; we wil

Arm. Holla! approach.

Re-enter HOLOFERNES, NATHANIEL, M
COSTARD, *and others.*

This side is Hiems, Winter,—this V
Spring; the one maintained by the o
other by the cuckoo. Ver, begin.

THE SONG.

SPRING.

When daisies pied and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver white,
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men; for thus sings h
Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo; O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws
And merry larks are ploughmen's clo
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daw
And maidens bleach their summer sm
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,
Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo: O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

WINTER.

When icicles hang by the wall
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail
And Tom bears logs into the hall
And milk comes frozen home in pail,

[1] *Dear* = painful, that cost much pain.

When blood is nipp'd and ways be foul, 926
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whit, to-who.
A merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot. 930

When all aloud the wind doth blow
And coughing drowns the parson's saw
And birds sit brooding in the snow
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl, 935
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whit to-who.
A merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

Arm. The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo. You that way: we this way. [*Exeunt.* 942

MAP TO ILLUSTRATE LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

NOTES TO LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

ACT I. SCENE 1.

1. Line 23: ***Subscribe to your deep oaths, and keep it too.*—Similar instances of the use of *it* may be found. Dyce very aptly quotes I. Henry VI. i. 1. 162–165.**

> *Exeter.* Remember, Lords, your *oaths* to Henry sworn,
> Either to quell the Dauphin utterly,
> Or bring him in obedience to your yoke.
> *Bedford.* I do remember *it*, and here take my leave,

where it is evident *them* never could be intended. "It" may be referred to "subscription" understood. See also III. Henry VI. iii. 2. 31, 32.

> *K. Edw.* 'T were pity they should lose their father's lands.
> *L. Grey.* Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant *it* them.

2. Line 62: ***When I to fast expressly am* FORBID.—both the Quartos, and all the Folios, read.**

The meaning of the line in our text is perfectly intelligible—*forbid*, in this instance, being equal to *bidden under certain penalties* (to fast); and there is no more violence done to grammar or common sense than in the following passage:

> You may as well *forbid* the mountain pines
> To wag their high tops, and to make no noise
> When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven.
> —Merchant of Venice, iv. 1. 75–77.

Instances may be found in old English writers where *forbid* is used in a similar sense, the *for* simply augmenting the force of *bid*.

3. Line 82: *Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his* HEED. —Johnson rightly terms this passage "unnecessarily obscure." He explains it thus: "When he *dazzles*, that is, has his eye made weak by fixing his eye upon a fairer eye, that *fairer* eye shall be his *heed*, his *direction* or *lodestar*, and give him light that was blinded by it." *Dazzle* is used as an intransitive verb in III. Henry VI. ii. 1. 25:

> *Dazzle* mine eyes, or do I see three suns?

Heed, in this passage, seems to mean "object of special regard." For another instance of the use of *heed* as a substantive, in a peculiar sense, compare Henry VIII. iii. 2. 80:

> A *heed*
> Was in his countenance.

4. Line 87: *Save* BASE *authority from others' books.*—*Base* here may be used, not so much in the sense of *low* as of *base-born;* compare King Lear, i. 2. 9, 10:

> Why brand they us
> With *base!* with *baseness!* bastardy? *base, base!*

In which case, the meaning of the whole passage would be "continual plodders discover nothing new, but only learn to take other persons' opinions as their own."

5. Line 95: *Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding!* —It is an open question if the verb *proceed* here be used in its academical sense, to proceed from one degree to another, or no. Steevens gives a passage quoted by Dr. Farmer, but says he cannot find the book from which it is taken—"such as practise to *proceed* in all evil wise, till from Batchelors in Newgate, by degrees they *proceed* to be *Maisters*, and by desert be preferred at Tyborne." If this is from some work contemporary with Shakespeare, it certainly proves that the academical sense of the word was well known.

6. Line 106: *Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled* SHOWS.—So all the old copies read. Various emendations have been suggested, on the supposition that the line is corrupt, and that it ought to end with a word rhyming to *birth* in line 104, which is now left without any line to rhyme to it: but instances of single and "forlorn" lines, occurring in the middle of rhymed passages, are not uncommon In the only passage in which Shakespeare uses *fangled* alone, he uses it evidently in the sense of *gaudy:*

> Be not, as is our *fangled* world, a garment
> Nobler than that it covers. —Cymbeline, v. 4. 134.

"May's *new-fangled shows*" would therefore mean May's first gaudy shows (of flowers).

7. Lines 108, 109:

> *So you, to study now it is too late,*
> *Climb o'er the house to unlock the little gate.*

This is the reading of Q. 1. All Ff. and Q. 2 read

> That were to climb o'er the house to unlock the gate.

To understand the meaning of these two lines we must go back and see what Biron's argument really was. It may thus be paraphrased: "I only swore," he says, "to study with you for three years, you have appended conditions useless and absurd. 'What is the end of study?' To know things hid from common sense, to know what I am forbid to know: then I will study to dine well when I am obliged to fast, to meet my mistress when all women are forbidden to come near us," and so on. To this the king replies that these are "vain delights." "All delights are vain," answers Biron, "and most vain those which, painfully purchased, do but bring pain: poring over books and continual plodding teach you very little indeed; —real study is the result of observation, by men free to mix with their fellows:—go you then, grown men as you are, to study like boys—when it is too late to begin life over again; you might as well climb over a house to unlock a little gate; for you are going a very laborious way to gain knowledge, to which a short cut lies open before you. You are going to shut yourselves from the world, under absurd restrictions, and study books, when you might learn much more by remaining in the world, and studying human nature." This would seem to be the meaning of the passage, though it is very obscurely expressed in the sententious form which Shakespeare here affects.

8. Line 110: *Well, sit you out.*—So Qq. and F. 2, F. 3, F. 4, but F. 1 reads "fit you out," a reading which some defend, but "*sit* you out," an expression taken from games of cards (still used of those who wait to cut in at a rubber of whist), is more appropriate. Dyce gives a very apposite quotation from The Tryall of Chevalry, 1605, sig. G. 3:

> King of Navar, will onely *you sit out?*

The suggestion that *sit* is a misprint for *set* is plausible, but I think untenable. It would certainly make the line singularly commonplace.

9. Line 129: *A dangerous law against* GENTILITY!—Theobald first assigned this line to Biron, and he is followed by nearly all the modern editors. Qq. Ff. give it to Longaville, and Staunton supports them. *Gentilitie* is the reading of Ff. and Q. 2. Q. 1 reads *gentletie. Gentility* occurs in only one other passage in Shakespeare. In As You Like It, i. 1. 22, "he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my *gentility* with my education," where it evidently means gentle breeding, a "gentle-born nature." Here it may mean either "people of gentle rank," or, as Theobald suggests in his first note, "the quality of politeness" (equivalent to French *gentilesse*). Certainly such a brutal penalty could not be enforced by any gentleman.

10. Lines 143–145:

> *So study evermore is overshot:*
> *While it doth study to have what it would,*
> *It doth forget to do the thing it should.*

These lines form a most excellent vindication of the opinions uttered before by Biron. The *study* he speaks of here is that exaggerated habit of studious industry, which neglects for labours, excessive but comparatively useless, the wholesome work of everyday life. He also means to point out the absurdity of retiring from the world, as the king proposed; because, while imposing duties on themselves which were not necessary, they neglected those necessary ones which their station imposed on them.

11. Line 169: *complements.*—This word as used here should not be confounded with the modern word *compliments;* for although it is impossible to resist the evidence

that *compliments*, used in its ordinary sense, was written *complements*, yet the word would seem to have had two distinct meanings, which were, however, not distinguished by different spelling until later times. Here "a man of *complements*" does not mean what we call "a man of *compliments*," but rather "a man of accomplishments." There is a passage in Chapman's comedy An Humerous Dayes Mirth, 1599 (Works, vol. i. p. 53):

Colenet.—Why Lemot I thinke thou sendst about of purpose for yong gallants to be acquainted withal, to make thy selfe merry in the maner of taking acquaintance.

Lemot.—By heauen I do, Colenet, for there is no better sport than to obserue the *complement*, for that's their word, *complement*, do you marke sir.

From this it would appear that the word *complement* was used in some especially affected sense by the fine gentlemen of that time. Compare in this play: "These are *complements*, these are humours" (iii. 1. 23).

12. Line 179: *fire-new.*—So Richard III. i. 3. 256:

Your *fire-new* stamp of honour is scarce current.

and Lear, v. 3. 132:

Despite thy victor sword and *fire-new* fortune.

Compare *bran-new*, i.e. *brand-new*, both which words mean new from the fire.

13. Lines 196–198:

Long. *A high hope for a* LOW HEAVEN: *God grant us patience!*

Biron. *To hear? or forbear* LAUGHING?

This passage is one which has evidently suffered from the printers' errors. Both Qq. and Ff. read in the second line "*forbear* hearing," which is manifestly wrong, as Longaville's reply shows that *laughing* was the word used. Capell is to be credited with this admirable emendation. Biron says, "I hope in God for high words;" and Longaville may mean by his answer "a high hope," *i.e.* in God, "for a *low* or (worthless) *heaven*." Certainly *heaven* seems used here very naturally in connection with Biron's "hope in God."

14. Line 201: *as the* STYLE *shall give us cause to climb.*—An obvious play on the words *style* and *stile*.

15. Line 204: *taken with the manner.*—A corruption of the legal phrase "taken with the *mainour*." See Blackstone, book iv. chapter 23: "A thief 'taken with the *mainour*,' that is with the thing stolen upon him in *manu*, &c." The phrase originally was, "cum manuopere captus;" *manœuvre* and *mainour* are the same words.

16. Line 249: *curious-knotted garden.*—This expression probably refers to the curious *knots*, or intricately-devised beds, in which flowers were planted in the old-fashioned gardens. Shakespeare alludes to these in another passage, when the speaker is comparing England to a neglected garden:

Her fruit-trees all unprun'd, her hedges ruin'd,
Her knots disorder'd. —Rich. II. iii. 4. 45.

Steevens quotes two old works, Thomas Hill's Profitable Art of Gardening, 4to, 1579, and Henry Dethicke's Gardener's Labyrinth, 1586, in which directions are given for making "proper *knots*" in gardens.

17. Line 263: *With--with.*—Qq. and Ff. read *which with;* but the correction made by Theobald has been pretty universally adopted: *which with* does not seem to make any sense.

ACT I. SCENE 2.

18. Line 5: *dear* IMP.—This word originally meant a *scion*, *offspring*, *graft*, hence the old infinitive *impen*, to graft. Spenser uses it in its original simple sense of "offspring:"

And thou most dreaded *impe* of highest Jove.
—Fairy Queen, Int. to book i. st. 3.

How it came to be used only in a bad sense as "a child of Satan," or a "demon," is doubtful. In Chapman's Monsieur D'Olive two pages are introduced to D'Olive: Pacque says (of Digue) "he hath as good Court breeding as anie *Impe* in a Countrie," iv. 1 (Works, vol. i. p. 232). Hence it seems specially applied to a page, such as Moth was.

19. Line 10: *tough* SENIOR.—Q. 1 reads *signeor* and F. 1 *signeur*. Malone says, "signior appears to have been the old spelling of *senior*," but there is little doubt that a pun was intended here, and *signior* might be the right reading. The Spanish title corresponding to *signior* is *señor;* but it is hardly ever written correctly in any old English play.

20. Line 36: *crosses love not him.*—This pun occurs more than once in Shakespeare. The old penny "had a double *cross* stamped on it so that it might easily be broken into half or into quarters." Many other coins were marked with a *cross* on the one side, hence *crosses* came to be used as equivalent to money. The gypsies' practice of *crossing* the hand with a piece of money is to be referred to the same origin.

21. Line 57: *the dancing horse.*—This was Bankes' celebrated performing horse "Morocco," of which mention is made by many writers of the time, amongst others by Ben Jonson, Hall, Sir Walter Raleigh, &c. &c. Morocco appears to have been a very accomplished animal; he is said to have gone up to the top of St. Paul's in 1600; and Sir Kenelm Digby mentions many of the clever tricks which he performed. Steevens gives the following quotation from Chrestoloros, or Seven Bookes of Epigrames (by Thomas Bastard), 1598:

Of Bankes's Horse.

Bankes hath a horse of wondrous qualitie
For he can fight, and dance, and lie,
And find your purse, and tell what coyne ye have:
But *Bankes* who taught your horse to smell a knave?

22. Line 90: GREEN *indeed is the colour of lovers.*—This may refer to jealousy = "the *green-eyed* monster;" or to "*green* willows;" or to *melancholy*, as Douce suggests, quoting:

And with a *green* and yellow melancholy.
—Twelfth Night, ii. 4. 116.

But it is very probable that *green* was said to be "the colour of lovers," simply because it implies freshness or youth.

23. Line 94: *she had a green wit.*—Possibly, as the Cambridge Editors suggest, an allusion to the *green withes* with which Samson was bound.

24. Line 114: *Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar?*—This is the ballad of "King Cophetua and the Beggar-Maid." There is a further allusion to it in this play. See iv. 1. 65.

25. Line 123: *the* RATIONAL *hind Costard.* — By *the rational hind* Armado means nothing more than "that reasoning beast," playing upon the double meaning of *hind*, the animal, and *hind*, a boor, a menial. Shakespeare uses *hind*, as a word of the masculine gender, in the following passage:

> He were no lion, were not Romans *hinds*.
> —Jul. Cæs. i. 3. 106.

26. Line 136: *day-woman.* — That is, the *dairy maid. Deye* or *dey* (Swedish *deja*) was an old term for a dairy-maid or servant, whose duty it was to attend to the young calves and the poultry, and to make cheese and butter. Wedgwood says, "in Gloucestershire a dairy is still called a *dey-house*."

27. Line 141: *That's hereby.*—Jaquenetta uses hereby in the sense of "as it may happen." Armado takes it to mean "close by."

28. Lines 187, 188: *rust, rapier! be still, drum! for your manager is in love.*—The word *manage* is frequently used in relation to weapons:

> Yea, distaff-women *manage* rusty bills.
> —Rich. II. iii. 2. 118.

and again in II. Henry IV., iii. 2. 292:

> Come *manage* me your caliver.

29. Line 190: *I shall turn* SONNET.—So Qq. and Ff. Hanmer proposed *sonneteer;* Capell, *sonneter;* Amyot, *a sonnet;* Dyce reads *sonnetist;* Grant White adopted *sonnets*, the suggestion of an American critic, Dr. Verplanck; Staunton at first warmly welcomed this emendation and printed *sonnets* in his first edition, but afterwards reverted to the old reading. No instance of the use of the verb "to turn," in such a sense, is to be found in Shakespeare. I would propose *tune sonnets;* the verb *tune* being used frequently by Shakespeare in a metaphorical sense, the expression being not unsuitable to Armado's style. Compare:

> —to a pretty ear she *tunes* her tale.
> —Venus and Adonis, line 74.

> And to the nightingale's complaining notes
> *Tune* my distresses and record my woes.
> —Two Gent. of Verona, v. 4. 5.

But the old reading is explained, "I shall turn *sonnet*," *i.e.* "I shall turn all poetry from top to toe." (See Schmidt's Lexicon *sub voce.*) The passage in Much Ado about Nothing, ii. 3. 21, *now is he turned orthography*, is quoted as being apposite.

ACT II. SCENE 1.

30. Line 1: *your dearest spirits.*—*Dearest* is here used in the sense of *highest, noblest.* Compare note 223.

31. Line 16: *chapmen's tongues.*—*Chapman* here means a *seller;* not, as it is explained usually, a *buyer*, a *customer.*

32. Line 19: *In spending your wit in the praise of mine.*—So Qq. F. 1. The three later Folios read—*thus your wit in praise of mine*, to avoid the emphasis necessary on *your* in order to make the line scan: but the older reading is preferable, as it is more emphatic.

33. Line 25: *Therefore to's seemeth it a needful course.*—So both Qq. and Ff.; but it would be a much better line if we could venture to read

> Therefore *to us it seems* a needful course.

34. Line 39: *Lord Longaville is one.*—Qq. Ff. omit *Lord*, probably by an oversight, as the name of the speaker is written simply *Lor.*—*Lord* is necessary to the scansion.

35. Line 42: *Of Jaques Falconbridge, solémnized.*—*Jaques* is always used as a dissyllable in Shakespeare. *Solémnized* must be pronounced as a quadrisyllable (sólémnizéd), with the accent on the second and last syllables, as in The Tempest, v. 1. 309. In the other passages where the verb occurs (in verse), viz., in Merchant of Venice, ii. 9. 6, also iii. 2. 194; King John, ii. 1. 539; I. Henry VI., v. 3. 168; it is pronounced *sólemniz'd*, with the accent on the *first* syllable; and in *all* these latter cases the *e*, which is not elided in F. 1 in the first two cases, is carefully elided; showing the importance of paying attention to the elision of the *e* in words ending in *ed*, so much insisted on in this edition.

36. Line 44: *A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd.*—So Ff. Q. 2: but Q. 1 reads "of soveraigne *peerelse* he is esteemd," *i.e.* "sovereign *peerless*," a reading which various endeavours have been made to explain, but not very successfully. In this instance Q. 1 appears to be wrong.

37. Line 45: *In arts well fitted, glorious in arms.*—Qq. F. 1 read *well fitted in arts;* F. 2, F. 3, F. 4, read *well fitted in* THE *arts*, which certainly makes a better line. The transposition, as we have printed it in the text, was made before seeing Grant White's similar suggestion. It is a slight alteration, but greatly improves the line; as it avoids the rhyming of *arts* with *parts* in the middle of the previous line.

38. Line 82: *competitors.*—Shakespeare uses the word as = *associate* in Antony and Cleopatra, in three passages, and elsewhere: *e.g.*—

> *Menas.* These three world-sharers, these *competitors.*
> —Ant. and Cleo. ii. 7. 76.

39 Line 88: *unpeopled house.*—So Ff. Q. 2; Q. 1 reads *unpeeled*, which the Cambridge editors adopted; but it makes no sense; while *unpeopled* does, for the king's palace was *unpeopled*, in the sense that he admitted no visitors.

40. Line 114: *Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?*—This speech is given by Q. 1 to *Katharine.* The characters are much confused in this scene in the old copies.

41. Lines 129, 130:

> King. *Madam, your father here doth intimate*
> *The payment of a hundred thousand crowns.*

For this claim of the King of Navarre on the King of France there appears to have been historical authority. We give here the passage[1] quoted, by Hunter, from

[1] The Chronicles of Enguerraud de Monstrelet, &c., translated by Thomas Johnes, Esquire, 8vo, 1810. Vol. I. p. 108.

Monstrelet, and alluded to in the introduction to this play:

Charles, King of Navarre, came to Paris to wait on the king. He negotiated so successfully with the king and privy-council that he obtained a gift of the castle of Nemours, with some of its dependent castle-wicks, which territory was made a duchy. He instantly did homage for it, and at the same time surrendered to the king the castle of Cherburgh, the county of Evreux, and all other lordships he possessed within the kingdom of France, renouncing all claims or profits in them to the king and to his successors, on condition that with the duchy of Nemours the king of France engaged to pay him two hundred thousand gold crowns of the coin of the king our Lord.

42. Line 145: *On payment of, &c.*—Qq. Ff. read *one.* Theobald first corrected the mistake, and at the same time explained the passage. Navarre's father had lent the King of France 200,000 crowns, on the mortgage of the province of Aquitaine. The King of France says that half the sum has been paid, and now wants it refunded—Navarre to keep Aquitaine; but the latter does not see it: he says the king should rather pay the other half of the debt, and demand Aquitaine back again. This is the gist of Theobald's explanation; but it would seem that Navarre only held part of Aquitaine:

One part of Aquitaine is bound to us,

and he says it is not worth the money yet owing (100,000 crowns): and further, he says he would rather have the money his father lent the king,

Than Aquitaine so *gelded* as it is.

From which it seems clear that the *whole* province was not held by him as security.

43. Line 147: *depart withal.*—The most remarkable use of "depart" in the sense of "to part" or "to separate" is found in the Old Liturgy of the Church of England, in the Marriage Service:—"I, N. take thee M. to my wedded wife, &c. &c., tyl deth us depart," which, in 1661, was altered into "till death us *do part.*" The original form of the marriage vow is found in George Wilkins' play, The Miseries of Enforced Marriage, 4to. 1607, i. 1.

Scar. This hand thus takes thee as my loving wife.
Clare. For better, for worse.
Scar. Ay, till death us *depart*, love.
—Dodsley, vol. ix. p. 479.

44. Line 190: *No poynt.*—There is a wretched pun here on the French negative *point.*

45. Line 195: *The heir of Alençon, Katharine her name.*—Qq. and Ff. all read *Rosaline*, and below (line 210) *Katharine* instead of *Rosaline.* But the confusion of names in this scene, as was remarked above, is very great; and there seems no object in making Dumain inquire after *Rosaline* and Biron after *Katharine*, especially as Longaville seems to succeed in detecting his Maria. *Katharine* says, speaking of Dumain, in this scene (line 61):

I saw him at the Duke *Alençon's* once.

While Maria says (lines 40–44), that she saw Longaville at the marriage of the "beauteous heir of Jaques *Falconbridge.*" Boyet speaks of Maria, without doubt, as "an heir of *Falconbridge;*" and therefore most probably he is speaking of *Katharine* when he says "the heir of *Alençon,*" and not of *Rosaline.*

46. Line 223: *My lips are no common, though several they be.*—*Several* meant a part of the common land, set apart for *several* or *separate* use; distinct from the rest of the common, which was available for all beasts to graze on that belonged to the various commoners. What Maria means to say is—punning on the word *several* in its sense of *separate* or *parted,*—"My lips are not common for every beast to pasture on, but are *several* or *set apart* for those whom I choose to let kiss them." Boyet evidently takes the word as meaning "the property of a separate person;" for he answers Maria, "Belonging to whom?" to which she replies, still keeping up the idea of the *several*, in its agricultural sense, "To my fortunes and me." In Travalles of The three English Brothers there is a passage very similar to the one in the text:

Harlequin. But shee shall bee no *common* thing, if I can keepe her *severall.* —Day's Works, p. 58 (of play).

47. Line 229: *the heart's still rhetòric.*—Here *rhetoric* must be pronounced with the accent on the second syllable, *rhetòric.*

48. Line 236.—*His heart, like an agate, with your print impress'd.*—This refers to the small figures which were carved upon *agates* set as rings. Compare Much Ado, iii. 1. 6:

If low, an *agate* very vilely cut.

49. Line 238: *His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see.*—The meaning of this and the following lines is, that his tongue was impatient at not being able to see; and that all the senses were absorbed in that of sight, desiring to look on the beauty of the princess.

50. Line 246: *His face's own margent did quote such amazes.*—Alluding to the custom then existing of writing all notes, quotations, &c., in the margin of the page. Compare:

And what obscur'd in this fair volume lies
Find written in the *margent* of his eyes.
—Rom. and Jul. i. 3. 85, 86.

51. Line 249: *dispos'd* = "inclined to mirth." So Nares: yet, notwithstanding the passages given by him in support of this interpretation of the word, it may be doubted if it ever had any such distinct sense, and is not used merely in an elliptic form. But Dyce, who gives the sense of the word "inclined to rather loose mirth, somewhat wantonly merry," adduces four passages from among many others, which, in his opinion, put the question beyond any possibility of doubt.

ACT III. Scene 1.

52. Line 3: *Concolinel.*—Doubtless this represents the first word, or words, of a song intended to be sung here. Hunter suggests that it may be the corruption of *cantat Italicè.* Certain it is that the stage direction is often found in old plays, *Cantat* or *Cantant;* or, as in Marston's Dutch Courtesan, *Cantat Gallicè.* In God's Promises (Dodsley, vol. i. p. 306) there is a stage direction *Vel Anglicè canat.* I would suggest that *Concolinel* is a corruption of the beginning of some French song, the first words, or, perhaps, the refrain, of which might have been *Quand Colinelle.* Moth says immediately afterwards, "Master, will you win your love with a *French* brawl?"

53. Line 9: *brawl.*—Ben Jonson uses this word, and it occurs frequently in old writers. It is thus described by Cotgrave under *branle*—"a *brawle*, or daunce, wherein many (men and women), holding by the hands sometimes in a ring, and otherwhiles at length, move all together."

54. Line 12: *canary to it with your feet.*—The canary was a favourite dance, especially in Spain, and was said to be so called because it was originally introduced from the Canary Islands. It is described as containing "various strange fantastic steps, very much in the savage style" (see Douce, p. 136).

55. Line 18: *your hat penthouse-like o'er the shop of your eyes*—Compare Westward Hoe, i. 1., "Wear their *hats o'er their eyebrows* like politic penthouses" (Webster's Works, vol. i. p. 73). The *penthouses* or *pentices* which overhung the open shops of Shakespeare's time, may be seen figured very clearly in the copy of the "View of Cheapside in 1638, taken from Historie de l'Entrée Royalle de la Reyne Mère du Roy très-christien (Marie de Medicis) dans la ville de Londres" (folio 1639), prefixed to part ii. of Harrison's Description of England, published by the New Shak. Soc. (1878). These penthouses projected, apparently, about half-way over what we should now call the pavement, and under them was the open shop. Above, on a straight pole at right angles to the house, hung the sign of the shop. The word *penthouse* is still preserved, in common use, to describe the sloping roof of the galleries and "dedans" of our tennis-courts.

56. Line 20: *thin-belly doublet.*—*Thin-belly* is used in contradistinction to *great-belly*, a species of doublet described in the following passage from Stubbes' Anatomie of Abuses: "Their dublettes are no less monstrous than the reste; for now the fashion is to have them hang down to the middest of their thighes, beeing so harde-quilted and stuffed, bombasted and sewed, as they can verie hardly either stoupe downe, or decline themselves to the grounde, so styffe and sturdy they stand about them." The most familiar instance of the *great-bellied doublet* is in the figure of our old friend Punch. Planché (Cyclopædia of Costume, vol. i. p. 174) mentions that Bulwer, writing in 1653, called them *pease-cod bellied doublets.*

57. Line 25: *make them men of note—do you note me?*—This emendation of Hanmer's is now generally adopted. Qq and Ff. read *men of note: do you note* MEN *that*, &c. Malone adhered to this reading, printing it thus (*do you note, men?) that*, &c. It may be that the passage was intended to read thus: "Make them men of note—do you note?—men that most are affected with these?"

58. Line 28: *By my penny of observation.*—Q. 1, F. 1, F. 2, read *penne* here, and Q. 2, F. 3, F. 4, alter it to *pen. Pen* does not make very good sense; unless we take it to mean the *pen* with which Moth noted down his observations of mankind. *Penny* was undoubtedly used as a general term for money, and is now, especially in Scotland.

59. Line 30: *"The hobby-horse is forgot."*—A quotation from some popular ballad. In the old May-games of Robin Hood, among other characters, there appeared Maid Marian and the *hobby-horse;* the latter being managed by some youth, who took great pride in displaying his skill in imitating "the prancings and curvettings" of a spirited horse. But these two characters, together with the Friar, were suppressed after the Reformation. This egregious reform was the subject of much banter on the part of unregenerate dramatists in Shakespeare's time. Hamlet's allusion to it will be readily remembered:

> For O, for O the *hobby-horse* is forgot. Hamlet, iii. 2. 142.

60. Line 62: *You are too swift, sir.*—*Swift* had a special meaning, "ready at replies," or, as we should say, "good at repartee." So in As You Like It, v. 4. 65: "he is very *swift* and sententious;" and in Taming of the Shrew, v. 2. 52-54:

> *Tra.* O sir, Lucentio slipp'd me like his greyhound,
> Which runs himself and catches for his master.
> *Pet.* A good *swift* simile but something currish.

61. Line 67: *voluble.*—So Ff. and Q. 2; Q. 1 reads *volable.* The latter word does not occur in any other passage; it must be supposed to have been coined by Holofernes from *volare*, to fly, on the model of *amabilis* from *amare.* It does not make any particular sense here; therefore we prefer to follow the Folios.

62. Line 71: *costard*, properly a kind of apple, but used for the *head* by Shakespeare and older writers. "I 'se try whether your *costard* or my bat be the harder," Lear, iv. 6. 247. So nowadays, in slang, we use *nut* for *head.*

63. Line 72: *l'envoy.*—Cotgrave defines *envoy* "the conclusion of a ballet or sonnet; in a short stanza by it selfe, and serving, oftentimes, as a dedication of the whole." In Chapman it is used as meaning the conclusion of a letter.

> *Mug.* Well said, now to the *L'envoye.*
> *Rhod.* Thine, if I were worth ought; and yet such, as it skils not whose I am if I be thine; Ieronime.
> —Monsieur D'Olive, act iv. (Works, vol. i. p. 239).

The word is used pretty often by the English authors of this period, but always with the English article prefixed, as A *l'envoye*, THE *l'envoye.*

64. Line 74: *no salve in these all.*—Qq. F. 1, read *in* THEE *male;* F. 2, F. 3, F. 4, *in* THE *male.* Johnson conjectures "in the *vale.*" *Male* or *mail* is French *malle*, and means a bag; we still use the word for the *mail* = the letter bag; and so for the cart or train which conveys the letters. But how, in that sense, is the word appropriate here? The reading in the text is a slight alteration of Tyrwhitt's conjecture *in them all.* The *plantain* was supposed to have great healing powers. Compare the following passage in Albumazar, iv. 11:

> *Trincalo.* Bring a fresh *plantain leaf*, I have *broke my shin.*
> —Dodsley, vol. xi. p. 399.

The resemblance to Costard's words in the text is too close to be accidental. Albumazar was first acted (probably) in 1614.

65. Line 81: *is not l'envoy a salve?*—It seems evident that Moth here intends a pun upon *salve*, Lat.; a word used by the Romans at parting, as well as meeting. I can find no other sense in the question; unless Moth means to be satirical, and to suggest that the compli-

ments, contained in *l'envoy*, were a kind of salve, which healed the defects of a bad poem or play.

66. Lines 85–93.—These lines from *I will example it* to *adding four* are omitted in F. 1.

67. Line 111: *And he ended the market.*—Alluding to the proverb, "Three women and a goose make a *market.*" Ital. "*Tre donne è un occo fan un mercato*" (see Bohn's Dict. of Proverbs, p. 144: from Ray).

68. Line 136: *incony Jew.*—*Incony* is supposed to be an intensified form of the word *canny* or *conny*, a word used in the North of England and Scotland in many senses, and sometimes in that of "nice, fine." *Incony* is found in many of the Elizabethan writers. Some editors alter *Jew* to *jewel;* but *Jew* seems to be used here as a term of endearment; comp. Mids.-Night's Dream, iii. 1. 97:

> Most brisky juvenal and eke most lovely *Jew*;

but it is possible, in both passages, it is merely a clownish abbreviation of *jewel.*

69. Line 140: *inkle.*—In Gower's prologue to act v. of Pericles occur the following lines:

> and with her neeld (*i.e.* needle) composes
> Nature's own shape of bud, bird, branch or berry;
> That even her art sisters the natural roses;
> Her *inkle*, silk, twin with the rubied cherry.

Inkle is usually explained as "a sort of tape;" but Steevens, in his note on the above passage, says: "*Inkle*, as I am informed, anciently signified a particular kind of *crewel* or *worsted* with which ladies worked flowers, &c." An *Inkle factory* existed in Glasgow not long ago.

70. Lines 171–174: *Gardon, O sweet gardon!* &c.—Dr. Farmer pointed out a passage from A Health to the Gentlemanly Profession of Serving Men, &c., so closely resembling this, that it is evident Shakespeare must either have seen it, or derived this speech from the same source. A gentleman staying at a friend's house gives one of the servants a *three farthing piece*, saying, "Here is a *remuneration* for thy paynes." Another guest gives the same servant a shilling, saying, "Here is a *guerdon* for thy deserts; now the servant payd no deerer for the *guerdon* than he did for the *remuneration;* though the *guerdon* was xid farthing better."

71. Line 181: *wimpled.*—The *wimple* from French *guimple, i.e.* "a cloth going from the hood round the neck" (Nares). Originally it meant "the linen cloth which nuns wear about their neck" (Fr. *guimpe*). Biron probably alludes to the muffler with which Cupid is sometimes represented as being blindfolded.

72. Line 182: *This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid.*—Qq. Ff. read "*signior Junios.*" The same misprint is found in Comedy of Errors, just at the end of the play:

> *S. Drom.* Not I, sir; you are my elder.
> *E. Drom.* That 's a question, how shall we try it?
> *S. Drom.* We 'll draw cuts for the *signior.*

No better description of Cupid can be well conceived than *senior-junior, giant-dwarf*, as one who, to use the words of the Princess (v. 2. 11)—

> has been five thousand years a boy.

In the old tragedy of Giamonde of Salerne (MS.) a similar epithet is used of Cupid, "the *little greatest* god" (Dodsley, vol. vii. p. 6).

73. Line 188: *paritors.*—"An *apparitor* or *paritor*, is an officer of the bishop's court who carries out citations; as citations are most frequently issued for sins against chastity, the paritor is put under Cupid's government." (Johnson). It was the lowest ecclesiastical office.

74. Line 189: *a corporal of his field.*—An officer according to Tyrwhitt (on the authority of Lord Stafford's Letters) similar to our aide-de-camp, and employed "in taking and carrying to and fro the directions of the general, or other the higher officers of the field." But Douce gives an extract from Styward's Pathway to Martiall Discipline, 1581, 4to (taken from a chapter on the office of *maister of the campe*, and another on *the electing and office of the foure corporalls of the fields*), from which it appears that "two of the latter were appointed for placing and ordering of shot, and the other two for embattailing of the pikes and billes, who according to their worthinesse, if death hapneth, are to succeede the great sergeant, or sergeant major" (Douce, p. 138).

75. Line 190: *And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop!*—*Tumbler's hoops* were bound with ribands, and worn over one shoulder and under the opposite arm, as a military scarf is now worn. So Benedick says to Claudio: "What fashion will you wear the garland of? about your neck like an usurer's chain? or under your arm like a lieutenant's scarf?" (Much Ado, ii. 1. 197).

76. Line 191: *What, I! I love! I sue! I seek a wife!*—Tyrwhitt's conjecture, generally accepted. Qq. Ff. omit the first *I.*

77. Lines 192, 193:

> —*like a German clock,*
> *Still a-repairing.*

So in Westward Hoe (by Dekker and Webster), i. 1: "No *German clock* nor mathematical engine whatsoever requires so much reparation as a woman's face" (Webster's Works, vol. i. p. 70).

78. Line 198: *whitely.*—Qq., F. 1, F. 2, read *whitley*, but F. 3, F. 4, *whitely.* Cambridge editors print *wightly* = nimble. Shakespeare does not use *whitely* or *wightly* in any other passage. *Whitely* certainly seems the preferable reading.

79. Line 207: *Some men must love my lady and some Joan.*—*Joan* and *my lady* were constantly contrasted, as representatives of the poor and rich woman. In Quarles' Song by Anarchus, in Shepheard's Oracles (4to, 1646) there is a verse:

> Our cobblers shall translate their souls
> From caves obscure and shady;
> We 'll make Tom T. as good as my Lord,
> And *Joan* as good as *my Lady.*

ACT IV. SCENE 1.

80. Line 4: *a mounting mind.*—Dyce notes that this expression occurs in Peele's Edward I., "Sweet Nell, thou should'st not be thyself, did not with thy *mounting mind*, thy gift surmount the rest."—Works, page 379.

81. Line 22: *in fair.*—This abstract use of the adjective as a substantive was common enough in the Elizabethan authors. We find it in Shakespeare, among other passages, in

> my decayed *fair*
> A sunny look of his would soon repair.
>
> —Com. of Er. ii. 1. 98.

82. Line 35: THAT *my heart means no ill.*—*That* is here equivalent to *to whom*, or *to which*.

83. Line 36: *self-sovereignty.*—"Not a sovereignty *over*, but *in* themselves, so *self*-sufficiency, &c." (Malone).

84. Lines 46-51.—All this miserable joking, about the *greatest lady* being *the thickest and the tallest*, derived what little humour it might have, from the fact of the women's parts being played by men or lads. The part of the Princess would be taken by the chief representative of women, who probably was the broadest and the tallest of that portion of the company.

85. Line 56: *Break up this capon.*—In French *poulet* is used for *a love-letter*, and so, in Italian, was *pollicino*. To *break up* is *to carve;* so, "*Break* not *up* the wildfowl till anon."—Westward Hoe, ii. 1 (Webster's Works, vol. i. p. 88). In The Wounds of Civil War *break up* is used in the sense of *open*, without any double meaning.

> Laborius read, and *break these letters up.*
>
> —Dodsley, vol. vii. p. 132.

86. Line 67: *Penelophon.*—The Qq. and Ff. read *Zenelophon*. But the name of the beggar, whom King Cophetua marries in the ballad, is *Penelophon;* and there seems no reason why Armado should have written the name incorrectly.

87. Line 68: *anatomize.*—So F. 2, F. 3, F. 4. Qq. and F. 1 read *annothanize*, which is nonsense. No such word can be formed on any Greek or Latin basis. Knight says "evidently a pedantic form of *annotate;*" but Dyce shows from a passage in The Tragedie of Claudius Tiberius Nero (1607), that *anatomize* is written *anotamize*. *Anatomize* is a sufficiently affected synonym for *to analyze*.

88. Line 90: *Thus dost thou hear the Nemean lion roar.*—Compare the passage in Hamlet, i. 4. 83:

> As hardy as the *Nemean lion's* nerve.

Lines 90-95 evidently form a kind of postscript to the letter; and do not belong to Boyet, to whom they are often wrongly assigned.

89. Line 109: *who is the suitor?*—*Suitor* here is pronounced *shooter* for the sake of the pun. The verb *suit* was, apparently, often pronounced like that, and written *shute, e.g.* in Chapman's All Fooles, ii. 1:

> Steale up a match *unshuting* his estate.
>
> —Works, vol. i. p. 132.

90. Line 146: *Armador at th' one side.*—The text here is corrupt. Q. 1 reads *ath toothen;* F. 1, Q. 2, *ath to the;* F. 2, F. 3, F. 4, *ath to.* Rowe altered it to *o' th' one.* Dyce reads *o' the one.* We have preferred *at th' one* as being nearest the hieroglyphic in F. 1 and Q. 1. Below (line 149) we have kept the reading of Qq. Ff., which all agree in printing *at other* altered to *o' t' other* (we think unnecessarily) by most modern editors. An instance of the use of *other* for *the other* may be found in Chapman's Bussy D'Ambois:

> Each took from *other*.
>
> —Works, vol. ii. p. 23.

ACT IV. SCENE 2.

91. Lines 3-8: SANGUIGNO, *in blood*, &c.—The reading that I have ventured to substitute for the ordinary one in this passage requires some explanation. Let me state, as briefly as possible, the reasons for believing that Holofernes, in this speech, is intended to use Italian and not Latin words, both in this case and in that of *cielo* and *terra* (lines 5 and 7). Qq. and Ff. all read SANGUIS *in blood*, for which Capell first, and, after him, most modern editors read *in sanguis, blood;* a reading which, when we come to consider it, is really nonsense. *In blood* is an expression of the chase, and means "to be fit for killing." It also means "in a state of perfect health and vigour." The expression occurs in Shakespeare in three other passages. In I. Henry VI., iv. 2. 48, 49:

> If we be English deer, be then *in blood;*
> Not rascal-like, to fall down with a pinch.

In Coriolanus (twice):

> Thou rascal, that art worst *in blood* to run.
>
> —i. 1. 163.

> But when they shall see, sir, his crest up again, and the man *in blood*, they will out of their burrows, &c.—iv. 5. 225.

It is manifestly ridiculous to separate *in* from *blood* in this passage. What possible sense can be made of *sanguis!* It is not Latin for *in blood*, or for any adjective that could bear that sense; but there is an Italian adjective, *sanguigno*, or, as it was written sometimes in Shakespeare's time, *sanguino*, which means *full of blood, sanguine;* and which might well be translated by *in blood*. Below, at line 5, all the old copies (Qq. and Ff.) read *celo the sky, &c.*, not *cœlo;* for which, as it is very unlikely Holofernes would have used the dative or ablative case, the modern editors substitute *cœlum*. Is it not most probable that the word meant was the Italian word *cielo?* *Terra* is the same in Italian and Latin, so that no alteration is required. Holofernes uses Italian words more than once. The printers corrected *sanguigno*, or *sanguino* to *sanguis*, taking the *in*, very likely, to be a repetition of *in*. But another point is that Holofernes is evidently quoting from a dictionary, when he says, "CIELO, *the sky, the welkin, the heaven.*" On turning to Florio we find under *cielo*—"*The Heaven, the sky*, the firmament, THE WELKIN," which, to say the least, is rather a curious coincidence.

92. Line 9: *a buck of the first head.*—Steevens quotes from Parnassus, or A Scourge for Simony (1606)—a play of which the authorship is unknown—a very interesting passage which explains all the terms relating to deer used in this scene:—"*Amoretto.* I caused the keeper to sever the *rascal deer* from the *bucks of the first head.* Now, sir, a *buck* is the *first* year, a fawn; the *second* year, a *pricket;* the *third* year, a *sorrell;* the *fourth* year, a *soare;* the *fifth*, a *buck of the first head;* the *sixth* year, a *compleat* buck."

93. Line 37: *Dictynna.*—*Dictynna* or *Dictinna* is a

name for Diana, which occurs in Ovid's Metamorphoses. book ii. l. 441:

Ecce suo comitata choro *Dictynna* per altum.

94. Line 53: CALL *the deer.*—Cambridge Edd. read *Call I the deer;* Qq. Ff. read *call'd.* Rowe reads, *I have call'd;* Singer, *I will call.* We have ventured to print simply *call,* as being nearest the reading of the old copies and as making good sense. It may be *I have call'd* is the true reading, the *I have* having been dropped out by the printers; or, perhaps, we ought to read *call't* for *call it,* in which case the passage would run, "*call it,* the deer the Princess killed, a pricket."

95. Line 85: *Master Person.—Person* was the old form of *parson,* and occurs constantly, in old English writers, in that sense. In fact, they are virtually the same word—*parson* meaning nothing more than *persona ecclesiæ,* "the representative of the church." It is worth remarking that the word *person* is printed *parson* six times in Chapman's Monsieur D'Olive (Works, vol. ii. pp. 210, 217, 218). Holofernes makes a wretched, elephantine joke on the word *person,* quasi *perse-one,* i.e. *pierce one;* the appreciation of which joke is, apparently, confined to himself.

96. Line 89: *O—piercing a hogshead!*—Qq. and Ff. *Of persing.* The Cambridge Edd. take *Of* to have been part of the name of the speaker, Holofernes, printed *Hol of;* but this is rather far-fetched. The reading in the text seems the most probable one—Holofernes does not understand the joke for a moment or two, and says, *O—piercing a hogshead!* The *O* might very easily have become *Of* in the hands of the old printers.

97. Line 97: *Ah, good old Mantuan!*—Not Virgil, but Mantuanus the Carmelite, whose Eclogues, translated into English, with the Latin on one side, were a school-book in Shakespeare's days.

98. Lines 99, 100:

Venetia, Venetia,
Chi non ti vede non ti pretia.

Here Holofernes is showing off his Italian again. The proverb is not given in Bohn's Polyglot of Foreign Proverbs. Shakespeare doubtless took it from Florio's Second Frutes.

99. Line 105: *What, my soul, verses?*—There is a bit of character-painting in this whole speech of Holofernes which seems to have been missed. Holofernes is rather hurt in his vanity by Jaquenetta giving the letter to the parson to read, instead of to him; and he is on tenter-hooks of curiosity to know what the contents are. While Sir Nathaniel puzzles over the verses, Holofernes walks restlessly up and down, airing his scraps of Latin and Italian, keeping his eyes still on the curate; till at last he asks, point blank, "What are the contents? or rather, as Horace says in his"—(he is going to quote—I know not what lines of Horace)—when, unable to restrain his curiosity, he peeps over Nathaniel's shoulder, and sees that the letter contains verses: his self-conceit is more than ever aggrieved that such matters as "verses" should be submitted to any one but to him, the learned *arbiter elegantiarum,* &c. The happy way in which the intense self-conceit of Holofernes is portrayed in this scene, and in v. 1, is one of the most marked promises of Shakespeare's future excellence which this early work of his displays. The pedant must be showing off, or he is miserable.

100. Line 122: "*That* SINGETH *heaven's praise,*" &c.—We have ventured to print *singeth* in preference to SINGS THE *heavens,* as Dyce—following Walker—reads. Q. 1 has *singes,* which, doubtless, was the right reading, pronounced, as in Chaucer, as a dissyllable.

101. Line 130: *tyred horse.*—Not necessarily Bankes' horse, but any horse *tyred,* i.e. clothed in its trappings. We prefer *tyred,* which is a distinct word, to *'tired,* for *attired;* because the confusion with *tired,* i.e. weary, is avoided: although it is possible *to tyre* is merely an old abbreviation of *to attire.* In Lilly's Mother Bombie (iv. 2) there is a passage of words between Hackney-man and some of the servant-boys, in the course of which Hackney-man asks, "But why didst thou boare him (the horse) through the ears?" to which Halfpenny answers, "it was for *tiring.*" A *tyred horse* may be said to imitate his rider in what is called the *manége,* when he steps, with the right or left foot, to a rhythmical pace, directed by the pressure of the right or left foot of the rider.

102. Line 133: *Ay, sir, from one Monsieur Biron.*—Mason was quite right in pointing out that Shakespeare forgot himself in this passage. Jaquenetta says above, the letter "was given me by Costard, and sent me from Don Armado;" and up to this time she has not, as far as we know, seen Biron, who gave the letter (iii. 1. 168, 169) to Costard with a shilling: Don Armado having given him one for Jaquenetta, just previously, with a "remuneration" of three farthings. Costard has already delivered the latter missive to Rosaline, by mistake; having, probably, given the present letter previously to Jaquenetta, who, being unable to read, brings it to the Parson to be interpreted. Costard may have told her Biron had given him a letter to deliver, and so she may have known the name; but the slip on the part of the author is none the less obvious.

103. Line 146: *Trip and go, my sweet.*—The burthen of an old song: Ritson mentions an ancient musical medley beginning *Trip and go hey!*

ACT IV. SCENE 3.

104. Line 3: *I am toiling in a pitch.*—Alluding to the dark complexion of Rosaline; of which we shall hear a good deal more presently.

105. Line 4: *sit thee down, sorrow!*—Qq. and Ff. all read *set,* but in the former passage (i. 1. 317) they all read *sit;* and as Biron refers especially to those words, as having been spoken by Costard, it is better to adhere to *sit.*

106. Line 7: *as mad as Ajax: it kills sheep.*—Alluding to the madness which came upon Ajax, after his defeat by Ulysses in the contest for the armour of Achilles, when he killed the sheep of the Greek army, fancying they

were his enemies. Shakespeare alludes to this madness again, II. Henry VI. v. 1. 26, 27:

> *York.* And now, like *Ajax* Telamonius,
> On *sheep* or oxen could I spend my fury.

107. Line 20: *I would not care a pin, if the other three were in.*—This is always printed as prose; but I think it was very probably intended for a rhymed couplet, and should be printed as such.

108. Line 23: [*Conceals himself in the branches of a tree.*—The old stage direction in Q. 1 and F. 1 is, *He stands aside.* Capell added, after line 23, [*gets up into a tree;* which direction is retained in Duncombe's Acting Edition. The reason for this somewhat awkward piece of "business" is, apparently, to be found in lines 79, 80, where Biron says:

> Like a demigod here sit I in the sky,
> And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'er-eye.

But it is a question whether the expression "*sit I in the sky*" is not entirely figurative.

109. Line 23: *sweet Cupid: thou hast thump'd him with thy bird-bolt,* &c.—The bird-bolt was "a short thick arrow with a broad flat end, used to kill birds without piercing. Frequently ascribed to Cupid" (Nares). So in Much Ado, Beatrice says of Benedick, "He set up his bills here in Messina and challenged Cupid at the flight; and my uncle's fool, reading the challenge, subscribed for Cupid, and challenged him at the *bird-bolt*" (i. 1. 42).

110. Line 48: *he comes in like a perjure, wearing papers.*—*Perjure* for "perjurer." Dyce says, "this word was formerly common enough (which I mention because here some editors print 'perjured.')" I cannot find any instance of the use of this word *perjure* for "perjurer," or "perjured," except in the passage, from the old play of King John, act ii., quoted by Staunton:

> But now black-spotted *Perjure* as he is.
> —Hazlitt's Shak. Lib. part ii. vol. i. p. 251.

The word *perjure* occurs neither in Nares' Glossary, nor in Halliwell's Dictionary of Archaic Words. Perjurers were obliged to wear papers on their breasts describing their offence. (See passages quoted in Steevens' Note—Var. Ed. vol. iv. p. 366.)

111. Lines 53, 54:

> *Thou makest the triumviry, the* CORNER-CAP *of society,*
> *The shape of Love's Tyburn that hangs up simplicity.*

Corner-cap has been explained as "chief ornament." it really means the *beretta*, or *three-cornered cap* of a Roman Catholic priest, as is proved by the following passage in New Custom, 1573 (Dodsley, vol. iii. p. 11):

> It is a pestilent knave, he will have priests no *corner-cap* to wear;

and by another in Middleton's Family of Love, iv. 1 (Works, vol. ii. p. 164). The *three corners* of the *beretta* are arranged something like the triangular part of the *gallows*, which explains the allusion in the latter of the two lines quoted above.

112. Line 59: *Disfigure not his* SHAPE.—Qq. and Ff. read *shop.* Theobald's conjecture *slop* is followed by Cambridge, Globe, and other modern editions. (See Cotgrave; a *slop*—"haut de chausse;" which, sub voce *chausse* he explains as "a breek or breech, in which sense it is most commonly plural in contradistinction to *bas de chausse*, hose or stockings." I agree with Staunton in preferring *shape;* we find *shope* often written for *shaped: shape* is a manuscript correction in Lord Ellesmere's copy of the First Folio. *Slops* generally mean loose wide breeches. It is true *slop* is used in the singular, in Romeo and Juliet (ii. 4. 47), "your French *slop*." *Slop* is "a smock frock, any kind of outer garment made of linen." Strutt (vol. ii. p. 211) quotes, from a manuscript, "a *sloppe* is a mourning cassocke for ladies and gentlewomen, not open before." My objection to the reading *slop* is that, neither in the singular nor plural, can *slop* mean *hose;* and, taking the *guards*, or ornaments, from Cupid's hose could not disfigure his breeches. The guards, or embroidery, put upon hose are generally for the purpose of improving the shape of the leg; therefore I think the reading *shape* on the whole preferable. It may be noted that *shape* is often used, in the sense of a costume or dress, by the old dramatists.

113. Line 74: *This is the liver-vein.*—The *liver* was held in Shakespeare's time to be the special seat of love; there is no doubt of this fact, although we should hardly expect that organ to be selected as the seat of amatory passion. Here are two of the passages from our old dramatists which illustrate this belief. From Lilly:

> *Sir Tophas.*—I brook not this idle humour of love, it tickleth not my *liver*, from whence the love-mongers in former age seemed to inferre they should proceed.—Endimion, i. 3. (vol. i. p. 12).

From Chapman (speaking of a woman who will not respond to his courtship):

> *Monsieur.*—Sh'as a *liver* as hard as a bisket.
> —Bussy D'Ambois, iii. 1 (Works, vol. ii. p. 51).

114. Line 78: *All hid, all hid.*—Taken from the cry of children when playing "Hide and Seek."

115. Line 86: *By earth, she is not, corporal.*—This is the reading of Qq. and Ff. Most modern editors adopt Theobald's conjecture "she is *but* corporal," taking *corporal* to mean *corporeal*, and to be a contradiction of the epithet *divine*. But before (iii. 1. 189) Biron calls himself "*a corporal* of his (love's) field:" again in this scene (line 290) he says, addressing his three fellow-academics,

> Have at you, then, affection's *men-at-arms.*

It seems probable enough that he might have applied the term *corporal* to Dumain, perhaps intending some play on the word at the same time.

116. Line 87: *Her amber hair for foul hath amber* COTED.—Dyce, Staunton, and the Cambridge Edd. all read here *quoted*, which reading Douce supports in his Illustrations (page 142), although he prints the word *coted.* The verb *quote* occurs nine times in Shakespeare, five times in the present tense, twice in the past tense, and twice in the past participle. In all these passages, with the exception of the two which occur in this play, the verb is spelt *quote.* In ii. 1. 246, 247,

> His face's own margent did *quote* such amazes
> That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes,

it is spelt in F. 1, Q. 1, *coate.* In the other passage, v. 2. 796, "we did not *quote* them so," it is spelt *cote* Q. 1; *coat* F. 1. Putting aside the question whether, in

these two passages, the verb intended is *quote*, or *cote*, there can be little doubt that, in the passage before us, *cote* is the right reading. In Nares' Glossary the verb *to cote* is rightly explained as derived from *costoyer*, old French, and being the same as *coast*. In the well-known passage in Hamlet—the only other instance of the occurrence of this word in Shakespeare—"we *coted* them on the way, and hither are they coming," Hamlet, ii. 2. 330, the sense is clearly "we passed them on the way."

117. Line 89: *Stoops, I say.*—The old reading is *stoops*. Dyce gives *stoope* from the conjecture of Swynfen Jervis.

118. Line 106: *gan passage find.*—*Can* is the reading of Qq. and Ff. The Passionate Pilgrim (1599) and England's Helicon (1600) both read *gan*.

119. Line 108: *Wish'd.*—So F. 2, F. 3, F. 4, and Passionate Pilgrim. Qq. and F. 1 read *wish*.

120. Line 110: *Ah!*—Johnson's conjecture. *Air* is the reading of the old copies.

121. Line 117: *Thou for whom* GREAT *Jove would swear.*—I had inserted the word *great* before I saw Collier's emendation to the same effect. All the old copies read

Thou for whom love would swear;

a line which will not scan, unless *love* be pronounced as a dissyllable *I-ove*.

122. Line 142: *One, her hair's gold; crystal the other's eyes.*—All the old copies read, *hairs* WERE *gold*. F. 2, F. 3, F. 4, omit the *one* (which F. 1 prints *on*), and so make the line scan. The Cambridge Edd. read *One, her hairs were gold*, which makes a dreadfully inharmonious line; Dyce adopts Walker's conjecture, ONE'S *hairs were gold*. We prefer omitting the *were*, which was, perhaps, inserted originally by mistake.

123. Line 146: *A faith infringed.*—So F. 2, F. 3, F. 4: in spite of the fact mentioned by Cambridge Edd. that in Q 1 this line stands at the top of a page, and *Fayth* is the catchword on the preceding page, we believe *a faith* to be the right reading.

124. Line 166: *To see a king transformed to a* GNAT!—"Alluding to the singing of that insect suggested by the poetry the king had been detected in."—*Heath*. Theobald conjectured *knot*; Johnson *sot*; and Becket *quat*, which Staunton supports, quoting Iago's speech (Othello, v. 1. 11): "I have rubb'd this young *quat* almost to the sense." The First Quarto in that passage reads *gnat*. *Quat* meant originally *a pimple*, and then was used for *a simpleton* or *an insignificant fellow*. Certainly *quat* is a very plausible suggestion; but the following passage from Pericles affords a strong indirect testimony to the correctness of the old reading:

Simonides. O, attend my daughter:
Princes in this, should live like gods above,
Who freely give to every one that comes
To honour them:
And princes not doing so are *like to gnats*,
Which make a sound, but kill'd are wonder'd at.
—Pericles, ii. 3. 58-63.

125. Line 180: *With men, like men—of strange inconstancy.*—Qq. and F. 1 read

With men like men of inconstancy.

The three later Folios insert *strange*, which makes the line scan; but they print the latter part of the sentence, *like men of strange inconstancy*, without any stop. Various have been the conjectures put forward, *moon-like men; vane-like men; men, like you;* the latter being adopted by the Cambridge Edd. Certainly it is plausible enough, but, on the principle we have adopted, we prefer the correction of the Second Folio.

126. Line 182: *Or groan for* JOAN?—Many editors read *love* instead of *Joan*, on the authority of a copy of Q. 1 in possession of the Duke of Devonshire. The Cambridge Edd. give three other variations, found in the same copy, which certainly do not impress one with any exalted idea of its superior accuracy: *pader* for *paper*, and *croporall* for *corporal*, are not very happy emendations. For *Joan*, see last line of act iii.:

Some men must love my lady and some *Joan*.

127. Line 185: *a gait, a state, &c.*—Steevens says, "*State*, I believe, in the present instance, is opposed to *gait* (*i.e.* the motion), and signifies the act of *standing*." So in Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 3. 22:

Her motion and her *station* are as one.

128. Line 207: *you three fools lack'd me fool to make up the mess.*—A *mess* originally meant a party of four. See Nares, *sub voce*. "As at great dinners or feasts the company was usually arranged into fours, which were called *messes*, and were served together, the word came to mean a set of four, in a general way." So in Peele's Edward I. (Works, p. 393), "I'll be Robin Hood, . . . thou shalt be little John, and here is Friar David as fit as a die for Friar Tuck. Now, my sweet Nell, if you will *make up the mess* . . . for Maid Marian."

129. Line 212: *Hence,* SIRS; *away!*—As addressed to Costard and Jaquenetta, the word *sirs* seems rather out of place; but although *sir* was, originally, only a term of respect (derived from Latin *senior*); it is used in Shakespeare frequently, in the plural number, as a term of address to those of lower rank than the speaker. In Grim the Collier of Croydon, *sir* is used addressed to a woman (*Joan*):

Clack. . . . now, *sir*, if you make too much haste to fall foul, &c.
—Dodsley, vol. viii. p. 414.

130. Line 221: *Did they! Who sees,* &c.—Qq. and Ff. read *Did they,* QUOTH YOU? but the latter words are better omitted as unnecessary, and as spoiling the metre.

131. Line 233: *O, but for my love,* &c.—For a similar example of an accent on the possessive pronoun, as on *my* in this line, see Chapman in Bussy d'Ambois, v. 1:

See how she merits this, still sitting by
And mourning *his* fall more than her own fault.
—Works, vol. ii. p. 94.

132. Line 247: *black as ebony.*—The ridiculous theory that all *black* or dark-complexioned women were ugly, and all fair or light-complexioned women were beautiful, was one of those monstrous tributes to Queen Elizabeth's vanity, offered up daily by her obsequious subjects.

Then will I sweare beauty herself is *black*
And all they foul that thy complexion lack.
—Sonn. cxxxii. 13, 14.

Perhaps this prejudice against dark complexions was the

survival of an old sentiment; compare Song of Solomon, i. 5, "I am *black* but comely."

133. Line 255: *school of night.*—So Qq. and Ff. This is certainly not a very intelligible expression; but anything is better than Warburton's conjecture, "the *scowl* of night." *Suit* is the plausible conjecture of the Cambridge Edd. *Stole* is Theobald's conjecture, adopted by Staunton. Whether *school* is here used in a technical sense, and *black* is said to be "the *school* of night," as if it were the master from whom night learned her darkness, it would be hazardous to decide.

134. Lines 259, 260:

It mourns that painting and usurping hair
Should ravish doters with a false aspect.

One of the many complaints, to be found in contemporary writers, of the practice of painting or dyeing the hair, and of wearing false hair, so prevalent during Elizabeth's reign. Compare Sonnet lxviii. 3–7:

Before these bastard signs of fair were born,
Or durst inhabit on a living brow;
Before the golden tresses of the dead,
The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,
To live a second life on second head.

135. Line 268: *And Ethiopes of their sweet complexion* CRACK.—The word *crack* (or *crake*) in the sense of "to boast" was formerly common. In Ralph Roister Doister (1550) we find:

All the day long is he facing and *craking*
Of his great acts in fighting and fray-making.
—Dodsley, vol. iii. p. 58.

In the North of England and Scotland, the word is used as a substantive, meaning a gossip, a friendly chat. It is also used in Cumberland and Westmoreland of the wind, when it gets very violent, and is pent up in the hollows of the mountains—"Ay, the wind's on the *crack*."

136. Line 284: *Then leave this chat.*—For a similar use of *chat* compare the following passage in Greene's Comical History of Alphonsus, King of Aragon (Works, p. 235):

Whate'er you see, be not aghast thereat,
And bear in mind what Amurack doth *chat*.

137. Line 288: *some quillets.*—*Quillet* is the peculiar word applied to law-chicane. The origin is said by Warburton to be from the French pleadings, because in them "every several allegation in the plaintiff's charge and every distinct plea in the defendant's answer began with the words *qu'il est*," hence *quillet;* compare Timon of Athens, iv. 3. 155:

crack the lawyer's voice,
That he may never more false title plead,
Nor sound his *quillets* shrilly.

138. Lines 299–304.—In Qq. and Ff. the following six lines are found here, being part, evidently, of the original draught of the speech, and quite unnecessary; we have followed Dyce and others in omitting them:

For when would you, my lord, or you, or you,
Have found the ground of study's excellence
Without the beauty of a woman's face?
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive;
They are the ground, the books, the academes
From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire.

These lines are simply the unexpanded form of lines 320–323 and 350–353 respectively, the latter being almost word for word a repetition of the three latter lines given above. But in omitting lines 309–315 it seems to us Dyce, following Capell, goes too far, and we have therefore retained them.

139. Lines 344, 345:

And when Love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Make heaven drowsy with the harmony.

Numberless have been the efforts to make sense of this passage. The question is whether the *harmony* is the voice of *Love*, or the *voice of all the gods*. The most successful attempt to make plain sense of it is Farmer's suggestion that *of* and *make* are transposed, and we ought to read

And when Love speaks, the voice *makes* all the gods
Of heaven drowsy with the harmony.

But perhaps Biron means to say that, when Love speaks, the harmonious concert of praise from the gods, addicted as they were to the gentle passion, "makes heaven drowsy with the harmony." The use of the plural verb with a singular nominative followed by a plural genitive is common in Shakespeare.

140. Lines 350–353.—The passage alluded to in the Introduction, which Dr. Grosart thinks Robert Southwell (in St. Peter's Complaint) founded on these lines is as follows:

O sacred eyes! the springs of living light,
The earthly heavens where angels joy to dwell,
. . . . . .
Sweet volumes, stoard with learning fit for saints,
Whose blissfull quires imparadize their minds;
Wherein eternall studie never faints
Still finding all, yet seeking all it finds:
How endlesse is your labyrinth of blisse,
Where to be lost the sweetest finding is!
—Ingleby's Centurie of Prayse, p. 14.

141. Lines 368, 369:

but be first advis'd
In conflict that you get the sun of them.

A reference to the necessity of placing the archers, in battle, whenever possible, with the sun at their back. It was mainly owing to the English having secured this advantage, that they won the battle of Agincourt.

ACT V. SCENE 1.

142. Line 2: *your reasons.*—Johnson notes that *reason* here signifies *discourse;* so Ital. *ragione, ragionare;* the latter word particularly, being more commonly used in the sense of "to discourse," "to talk."

143. Line 5: *affection.*—i.e. *affectation.*—Compare Hamlet, ii. 2. 464: "No matter that might indite the author of *affection;*" and in Twelfth Night, ii. 3. 160, Malvolio is called "an *affection'd* ass." So in this play, v. 2. 407, "spruce *affectation,*" where Qq. and Ff. have *affection*.

144. Line 15: *thrasonical.*—This word is derived from Thraso, a braggart soldier, in Terence's Eunuch. The only other passage in Shakespeare where we find it is in As You Like It, v. 2. 34, when Rosalind says, "And Cæsar's *thrasonical* brag of—I came, saw, and overcame."

145. Line 15: *picked* means *nicely-dressed*, and is derived

from the habit of birds who *pick out*, or *prune* their broken feathers. Nashe in his Apologie of Pierce Penniless (1593), writes of a "*picked* effeminate Carpet Knight."

146. Line 21: *point-devise.*—Skeat has the following explanation of this word: "*Point-device*, L. L. L. v. 1. 21, a shortened form of the older phrase, *at point device*=with great nicety or exactitude; as, 'With limmes (limbs) wrought at *point device*,' Rom. of the Rose, l. 830; a translation of O. F. *à point devis*, according to a point [of exactitude]; that is, devised or imagined, *i.e.* in the best way imaginable." The expression does not occur in Cotgrave or Florio, in any form, French or English.

147. Lines 23-27.—It is curious to compare these affectations of nicety in pronunciation, mentioned by Holofernes, with those existing in the time of our fathers and grandfathers. *Obleege* for *oblige*, *goold* for *gold*, *cow-cumber* for *cucumber* were among the peculiarities of precisians fifty years ago. In A Mad Couple Well Match'd, by Brome, occurs the following passage: "and his Methodicall, Grave, and *Orthographicall speaking* friend . . . *that cals People Pe-o-ple*," i. 1 (Works, vol. i. p. 5). This was published in 1653.

148. Line 28: *it insinuateth me of insanie.*—Dyce reads "It insinuateth *one* of *insanire—to wax* frantic." The alteration of *insanie* to *insanire*, of course, involves an alteration of *to make*, because *insanire*, both in Latin and Italian, is *to be* not *to make* mad. On referring to the old copies, Qq. Ff. both print *infamie*, but not in italics; which seems to me to prove that it is not meant for a Latin or French word, because in these old copies Latin and foreign words or sentences are invariably printed in italics. Steevens produces a passage from an old work—The Fall and evil Successe of Rebellion from Time to Time, &c.—written by Wilfride Holme (no date), in which *insanie* occurs:

> In the days of sixth Henry, Jack Cade made a brag,
> With a multitude of people, but in the consequence
> After a little *insanie* they fled tag and rag,
> For Alisander Iden he did his diligence.

It is quite in keeping with the affected rubbish which Holofernes speaks, that he should use such a phrase as *it insinuateth me of insanie* for *it makes me mad.*

149. Line 31: *Priscian a little scratch'd.*—Alluding to the common phrase, "To break *Priscian's* head," a mediæval expression signifying, "To be guilty of a violation of the rules of grammar."

150. Line 41: *alms-basket of words.*—It was the custom first of the religious houses, and then of rich families, to put the broken meat and bread into a basket for the benefit of the poor beggars who came to the door, at a certain time every day, to profit by this bounty. In Day's Ile of Guls (1606) we find the following passage:

> *Violetta.* And the Presence were not exceeding empty-stomackt it would never disgest such *Almes-basket-scraps.*—i. 1.
> [Works, p. 11 (of play).]

151. Line 44: *honorificabilitudinitatibus.*—Hunter says in a note on this word, "The mind of Shakespeare, when he was engaged on this play, was full of recollections of schools and school-keeping. He talks of a text B, and to this is to be referred the *honorificabilitudinitatibus* of Costard, a mere arbitrary and unmeaning combination of syllables and devised to serve as an exercise in penmanship." To this may be added, that it occurs in Marston's Dutch Courtezan, "His discourse is like the long word *Honorificabilitudinitatibus*, a great deal of sound and no sense" v. 1 (Works, vol. ii. p. 182). I once had an old (MS.) common-place book, about the date of 1740–50, on one page of which was recorded the fact that "the longest word in the English language(!) is '*Honorificabilitudinity.*'" It is given in Bailey's Dictionary.

152. Line 45: *flap-dragon.*—Any burning substance made to float in a bowl or glass of liquor, and swallowed whole and flaming by the person drinking. Candles' ends were sometimes used, when the courage of the drinker was to be specially tested. Raisins in hot brandy were the commonest *flap-drugons*. It would appear, from the following passage in Marston's Dutch Courtezan, that to swallow *flap-dragons* was one of the feats performed by lovers in honour of their mistresses, "—been drunke to your health, *swalowd flap-dragons*, eate glasses, . . . stabd armes, and don all the offices of protested gallantrie for your sake," iv. 1 (Works, vol. ii. p. 163).

153. Line 62: *venew.*—Douce's learned note on this word in his Illustrations of Shakespeare, pages 143–145, settles the question as to the meaning of *venue*, or *venie*, or *venew*. In most cases it undoubtedly means "a single hit," and here I think, in spite of Steevens' positiveness, it means no more.

154. Line 65, &c.—Those who care to see how much, or how little, Shakespeare owes to Lilly in this play, can compare this slight passage of arms between Moth and Holofernes with the ponderous bantering of Sir Tophas by the pages in Endimion, i. 3 (Works, vol. i. p. 13). Sir Tophas is both pedant and braggart; but he has not the amusing self-conceit of Holofernes, nor the elaborate courtesy of Armado.

155. Line 72: *circum circa.*—This is another of Theobald's ingenious emendations. Qq. and Ff. have *unum cita*, which is nonsense.

156. Line 85: *preambulate.*—Qq. and Ff. read *preambulat* (in italics); it may possibly have been mistaken for a stage direction in Latin, meaning, *he walks in front* (of Holofernes). The reading of the text, however, is supported by the following passage in Chapman's comedy, An Humerous dayes mirth: *Besha*, who is an affected fop, says:

> Mistris will it please you to *preambulate?*
> —Works, vol. i. p. 57.

157. Line 87: *charge-house.*—Steevens says, "I suppose is the *free-school*." The word is not found in any other passage. Most probably it means simply the common or grammar school. It may be only an affected expression for a school where the young "*charges*" were. Compare Troilus and Cressida, v. 2. 6:

> How now, my *charge*,

and Pericles, iii. 1. 27.

158. Line 103: *remember thy courtesy; I beseech thee, apparel thy head.*—The scene between Hamlet and Osric will occur to everybody in connection with this passage.

Hamlet says, after he has already told Osric to "put his bonnet to its right use," "I beseech you *remember*"—when Osric interrupts him. Probably Hamlet was going to have used this very phrase—*remember your courtesy*. See Hamlet, v. 2. 108.

159. Line 110: *dally with my* EXCREMENT, *with my mustachio.*—Shakespeare applies this word, which means, literally, an outgrowth, in three other passages to *hair:*

> Why is Time such a niggard of hair, being as it is so plentiful an *excrement?*—Com. of Er., ii. 2. 79.

Again in Merch. of Venice, iii. 2. 87; and Winter's Tale, iv. 4. 734.

160. Line 133: *myself—and this gallant gentleman.*—Some word or words seem to have dropped out of the text. As we have printed it, Holofernes stops short, as if he had not made up his mind what part he was going to take; below, he says he himself will play three of the worthies. Capell, followed by Dyce, reads *myself or*, a very simple way of getting out of the difficulty. In the pageant Holofernes plays Judas Maccabæus himself; and Nathaniel, who is now cast for Joshua, plays Alexander; while Armado plays Hector. The Nine Worthies were: three Gentiles, Hector, Alexander the Great, Julius Cæsar; three Jews, Joshua, David, Judas Maccabæus; three Christians, King Arthur, Charlemagne, Godfrey of Bouillon. Hercules was not included among them.

161. Line 135: *pass as Pompey.*—Qq. and Ff. read *pass Pompey*. Capell inserted *for;* the reading in the text is the Cambridge Edd. conjecture. The word *as* is more likely to have escaped the printers' notice than *for*. Steevens suggests that PASS *Pompey the Great* means WALK AS *his representative*.

162. Line 154: *fadge.*—This word is used in only one other passage of Shakespeare, in Twelfth Night, ii. 2. 34, "how will this *fadge?*" Wycherley uses the word in the same sense in the Country Wife, "How *fadges* the new design?"

163. Line 155: VIA, *goodman Dull!*—Steevens says *via* means *courage! come on!*, but it does not; it has various meanings, according to the word to which it is joined. Here it is used as *Di via—say on, speak out.* (See Florio, *sub voce.*)

164. Line 161: *dance the hey.*—Q. 1 and F. 1 both spell the dance *hey*, so does Sir J. Davies in his Orchestra:

> He taught them rounds, and winding *heys* to tread.

It may have been abbreviated from the *Hay-degyes* or *hey-deguyes* or *hey-day-guise*, a dance, the orthography of which is involved in mystery. If it was French in origin, it soon became nationalized, at least in Ireland, for allusions are found in the old dramatists to the *Irish hay; e.g.* in Day's Law Tricks, iv. 2: "a found him in his study and a company of botinos'd devils dauncing the *Irish hay* about him" [Works, p. 63 (of play)].

ACT V. SCENE 2.

165. Line 12: *a shrewd unhappy gallows.*—It would seem that *gallows* here is used somewhat as we use *gallows-bird*. Cotgrave gives under *pendard* and *garnement*, "one for whom the *gallowes* groanes." Shakespeare uses *gallows* in a peculiar sense in the Tempest, i. 1. 32, "he hath no drowning mark upon him, his complexion is perfect *gallows*."

166. Line 22: *in snuff.*—Staunton says, in his note on this passage, "To take anything *in snuff*, was *to take it in dudgeon, to be in ill temper*. Hence the equivoque, which was sometimes in allusion to *snuff* for the nose, and sometimes to the *snuff* of a candle." See Mids.-Night's Dream, v. 1. 254:

> He dares not come there, for the candle; for you see, it is already *in snuff*.

167. Line 42: *Fair as a* TEXT B *in a copy-book.*—See Hunter's remark quoted above (note 151, v. 1. 44). The beautifully executed capital letters, with elaborate flourishes, were once the glory of writing-masters. Now that glory is departed.

168. Line 43: *'Ware pensils, ho!*—Q. 1 reads *pensalls*, F. 1 *pensals*, and Q. 2, F. 2, F. 3, F. 4 *pensils*. Qq. and Ff. all read *How!* Most modern editions, following Rowe, read *pencils*. Mason explains Rosaline to mean, "Beware of *pencils*, that is, of drawing likenesses." But I believe the word *pensils* or *pensals* was not intended for our modern *pencils;* but rather for *pensell, pensil*, or *pencel*, from Fr. *pennoncel*, diminutive of *pennon*, "a little flag or pennon fastened to the end of a lance." *'Ware pensils, ho!* would mean, "Be on your guard! she means fighting." There may be a pun intended on the two words *pencil=pen* and *pensil*. Dyce gives several instances of the misprint *how* for *ho* in Shakespeare. By *red dominical* and *golden letter* Rosaline means to refer to the "fashionable" colour of Katharine's hair.

169. Line 61: *he were but in by th' week!*—So in Webster's Vittoria Corrombona, "What are you *in by the week?* so, I will try now whether thy wit be close prisoner," iii. 2 (Works, vol. ii. p. 50). It refers probably to the hiring of servants, &c., by the week.

170. Line 65: *all to my behests.*—So F. 2, F. 3, F. 4. Qq. and F. 1 read "wholly to my *device*," another instance of the folly of editors dogmatically condemning the emendations of F. 2 as of no value. Walker and Dyce, it is difficult to understand for what reason, print *wholly to my hests*, a sort of compromise between the two readings.

171. Lines 67, 68:

> *So portent-like would I o'erswy his state,*
> *That he should be my fool, and I his fate.*

Q. 1 reads *perttaunt*-like, Ff. and Q. 2 *pertaunt*-like. *Portent*-like is Hanmer's emendation; Singer reads *potent*-like, and Mr. Collier's venerable friend *potently*. It is quite possible that all these are conjectures beside the mark, and that either *pertaunt*-like, or *pertaunt-lye*, may have been the word intended. "So, *by taunts*, as it were, could I o'erswy his state." Gifford, in a note on Ben Jonson's Masque of Christmas, apropos of the game "Post and Pair," gives an extract from a scarce volume of poetry by John Davies, called Wittes Pilgrimage.

> MORTALL LIFE COMPARED TO POST AND PARE.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Some, having lost the double Pare and Post,
> Make their advantage on the *Purrs* they haue;

Whereby the Winner's winnings all are lost,
Although at best the other's but a knaue.

PUR *Ceit* deceaves the expectation
Of him, perhaps, that tooke the stakes away;
Then to PUR *Tant* hee's in subiection
For Winners on the Losers oft do play.
—Ben Jonson's Works, vol. vii. p. 278.

The expression is very remarkable, and it is just possible that the reading of the old copies is right after all. The meaning of the word *pur*, though mentioned in several places in connection with this game, is a mystery.

172. Line 74: *to wantonness.* This is another of the emendations from F. 2. Qq. and F. 1 read *to wantons be*, which is nonsense.

173. Line 100: *fleer'd.*—*To fleer* is explained as "to laugh, to grin, to sneer." Palsgrave explains it, "I *fleere*. I make an yvell countenance with the mouthe by uncovering of the tethe." There is no doubt it was generally used in a worse sense than in this passage, where it means nothing more than *laughed* or *grinned*.

174. Line 117: *this spleen ridiculous.*—The spleen was supposed to be the seat of laughter. See Lilly's Endimion, ii. 2, "Is not Love a lurcher, that takes men's stomachs away that they cannot eate, *their spleene that they cannot laugh?*" (Works, vol. i. p. 22).

175. Line 118: *To check their folly, passion's solemn tears.*—This is as Theobald "stopped" the sentence, and he has been pretty generally followed. Qq. and F. 1 have no stop, while F. 2 reads *folly passions, solemn tears*, Staunton proposed *folly's passion*. It is quite possible that *folly passion* might be equivalent to "paroxysm of folly;" the meaning, however, is clear enough,—they laughed till they cried.

176. Line 122: *Their purpose is to* PARLE.—This verb is here used in the simple sense of "to talk," not in the special sense of "to parley" with an enemy. So in Two Gentlemen of Verona, i. 2. 5:

Julia. Of all the fair resort of gentlemen
That every day with *parle* encounter me.

Where the substantive PARLE is used for conversation.

177. Line 155: *So shall we stay, mocking, intended game.*—This line is usually printed—

So shall we stay, *mocking intended game;*

but is not the sense, "So shall we stop, by our mocking, their intended game or sport?" The next line seems to indicate that this is the right way of "stopping" the passage, for it furnishes a complete contrast:

And they, well mock'd, depart away with shame.

178. Line 159: *Beauties no richer than rich taffeta.*—This line, given to Biron by Qq. and Ff., was rightly assigned to Boyet by Theobald. Line 165, "True, out indeed," is given to Biron by F. 2, F. 3, F. 4; but to Boyet by Qq. and F. 1. Again, lines 170, 171 are given by the same last three folios to Biron; by Qq. and F. 1 to Boyet. It seems clear that it is inconsistent with the part Biron is playing, for him to ridicule the speech of Moth—which probably he had himself composed—at the same time that he endeavours, so honestly, to correct his mistakes.

179. Line 209: *but vouchsafe.*—Q. 1, do *but vouchsafe*: Q. 2 and Ff. *vouchsafe but*. We prefer the reading of Q. 1, omitting the *do;* the accent being always on the second syllable in following lines; while if we read *vouchsafe but*, it necessitates the accent being on the first syllable.

180. Line 233: *wort.*—This word has no connection with *wort, i.e.* any kind of herb; it means "new beer."

181 Line 237: *griev'st.*—F. 1 reads *griev'st*, Q. 1 *grievest;* one of the instances of the superior correctness of F. 1 in some points. The Cambridge Edd. take no notice of the difference between the two copies, though *grievest* quite spoils the metre.

182. Line 247: *Veal, quoth the Dutchman.*—The same joke occurs in the Wisdome of Dr. Dodypoll, ii. 2.

Doctor. Hans, my very speciall friend; fait and trot me be right glad for see you *veale*.
Hans. What, do you make a Calfe of me, M. Doctor?
—Bullen's Old Plays, vol. iii. p. 116.

183. Line 261: *Fleeter than arrows, wind, thought, swifter things.*—In Qq. and Ff. *bullets* is inserted between *arrows* and *wind*, thereby spoiling the metre of the line. Capell first proposed to omit it, in which course he was followed by other editors.

184. Line 268: *Well-liking.*—Compare Job xxxix. 4: "Their young ones are in *good liking*." Cotgrave gives, under *liking*: "*good-liking, embonpoint, potel.e*," which latter he translates "*fulnesse* or *plumpiness of flesh*." Florio gives "*good-liking, buon gradimento*." *Liking* = condition of body, is used by Shakespeare in Merry Wives, ii. 1. 57:

Mrs. Ford. . . . I shall think the worse of fat men as long as I have an eye to make difference of men's *liking*.

185. Line 269: *kingly-poor.*—For *kingly-poor* Staunton reads *poor-liking*, with great ingenuity—a most probable emendation, if emendation be needed. Grant White says that the Princess refers to the King's speech, "Farewell, mad wenches; you have simple wits" (v. 2. 264). *Kingly* might be used as an intensitive, to signify, in this instance, *very poor*, but I can find no instance of the word ever being used by Shakespeare in such a manner. In Qq. and Ff. it is written *Kingly poor* in two words; the capital *K* would seem to settle the question.

186. Line 281: *statute-caps.*—These were flat caps of wool, worn by the citizens of London on Sabbath-days and holidays, according to a protective statute issued by Queen Elizabeth to encourage the trade of the cappers. In The Family of Love, by Middleton, v. 3, we find, "Why, 't is a law enacted, by the common council of *statute-caps*" (Works, vol. ii. p. 192).

187. Line 290: *their* DAMASK'S *sweet commixture shown.*—*Damask* is applied by Shakespeare to the cheek, in three passages besides this: in Twelfth Night, ii. 4. 115; in Coriolanus, ii. 1. 232; and in the following passage in As You Like It, iii. 5. 120–123, where Phœbe is describing Rosalind as a boy:—

There was a pretty redness in his lip,
A little riper and more lusty red
Than that *mix'd* in his cheek; 't was just the difference
Betwixt the constant red and mingled *damask*.

Here we have almost the same expression as in the text.

188. Line 297: *Are angels vailing clouds, &c.*—*To vail* is the same as French *avaler* or *avaller* (L. *ad*, to, *vallis*, a valley), as Cotgrave spells it, one meaning of which he gives as "to let *fall* down," evidently the sense of *vail* here; so in Fairfax: "The virgin gan her beavoir *vale*" (Godfrey of Boulogne, book xiii. st. 48).

189. Line 315: *This fellow pecks up wit as pigeons pease.*—Ff. and Q. 2 read *pickes;* Q. 1 *pecks*, which is the more characteristic word. Shakespeare has taken these lines almost word for word from an old proverb:

> Children pick up words as pigeons peas
> And utter them again as God shall please.

190. Line 324: *kiss'd away his hand.*—So Ff. and Q. 2. The reading of Q. 1 is *kissed his hand away.*

191. Line 332: *whalés.*—The Saxon genitive case, pronounced as a dissyllable. To print it *whale's* is an error. Compare Greene's Radagon in Dianam:

> Legs as white as *whalés* bone
> So white and chaste were never none.
> —Works, p. 302.

192. Line 338: *mad man.*—Most modern editions have

> Till this man show'd thee? and what art thou now?

reading *man*, instead of *mad man*, for the sake of the metre. In the old copies the line stands:

> Till this madman show'd thee? and what art thou now?

In Q. 1 we have it printed as two words, *mad man.* Possibly the original word may have been *maid-man, i.e.* "a man half a maid or woman," alluding to Boyet's finicking manners as described above. The *and* should be omitted, as it is not wanted, and may have slipped up from the line below quite as easily, if not more so, than the *Mad-* of *Madam.*

193. Line 346: *Nor God, nor I, delights in perjur'd men.*—Rowe altered *delights*, the reading of Qq. and Ff., to *delight. God* being the "worthier" person, the reading might be defended, even on grounds of grammar. If we read, *Nor God delights, nor I*, we should get rid of the awkwardness altogether.

194. Line 361: *A* MESS *of Russians.*—See note 128 (iv. 3. 207).

195. Line 419: *Write, "Lord have mercy on us."*—This was the inscription put upon the doors of the houses infected with the plague. Malone quotes from Sir Thomas Overbury's Characters, 1632: "*Lord have mercy on us* may well stand, for debt is a most dangerous city *pestilence.*" At line 423 Biron says he sees the "Lord's *tokens*" on the lady, a metaphor also taken from the plague, the *tokens* of which "are the first spot, or discoloration, by which the infection is known to be received."

196. Line 440: FORCE *not to forswear.*—In Like Will to Like (1568) we find an instance of this use of *to force* = *to care:*

> *New.* Then who shall hold my stirrup, while I go to horse?
> *Lu.* Tush, for that do thou *not force!*
> Leap up I say, leap up quickly.
> —Dodsley, vol. iii. p. 356.

197. Line 465: *That smiles his cheek in years.*—Q. 1 reads *yeeres*, on the ground of which Malone supports Theobald's conjecture, *jeers.* But Malone is wrong in saying that the old *copies* read *yeeres*, for F. 1 has *yeares* distinctly. The expression in the text is explained, smiles his cheek *into years, i.e.* wrinkles. Compare Twelfth Night, iii. 2. 84, "he doth *smile his cheek* into more lines than is in the new map with the augmentation of the Indies."

198. Line 474: *by th' squier* (or *squire*).—So in Winter's Tale, iv. 4. 348, "Not the worst of the three but jumps twelve foot and a half by the *squire.*" In the latter passage it is spelt *squire;* in this passage both Q. 1 and F. 1 have *squier.* The expression in the text is equivalent to our common saying, "he has got the length of her foot."

199. Line 488: *For every one pursents three.*—Shakespeare certainly seems to have got into some confusion with this pageant of the Nine Worthies. First he introduces Hercules and Pompey, who had no business among the worthies at all; then he makes out *eleven* worthies, for three of the players were to represent three worthies each, besides Costard and Moth, who were content with one character each. Perhaps the confusion is intentional, and meant to ridicule the clumsy and ignorant way in which those pageants were got up among the village celebrities of Shakespeare's time.

200. Line 490: *You cannot* BEG *us, sir.*—The practice of *begging* the wardship of *idiots*, in order to get hold of their property, is constantly alluded to in the old dramatists. It was a valuable piece of patronage among the many in the king's gift; and greedy courtiers eagerly sought to obtain such precious charges. It was an early form of the Private Lunatic Asylum abuse, on a limited scale.

201. Lines 518, 519:

> *Where zeal strives to content, and the contents*
> *Dies in the zeal of that which it presents.*

The various emendations which have been made on this passage are almost innumerable. Let us try and see what Shakespeare means to say, and whether the words in the text express that meaning. The Princess says, in answer to the objection that the show will be a very bad one, in fact worse than the efforts of the royal amateur company that had just now appeared as "a mess of Russians"—

> That sport best pleases that doth *least* know how.

(Q. 1 reads *best* for *least*, but Ff. and Q. 2 read *least*, undoubtedly the right reading.) She continues, "Where zeal does its best to content the audience, and the contents (*i.e.* the meaning of the representation) dies in the zeal of that (*i.e.* that medium or instrument) which presents *it* (the contents or meaning)." This, certainly, is a clumsy sentence; but it is intelligible, accepting the strained and artificial style in which so many of these speeches are written. It may be that the error, if there be one, lies in the second *zeal*, which was the result of the same word, in the former line, catching the printer's eye. However we interpret the passage, it must be confessed that it is by no means a bad description of amateur performances of all kinds; in which *zeal* (to distinguish themselves) *strives to content* the people who have paid their money; and the meaning of the play represented

dies (for the time at least) in the *zeal* of the amateur company which *presents it.*

202. Line 528: *He speaks not like a man of God's making.*—This line cannot fail to recall Hamlet's expression, in his speech to the players, "I have thought some of Nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well; they imitated humanity so abominably" (iii. 2. 37–39).

203. Line 547: *Abate a throw at* NOVUM.—This game of dice, according to Douce, was "properly called *novum quinque*, from the two principal throws of the dice, nine and five." The French name was *quinque nove*, which, according to Nares, Prevost describes as "un jeu qui se joue à deux dés," and which is further explained by a passage in Dekker's Bell-men of London (1640), "The principal use of langrets is at *novum;* for so long as a payre of bard cater treas be walking, so long can you cast neither 5 nor 9—for without cater treay 5 or 9 you can never come."

204. Line 548: *Cannot* PRICK *out five such.*—*Prick out,* so Ff. and Q. 2. *Picke out,* Q. 1. The expression *prick out* is much more characteristic. An instance of the use of the term, in this sense, is found in "*pricking* for the office of sheriff." The specific use of the word is exemplified in Julius Cæsar, ii. 1. 216:

> Will you be *prick'd* in number of our friends?

205. Line 551: *With* LIBBARD'S *head on knee.*—The libbard was the male of the "panther," according to Steevens; it is an old form of "leopard," and is used by Spenser. The leopard's head was used, commonly, for ornamenting armour at the joints.

206. Line 556: *with targe and shield.*—*Targe,* Anglo-Saxon, *targ.* A word common to French, Italian, and Spanish; thus described by Cotgrave, "*targe,* a kind of shield, almost square, and much in use along the Spanish coast lying over against Affrick, from whence it seems the fashion of it came." It was made of animals' hides.

207. Line 580: *your lion, that holds his poll-axe.*—For an explanation of this description see the illustration of the arms of Alexander, as given by Douce from the Roman des neuf preux, Abbeville, 1487, folio (Douce, p. 150).

208. Line 614: *A cittern-head.*—A *cittern,* or *gittern,* was a kind of guitar. They were kept in barbers' shops for the customers to play on who were waiting their turn. (See a picture in Brandt's Emblems.) The heads were carved in various fantastic shapes, and often in that of a man's face. In Marston's Scourge of Villanie we find:

> Shall brainlesse *cyterne-heads,* each jobernole,
> Pocket the very genius of thy soule?
> —Works, vol. iii. page 242.

209. Line 616: *A Death's face in a ring.*—We may note that rings with death's heads engraved on them were commonly worn by bawds. See Marston's Dutch Courtesan, i. 2. "As for their death how can it be bad, since their wickednesse is always before their eyes, and a *deathe's head* most commonly on their middle finger?" (Works, vol. ii. p. 118).

210. Line 639: *Hector was but a Troyan.*—We preserve the old spelling as given in all the old copies. *Trojan,* as Steevens notes, was a cant term for thief. The form *Troyan* is very common in the works of the old dramatists.

211. Line 652: *A gilt nutmeg.*—So Ff. and Q. 2; but Q. 1 has a "*gift* nutmeg." In Ben Jonson's Masque of the Metamorphosed Gipsies, I find:

> *Meg.* And I have lost an inchanted *nutmeg, all gilded over,* was inchanted at Oxford for me, to put in my sweet-heart's ale a'mornings.
> —Works, vol. vii. p. 404.

Walnuts are gilded, nowadays, and hung on to Christmas trees as presents. Oranges or lemons, stuck with cloves, were used to hang in wine vessels. (See Steevens note.) Allusion to an orange stuck with cloves is made in Jonson's Masque of Christmas.

212. Line 659: *A man so* BREATH'D.—Compare As You Like It, i. 2. 230, in the wrestling scene:

> *Duke.* No more, no more.
> *Orlando.* Yes, I beseech your grace; I am not yet well *breath'd.*

The meaning of the word *so breath'd* in the text is equivalent to our modern expression, "in such good wind." We often hear it said of a runner at athletic meetings that he "has not got his second wind," which is much the same as saying "he is not *breathed.*"

213. Line 707: *Master, let me take you a button-hole lower.*—There may be some play upon words intended here. In Peele's Edward I. there is a passage in which a very similar phrase is used:

> *Mortimer.* O, friar, you grow choleric; well you'll have
> No man to court your mistress, but yourself.
> On my word, I'll take you down a *button-hole.*
> —Works, p. 395.

214. Line 717: *woolward, i.e.* with the *wool* next the skin. Fisher, in his Seven Psalms (Ps. cxliii. part ii.), speaks of St. Paul, "in cold going *woolward.*"

215. Line 747: *A heavy heart bears not a* HUMBLE *tongue.*—So Qq. and Ff., but Theobald, most unnecessarily, altered *humble* to *nimble.* The Princess means to say that when your heart is heavy, your tongue is not apt to find polite words in which to acknowledge a great benefit. She is excusing herself for not thanking the King sufficiently for having granted her suit about Aquitaine and its ransom (see ii. 1. 159–169), on which occasion she would like to use courteous phrases. Compare:

> Ourself will mingle with society
> And play the *humble* host.
> —Macbeth, iii. 4. 4.

And in this very scene (line 636), "This is not generous, not gentle, not *humble.*"

216. Line 750: *The extreme part of time,* &c.—This is a very difficult passage. The old copies read, *The extreme* PARTS *of time.* We have adopted Dyce's reading, *part,* in preference to altering *forms* into *form,* which would also necessitate substituting *decide* for *decides* (in line 752)—a necessity which all the commentators who adopt *form* have overlooked. Staunton, very plausibly, suggests *dart,* observing that the expression "at his very loose," is one taken from archery. Every one has heard of the darts, or arrows, of Death and of Love; but Time is always represented with no other equipment but wings, a

scythe, and an hour-glass. Moreover, *the dart of Time* could scarcely be said to *form* anything. Singer conjectures *haste*, which is good sense enough. I would suggest *pace*, but do not venture to embody it in the text. It seems to me that the expression *Time's pace* is the most natural expression. We have it in As You Like It, in the well-known speech of Rosalind: "*Time's pace* is so hard that it seems the length of seven year" (iii. 2. 234). There is a sense in which *part* is used by Shakespeare more than once—that of an action or general conduct (see II. Henry IV. iv. 5. 64):

> This *part* of his conjoins with my disease,

in which the king refers to Prince Henry's conduct, or action, in taking the crown away. If *part* has that meaning here, the sense is pretty clear—the *extreme* action of Time, using *extreme* in the sense of severe. An interesting attempt to explain this passage by Dr. Brinsley Nicholson will be found in the New Shak Soc. Transactions, 1874, part ii. p. 513.

217. Line 762: *my griefs hear dully.*—Qq. and Ff. read *are double*. This is Staunton's conjecture, which, if the text is to be amended at all, seems preferable to Collier's *are dull*, as Biron says in the next line—

> Honest plain words best pierce the *ears* of grief,

which makes Staunton's reading, *hear*, more plausible than *are;* while *dully* preserves the double ending, and it is used by Shakespeare in Sonnet L. 6; Two Gentlemen of Verona, i. 1. 7; and Much Ado, ii. 1. 379.

218. Line 773: *Full of stray shapes.*—Qq. and Ff. read *straying*. Capell conjectures *strange*. Coleridge first suggested *stray*, which is nearer the old reading than *strange*, much more forcible, and corresponds more with the sense of the following lines.

219. Line 792: *this in our respects.*—Hanmer's conjecture. Q. 1, *this our*. Ff. Q. 2 *these are our*.

220. Line 796: *We did not* QUOTE *them so.*—The old copies read *cote*, but in this instance *quote*, from French *coter*, "to mark," "to set down," is evidently intended; and not *cote* from *costoyer*.

221. Line 826.—The following six lines are omitted from the text, as being evidently only a rough draft of lines 850–863 of the same act:—

> *Biron.* And what to me, my love? and what to me?
> *Ros.* You must be purged too, your sins are rack'd,
> You are attaint with faults and perjury:
> Therefore if you my favour mean to get,
> A twelvemonth shall you spend, and never rest,
> But seek the weary beds of people sick.

222. Line 850: *for my love.*—Q 1 reads *thy*, evidently a misprint from the *thy* in the line above having caught the printer's eye. "For *my* love" means "for my love (to perform)."

223 Line 874: DEAR *groans.*—Johnson wanted to read here *dere*, i.e. *sad*. But there are many uses of the word in this sense. Compare Julius Cæsar, iii. 1. 196:

> Shall it not grieve thee *dearer* than thy death,
> To see thy Antony making his peace,
> Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes.

224. Line 875: *continue* THEM.—Qq. and Ff. read *then;* Collier *them*, which seems to be the right reading. The absolute use of *continue* here seems hardly tenable. Shakespeare constantly uses the verb in its transitive sense, governing an accusative and not an infinitive: *continue then* is very weak.

225. Lines 905, 906:

> *And lady-smocks all silver white,*
> *And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue.*

It is not so easy to determine exactly what flowers are meant here. Prior, in Popular Names of British Plants, says, "*Lady's smock* is the *Cardamine pratensis*, so called from the resemblance of its white flowers to little smocks hung out to dry, as they used to be once a year, at that season of the year especially." To this custom Shakespeare alludes below (line 916) Unfortunately for this explanation, the flowers of *Cardamine pratensis* are rarely, if ever, white; but, as a rule, lilac, more or less deeply coloured. Those of *Cardamine amara*, bitter-cress, are yellowish white. There can be no doubt, however, that the popular name of *Cardamine pratensis* is lady-smock. The name *cuckoo-flower* is also given to *Cardamine pratensis*, but was formerly given to *Lychnis flos-cuculi*, or Ragged Robin, the flowers of which are pink or rose-colour. But *cuckoo-buds* here mean the buds of the crowfoot, or *Ranunculus (auricomus?)*.

226. Lines 928–930.—We have adhered to the way in which these three lines are printed in F. 1. *Tu-whit to-who* was probably repeated by the singers.

227. Line 939: *While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.*—There appears to be a difference of opinion about the exact meaning of *keel*. Most authorities derive *to keel* from A. Sax. *célan*, to cool. In Gower and Chaucer it is undoubtedly used simply for *to cool*. It appears to have been a constant practice in Scotland to take a *wheen*—a quantity of broth out of the pot and to fill it up with cold water. This was called the *keeling wheen* (see Steevens' note). In some passages *to keel* seems to mean *to scum* the pot in order to keep it from boiling over.

WORDS OCCURRING ONLY IN LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

NOTE.—The addition of sub., adj., verb, adv. in brackets immediately after a word indicates that the word is used as a substantive, adjective, verb, or adverb only in the passage or passages cited.

The compound words marked with an asterisk (*) are printed as two separate words in Q. 1 and F. 1.

	Act	Sc.	Line
Abbreviated ..	v.	1	26
Abhominable[1].	v.	1	26
Abrogate	iv.	2	55
Academe	i.	1	13
	iv.	3	352
Acute	iii.	1	67
	iv.	2	73
Adjunct[2] (sub.)	iv.	3	314
Aforehand	v.	2	461
All-telling	ii.	1	21
Allusion	iv.	2	42
	iv.	2	45
Alms-basket ..	v.	1	41
Amazes (sub.)..	ii.	1	240
*Amber-coloured	iv.	3	88
Apostrophas...	iv.	2	123
Arteries[3].....	iv.	3	306
Arts-man.....	v.	1	85
Audaciously[4]..	v.	2	104
Bookmates	iv.	1	102
Book-men.....	ii.	1	227
	iv.	2	35
Bowler.....	v.	2	587
Brooding (verb)	v.	2	933
*Button-hole..	v.	2	706
Cadence	iv.	2	126
Canary (verb)..	iii.	1	13
Canzonet.....	iv.	2	124
Carnation (adj.)	iii.	1	146
Carry-tale[5]....	v.	2	463
Charge-house..	v.	1	87
*Cittern-head..	v.	2	614
Cloves	v.	2	654
Cockled	iv.	3	338
Colourable	iv.	2	156
Compile[6].....	iv.	3	134
	v.	2	52
	v.	2	806
Congratulate ..	v.	1	93
Congruent.....	i.	2	14
	v.	1	97
Consonant.....	v.	1	55
Coppice.....	iv.	1	9
*Copy-book....	v.	2	42
*Corner-cap...	iv.	3	53
Couplement[7]..	v.	2	535
Cuckoo-bud....	v.	2	906
Curious-knotted	i.	1	249
*Daughter-beamed	v.	2	171
Day-woman ...	i.	2	136
Deuce-ace.....	i.	2	49
Dismasked	v.	2	296
Dominical	v.	2	44
Doter.....	iv.	3	260
Eagle-sighted..	iv.	3	226
Ebon-coloured	i.	1	245
Educate[8].....	v.	1	86
Egma[9].....	iii.	1	73
Elegancy.....	iv.	2	126
Encounters[10]..	v.	2	82
Enfreedoming.	iii.	1	125
Explication ...	iv.	2	14
Expositor.....	ii.	1	72
Fairing.....	v.	2	2
Fanatical.....	v.	1	20
Feminine.....	iv.	2	83
Festinately	iii.	1	6
Folio	i.	2	192
Forage (sub.)..	iv.	1	93
Fructify	iv.	2	30
*Giant-dwarf ..	iii.	1	182
Gig	iv.	3	107
	v.	1	70
	v.	1	73
Gingerbread...	v.	1	75
Glassed.....	ii.	1	244
Glozes (sub.) ..	iv.	3	370
Greasily	iv.	1	139
Hackney	iii.	1	33
Harper.....	v.	2	405
Health-giving..	i.	1	236
Heart-burning (adj.).....	i.	1	280
Hedge-priest..	v.	2	545
Honey-tongued	v.	2	334
Horn-book	v.	1	49
Hospital	v.	2	881
*Humble-visaged	ii.	1	34
Illustrate[11]....	iv.	1	65
	v.	1	128
Imperator[12]...	iii.	1	187
Impudency....	v.	1	5
Incony.....	iii.	1	136
	iv.	1	144
Indubitate	iv.	1	67
Infamonize....	v.	2	684
Insanie.....	v.	1	28
Insociable	v.	1	20
	v.	2	809
Intimation	iv.	2	13
Intituled.....	v.	1	8
Jerks (sub.) ...	iv.	2	129
Keel[13] (verb)..	v.	2	930
	v.	2	939
*Kingly-poor ..	v.	2	269
Lady-smocks ..	v.	2	905
Lemon	v.	2	653
L'envoy[14].....	iii.	1	72
Lettered	v.	1	48
Libbard[15].....	v.	2	551
*Long-during ..	iv.	3	307
Love-monger ..	ii.	1	253
Love-rhymes ..	iii.	1	183
Maculate.....	i.	2	97
Magnificent....	i.	1	193
	iii.	1	180
Malmsey	v.	2	233
Manor-house ..	i.	1	209
Measurable....	v.	1	97
Meekly.....	i.	1	199
Mellowing (sub.)	iv.	2	72
Merriness.....	i.	1	202
Mirth-moving..	ii.	1	71
Mumble-news..	v.	2	464
Mustachio.....	v.	1	111
New-devised ..	i.	2	65
New-sad	v.	2	741
Night-watch...	iii.	1	178
Novum[16].....	v.	2	547
Oaten	v.	2	913
O'ergone[17]....	v.	2	196
O'erparted	v.	2	588
Over-boldly ...	v.	2	744
Overglance....	iv.	2	135
Overhead.....	iv.	3	281
Over-view.....	iv.	3	175
'Paritor.....	iii.	1	188
Parle (verb)...	v.	2	122
Parti-coated...	v.	2	776
Pedantical	v.	2	408
Penthouse-like	iii.	1	18
Peregrinate (adj.)	v.	1	15
Perjure (sub.)..	iv.	3	47
Pertaunt-like[18]	v.	2	67
Phantasime (= Phantasm) ..	iv.	1	101
	v.	1	20
Pigeon-egg	v.	1	78
Pitch-balls	iii.	1	199
Please-man	v.	2	463
Plodders	i.	1	86
Plodding (sub.)	iv.	3	305
Plough (sub.)..	v.	2	893
Poll-axe.....	v.	2	580
Pomewater	iv.	2	4
Pommel (sub.).	v.	2	618
Pore[19].....	i.	1	74
	iv.	3	298
Posterior (in plural)	v.	1	94
	v.	1	96
	v.	1	127
Preambulate ..	v.	1	85
Preyful.....	iv.	2	58
Pricket[20].....	iv.	2	12
Prodigally.....	ii.	1	12
Progression ...	iv.	2	144
Push-pin.....	iv.	3	169
Rackers.....	v.	1	21
Ratherest.....	iv.	2	19
Reject[21].....	v.	2	438

1 *Abominable* occurs frequently in Shakespeare.

2 Occurs in Sonnet cxxii. 13.

3 *Artery* in singular occurs once in Hamlet, i. 4. 82 -
"And makes each petty *artery* in this body."

4 Occurs in Lucrece, 1223.

5 Occurs in Venus and Adonis, 657.

6 Occurs in Sonnet lxxviii. 9.

7 Used here = "a couple." Occurs in Sonnet xxi. 5 in the sense of "combination."

8 *Education* used in eight passages; the verb occurs nowhere else in Shakespeare.

9 *Enigma* occurs in Coriolanus, ii. 3. 96—"*Cor.* Your enigma?"

10 Used for encounterers.

11 Used as an adjective in both passages. The verb occurs once only, in Henry VIII. iii. 2. 181.

12 Used here as if it were an anglicized word. "Sole *imperator* and great general of trotting 'paritors."

13 The substantive *keel*, in its ordinary sense, occurs three times.

14 Used as an anglicized word: occurs frequently in this scene.

15 *Leopard* occurs three times.

16 A game played with dice.

17 Used here in its literal sense of To go a walk over. *Overgone* = overpowered is used III. Henry VI. ii. 5. 123. *Overgo* = to exceed occurs in Richard III. ii. 2. 61 and Sonnet cliii. 7.

18 This is reading of the old copies: most modern editors read *portent-like*. See note 171.

19 *Poring* is used in Henry V. iv. (chorus), 2, "the *poring* dark;" a passage difficult to explain.

20 Occurs five other times in this scene.

21 *Rejected* occurs in Venus and Adonis, 159.

EMENDATIONS ON LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

	Act	Sc.	Line
Repasture	iv.	1	95
Reprobate (adj.)	i.	2	64
*Sable-coloured	i.	1	233
Sain[1]	iii.	1	83
Saucers	iv.	3	98
Scurrility	iv.	2	55
	v.	1	4
Sea-water[2] (adj.)	i.	2	86
Self-sovereignty	iv.	1	36
Seller	iv.	3	240
Sequent[3] (sub.)	iv.	2	135
Shame-proof ..	v.	2	513
Shooter.....	iv.	1	116
*Short-lived ...	ii.	1	54
	iv.	1	15
Singuled[4]	v.	1	86
Skilfully	ii.	1	254
*Slow-gaited ..	iii.	1	56

[1] The usual form of the past participle, *said*, occurs frequently.

[2] As sub. in Tempest, i. 2. 462.

[3] Used here = follower, attendant; occurs several times as an adj.

[4] Reading of Q. 1; Q. 2, Ff. *singled*.

	Act	Sc.	Line
Small[5] (sub.)...	v.	2	646
*Small-knowing	i.	1	253
Snuff[6] (verb)...	iii.	1	17
Sonneting.....	iv.	3	158
Sore[7].....	iv.	2	59
	iv.	2	60
Sorel.....	iv.	2	60
Sphinx.....	iv.	3	342
Staff (in music)	iv.	2	107
Stanza[8]	iv.	2	107
Staple[9].....	v.	1	19
*Statute-cap ..	v.	2	281
Strong-jointed.	i.	2	77

[5] Used of the part of the leg below the calf.

[6] Used here with *up*; in Henry VIII. iii. 2. 93 in the sense of "to *snuff* a wick."

[7] Meaning a buck of the fourth year.

[8] Reading of F. 2, F. 3, F. 4; *stanze* of Q. 1, Q. 2, F. 1; *stanso*, another form of the same word, occurs in As You Like It, ii. 5. 18, 19.

[9] Used as meaning thread or pile.

	Act	Sc.	Line
*Sun-beamed (twice)	v.	2	163
Superscript....	iv.	2	135
Supervise[10] (verb)	iv.	2	124
Tasker	ii.	1	20
Tender-smelling	v.	2	569
Tharborough[11]	i.	1	185
Thin-belly (adj.)	iii.	1	20
Three-headed..	v.	2	593
Tittles	iv.	1	85
Tooth-drawer..	v.	2	622
Translation....	v.	2	51
Trencher-knight	v.	2	464
Treys.....	v.	2	232
Triumviry	iv.	3	53
Tumbler	iii.	1	190
Unbefitting....	v.	2	770
Unbosom	v.	2	141
Undressed.....	iv.	2	17
Uneducated ...	iv.	2	17
Unseeming....	ii.	1	156

[10] Used as a sub. in Hamlet, v. 2. 23.

[11] *Third-borough*, of which *tharborough* is only another form, is used in the Induction to Taming of the Shrew, i. 12.

	Act	Sc.	Line
Unsullied.....	v.	2	352
Unvisited.....	v.	2	358
Uprising (sub.)	iv.	1	2
Vapour-vow...	iv.	3	70
Veal	v.	2	247
Venew[12].....	v.	1	62
Ventricle.....	iv.	2	70
Verbosity.....	v.	1	18
Vicegerent	i.	1	222
Vow-fellows...	ii.	1	38
War-man	v.	2	606
Weeding (sub.)	i.	1	96
Well-knit	i.	2	77
Well-liking....	v.	2	268
Whitely.....	iii.	1	198
Wimpled.....	iii.	1	181
Woolward	v.	2	717
World-without-end (adj.)....	v.	2	799
Wort.....	v.	2	233
Ycliped.....	i.	1	242
	v.	2	602

[12] *Venew*. Both Q. 1 and F. 1 have *venewe*: in Merry Wives, i. 1. 296, we have *veneys*, which is essentially the same word.

ORIGINAL EMENDATIONS ADOPTED.

In all cases where it appears that the same reading adopted or suggested, in this edition, has been adopted or proposed by any other commentator, the name of that commentator is given: but it is to be understood that these emendations were all made, independently, by aid of the text alone, and not copied, or in any way taken from previous editions.

Note

37. ii. 1. 45. *In arts well fitted, glorious in arms.* So Grant White.
64. iii. 1. 73. *no salve in* THESE *all.*
90. iv. 1. 146. *Armador* AT TH' *one side.*
91. iv. 2. 3–8. SANGUIGNO, *in blood.*
96. iv. 2. 89. *O—piercing a hogshead.*
100. iv. 2. 122. "*That* SINGETH *heaven's praise.*"
121. iv. 3. 117. *Thou for whom* GREAT *Jove would swear.* So Collier.
122. iv. 3. 142. *One, her hair's gold; crystal the other's eyes.*
125. iv. 3. 180. *With men, like men—of strange inconstancy.*
160. v. 1. 133. *myself—and this gallant gentleman.*
177. v. 2. 155. *So shall we stay, mocking, intended game.*
179. v. 2. 209. *but vouchsafe.*

ORIGINAL EMENDATIONS SUGGESTED.

Note

29. i. 2. 190. *I shall* TUNE *sonnets.*
33. ii. 1. 25. *Therefore* TO US IT SEEMS *a needful course.*
52. iii. 1. 3. *Quand Colinelle* for "*Concolinel.*"
57. iii. 1. 25. *Make them men of note—do you note?—men that most are affected with these?*
94. iv. 2. 53. CALL'T, *the deer the Princess killed, a pricket.*
171. v. 2. 67. (1) *pertaunt-like*, or *pertaunt-lye*, to signify "So, *by taunts*, as it were."
(2) *pur-Tant*, a term used in the game of "Post and pare."
192. v. 2. 338. *Till this* MAID-MAN *show'd thee? what art thou now?*
193. v. 2. 346. NOR GOD DELIGHTS, *nor I.*
216. v. 2. 750. *The extreme* PACE *of time.*

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

NOTES AND INTRODUCTION

BY

F. A. MARSHALL.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SOLINUS,[1] Duke of Ephesus.
ÆGEON, a Merchant of Syracuse.
ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus,[2] } Twin brothers, and sons to Ægeon and Æmilia, but
ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse,[3] } unknown to each other.
DROMIO of Ephesus, } Twin brothers, and attendants on the two Antipholi,
DROMIO of Syracuse, } unknown to each other.
BALTHAZAR, a Merchant, } of Ephesus.
ANGELO, a Goldsmith, }
FIRST MERCHANT, friend to Antipholus of Syracuse.
SECOND MERCHANT, a creditor of Angelo.
PINCH, a Schoolmaster and a Conjurer.[4]
AN OFFICER.

ÆMILIA, wife to Ægeon, Lady Abbess of an Abbey near Ephesus.
ADRIANA, wife to Antipholus of Ephesus.
LUCIANA, her sister.
LUCE, Servant to Adriana.
A COURTEZAN.

Gaoler, Officers, and Attendants.

SCENE—EPHESUS.

HISTORICAL PERIOD: about the third century B.C.

TIME OF ACTION.

The whole time of the dramatic action is comprised in one day ending about 5 P.M.[5]

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[1] Spelt in F. 2, by mistake, *Salinus*.

[2] Spelt sometimes in Ff. *Antipholis;* both names being corrupted from *Antiphilus*, which is the correct spelling; sometimes called in Ff. *Antipholis* SERETUS.

[3] Sometimes called in Ff. *Antipholis* EROTES.

[4] A *Conjurer*, *i.e.* a person supposed to be able to e cise evil spirits.

[5] See Daniel's Time Analysis of Shakespeare's P. New. Sh. Soc. Transactions, 1877-9, part 2.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

INTRODUCTION.

LITERARY HISTORY.

No edition of this play has come down to us previous to that of the First Folio, 1623. There can be no doubt that this is one of Shakespeare's earliest works. It was founded directly or indirectly on the Menæchmi of Plautus, of which an English translation by "W. W." (William Warner) was published in 1595; but, like many works of that period, it had been, for some time previously, privately circulated in manuscript. There is little in common, except the bare outline of the plot, between Shakespeare's play and the Menæchmi of Plautus; while the fact that, in the Folio of 1623, the two Antipholi are called in act i. *Antipholis Erotes*,[1] and, in act ii. *Antipholis Sereptus* respectively, points to a connection with some other original source than W. W.'s translation; for, in the latter, the two brothers are called *Menechmus the Citizen*, and *Menechmus the Travailer* respectively. In Plautus they are termed *Menæchmus* and *Menæchmus Sosicles*. The two titles, given to the brothers in F. 1, only occur in the first two acts, and are soon exchanged for those which are preserved in all modern editions, Antipholus of Syracuse (Erotes, Errotis), and Antipholus of Ephesus (Sereptus). It has been supposed that the two titles mentioned above are corruptions of *Erraticus* and *Surreptus;* but one cannot fail to notice that the name of "the *Courtezan*," in Plautus, is *Erotion;*[2] and whoever was the author of the earlier adaptations of Plautus' comedy, may have taken the name *Erotes* or *Errotis* from this character. That there was an earlier dramatic version of the Menæchmi is probable from the fact, discovered by Malone, that an old play, called The Historie of Error, was acted at Hampton Court on New Year's day, 1566–7, by "the children of Powles" (*i.e.* Paul's). It is possible that this is the same play described in the Accounts of the Revels of Queen Elizabeth's Court (from which the above entry is taken), as "A Historie of Ferrar, shewed before her Matie at Wyndesor, on Twelf daie at night, enacted by the Lord Chamberleyne's servaunts." The Comedy of Errors is mentioned by Meres in Palladis Tamia (1598); and is alluded to by John Manningham in his diary, under the date 2nd February, 1601, when he compares Twelfth Night to the "commedy of errores or Menechmi, in Plautus;" also by Dekker in his Satiro-Mastix, though this latter passage, as well as that in the same author's, "A Knight's Coniuring done in earnest: discouered in iest" (1607), may refer only to the proverbial expression "a comedy of errors." We find in Robert Anton's Philosopher's Satyrs (1616) the following lines:

> What *comedies of errors* swell the stage
> With your most publike vices, when the age
> Dares personate in action, &c.

where the expression can scarcely be supposed to refer to this play.

The only points of resemblance—other than those in the main plot—between Shakespeare's Comedy of Errors and W. W.'s translation of the Menæchmi are, first, the description given by Antipholus of Syracuse, at the end of the first act, of the inhabitants of Ephesus, which resembles that given by Messenio of the inhabitants of Epidamnum (act ii. sc. 1, p. 11);[3] and, secondly, the use of the word *stale*, by the wife of Menechmus the Citizen (act v. p. 30) and Adriana (act ii. 1. 101) respectively, and

[1] In act ii. called Errotis.

[2] Called in the translation by W. W. *Erotium*.

[3] The edition of W. W.'s Menechmi referred to is that in Hazlitt's Shakespeare's Library, part ii. vol. i.

also of the word *stuff* for *baggage* which is used both by Messenio (act v. p. 37), and by Antipholus of Syracuse (act iv. sc. 4, l. 153). It would seem probable, then, that Shakespeare had, at any rate, seen W. W.'s translation; and that, in the composition of his play, he used that and some other English version of the Menæchmi.

Of internal evidence as to the date when written, The Comedy of Errors does not afford much. The allusion to Spain sending "whole armadoes of carracks" would seem to show that it was written while the memory of the Spanish Armada was fresh in men's minds. In act iii. 2. 126, "armed and reverted, making war against her heir," it has been supposed that reference is made to the civil war in France, between Henry III. and Henry of Navarre. The latter became king in August, 1589, upon the assassination of Henry III. by Jacques Clément; but the war with the League was not concluded till 1593. The reference to Henry of Navarre as "the heir" could not therefore be to a date later than August, 1589. Perhaps we cannot venture to fix the exact date of the play, but we may safely conclude that it was completed between 1589 and 1592. It does not bear the same traces of having been revised as Love's Labour's Lost; although the first portion of the second scene in act iii. (see note 76) may be thought to bear the traces of additional care and finish.

The name of the play was probably taken by Shakespeare from the proverbial expression "a comedy of errors." We know he was fond of taking his titles from proverbs, and the last two lines of the argument in W. W.'s translation of the Menæchmi,

> Father, wife, neighbours, each mistaking either,
> Much pleasant error, ere they meete togither,

may have guided him to this source for a popular title.

STAGE HISTORY.

The first record of the performance of this play is to be found in the Gesta Grayorum of 1594 (published in quarto, 1688). "After such sport, a Comedy of Errors (like to Plautus his Menechmus) was played by the players; so that night was begun and continued to the end, in nothing but confusion and errors; whereupon it was ever afterwards called the Night of Errors." The name given of the play, and the fact that it was represented, not by amateurs, but by the "players," leave little doubt that it was Shakespeare's comedy which was referred to in this entry. Neither Henslowe's nor Pepys' Diary contains any notice of this play. The first mention in Genest is on November 11, 1741, at Drury Lane—no record of the cast on that occasion remains, but Macklin is said to have acted Dromio of Syracuse—when it was acted four times successively, and again on December 10th. This is the only occasion on which the play was presented at Drury Lane until June 1st, 1824, when Reynolds's operatic version was given. But the play called See if you Like it, or It's All a Mistake, described as a "comedy in two acts, taken from Plautus and Shakespeare," was represented at Covent Garden on October 9th, 1734. This, most probably, was a version of The Comedy of Errors. Shakespeare's play was represented for Hull's benefit on April 24th, 1762, at Covent Garden; Shuter and Miss Stephens being in the cast. It was announced in the bills as "The Twins, or Comedy of Errors, with a new Prologue by Smith." On January 22d, 1779, The Comedy of Errors "with alterations" made by Hull, was again represented at Covent Garden, and acted seven times; "Gentleman" Lewis playing Antipholus of Syracuse. It seems next to have been performed on June 2nd, 1798, for the benefit of Rees, who played Dromio of Ephesus, "in imitation of the voice and manner of Munden," the representative of Dromio of Syracuse. It was revived again, in 1808, when Charles Kemble played Antipholus of Ephesus; and Munden reappeared in his former character, which appears to have been a favourite with him, as the play was again performed, probably at his suggestion, on April 17th, 1811. On December 11th, 1819, an abominably mangled and deformed version, with the most ridiculously inappropriate songs introduced, was represented at Covent Garden; the cast including Farren, Liston, Miss Stephens, and Miss M. Tree: it absolutely ran

en nights. For this "literary mur-
nest calls it, Reynolds was respon-
Stephens seems to have been some-
oured of the part of Adriana; for
l this version, for her benefit, on
824, at Drury Lane.

it time the play has often been re-
and would, probably, have been
l oftener, but for the difficulty of
actors sufficiently resembling one
able to make themselves up like
r, for the parts of the two Dromios
o Antipholi respectively; but, in
later revivals of this play, all the
erest has been sacrificed, and the
ios forced into unseemly promi-
is a pleasure, however, to refer to
ival in 1883 at the Strand Theatre,
management of Mr. J. S. Clarke,
ttention was paid to many of the
he piece, hitherto neglected on the
the costumes, especially, were care-
ted from designs by the Hon. Lewis
This revival met with a most gra-
ess.

CRITICAL REMARKS.

y work of most authors belongs to
e classes, the imitative, the satiri-
egotistical. The Comedy of Errors
the imitative; but it is decidedly
that particular play from which it
and, indeed, to most of that class
to which it belongs. It bears to
e's other works very much the
ion as Les Fourberies de Scapin
olière's other plays. Some of the
f Terence and Plautus may com-
ariety of incident and ingenuity of
with The Comedy of Errors; but
hmi, from which Shakespeare un-
took part of his play, is a very much
rk to the comedy before us. With
on of the long speeches of Ægeon,
d a necessary explanation of events
ed previously to those in the comedy
difficult to see how even the in-
a modern French dramatic author
extracted more telling situations
plot. In fact, as far as construction goes, The Comedy of Errors is one of Shakespeare's best plays. With regard to Ægeon's long speeches, there is nothing in them contrary to the canons of dramatic construction existing in Shakespeare's time. It is to be presumed that actors, in his day, spoke blank verse better than they do now; and that the public were not so impatient of long speeches as they are now. How much Shakespeare owed to the old play, if there was one, founded on the same subject, we do not know; no copy of The Historie of Error, alluded to above, has yet been discovered; but, as far as the old translation of the Menæchmi goes, he seems to have owed very little of the merit of his play to that source. We shall probably not be far wrong in crediting Shakespeare with most of the many alterations for the better, and of the valuable additions, which separate The Comedy of Errors by such a wide distance from W. W.'s old translation: the transference of the chief female interest from the Courtezan to the wife, and the sympathetic character given to the latter, as well as the creation of her charming sister, Luciana, are all evidences of Shakespeare's genius, which excelled that of the very noblest of his contemporaries, in nothing more strikingly than in the creation of lovable female characters. Although Luciana is but a slight sketch, she is infinitely superior, in moral beauty, to any of the female characters in Love's Labour's Lost. The remarkable ingenuity with which the intrigue is carried on, and the easy way in which the various excellent situations spring from it, show what careful attention Shakespeare had already bestowed upon the art of dramatic construction, and how much he had profited by his experience gained as an actor.

It is not improbable that we obtain in this play some glimpse of Shakespeare's domestic life. The practical sermon preached by Luciana to Antipholus of Syracuse—under the belief that he was her sister's husband,—and the vivid description by the Abbess of a nagging jealous wife (act v. sc. 1, lines 68-86) may both have been based on Shakespeare's actual experience; in the first case of his own faults, in the second, of those of his wife. It is very likely that, after he made Anne Hath-

away his wife, he was not quite as attentive and faithful to her as he might have been; and, on the other hand, that she, by her jealousy and constant fault-finding, drove him to seek his fortune in London without the incubus of her company.[1]

Anyone who may take the trouble to read carefully the more serious portions of this play will meet with his reward. He will find that the farcical nature of the plot has not debarred Shakespeare from displaying in this work some of his highest qualities. Many may think the promise is greater than the performance; but none can honestly deny the evidence of that genius, which at a later period of his career gave to the world such comedies as The Merchant of Venice, Twelfth Night, and As You Like It.

[1] When this was written I had not read Mr. Furnivall's admirable Introduction to the Leopold Shakspere: for his remarks on this point, which are to the same effect as my own, see p. xiii of that Introduction. The subject of Shakespeare's relations with his wife will be treated of more at length hereafter.

Æge. O, let me say no more! Gather the sequel by that went before.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

ACT I.

E I. *A hall in the Duke's palace.*

DUKE, ÆGEON, *Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants.*

Proceed, Solinus, to procure my fall,
the doom of death end woes and all.
Merchant of Syracusa, plead no more;
partial to infringe our laws:
mity and discord, which of late
from the rancorous outrage of your
e
ıants, our well-dealing countrymen,—
ınting gilders[1] to redeem their lives,
al'd his rigorous statutes with their
ds,—
all pity from our threatening looks.]
e the mortal and intestine jars 11
ıy seditious countrymen and us,
n solemn synods been decreed,
the Syracusians and ourselves,
no traffic to our adverse towns:
Nay, more, if any born at Ephesus
Be seen at Syracusian marts and fairs;
Again, if any Syracusian born
Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies, 20
His goods confiscate to the duke's dispose,
Unless a thousand marks be levied,
To quit the penalty and ransom him.
Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,
Cannot amount unto a hundred marks;
Therefore by law thou art condemn'd to die.

Æge. Yet this my comfort: when your words are done,
My woes end likewise with the evening sun.

Duke. Well, Syracusian, say in brief the cause
Why thou departed'st from thy native home, 30
And for what cause thou cam'st to Ephesus.

Æge. A heavier task could not have been impos'd
Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable:
Yet, that the world may witness that my end
Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,
I 'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.

[1] properly a coin – our florin, value 1*s.* 8*d.*; generally, for money.

In Syracusa was I born, and wed 37
Unto a woman, happy but for me,
And by me too, had not our hap been bad.
With her I liv'd in joy; our wealth increas'd 40
By prosperous voyages I often made
To Epidamium; till my factor's death,
And the great care of goods at random left,
Drew me from kind embracements of my spouse:
From whom my absence was not six months old
Before herself—almost at fainting under
The pleasing punishment that women bear—
Had made provision for her following me,
And soon and safe arrived where I was.
There had she not been long but she became 50
A joyful mother of two goodly sons;
And, which was strange, the one so like the other
As could not be distinguish'd but by names.
That very hour, and in the self-same inn,
A meaner woman was delivered
Of such a burden, male twins, both alike:
Those, for their parents were exceeding poor,
I bought, and brought up to attend my sons.
My wife, not meanly[1] proud of two such boys,
Made daily motions for our home return: 60
Unwilling I agreed; alas! too soon
We came aboard.
A league from Epidamium had we sail'd,
Before the always wind-obeying deep
Gave any tragic instance of our harm:
But longer did we not retain much hope;
For what obscured light the heavens did grant
Did but convey unto our fearful minds
A doubtful warrant of immediate death;
[Which though myself would gladly have embrac'd, 70
Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,
Weeping before for what she saw must come,
And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,
That mourn'd for fashion,[2] ignorant what to fear,
Forc'd me to seek delays for them and me.
And this it was, for other means was none:]
The sailors sought for safety by our boat,
And left the ship, then sinking-ripe, to us:
My wife, more careful for the latter-born,
Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast, 80
Such as seafaring men provide for storms;
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whilst I had been like heedful of the other:
The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix'd,
Fasten'd ourselves at either end the mast;
And floating straight, obedient to the stream,
Was carried towards Corinth, as we thought.
At length the sun, gazing upon the earth,
Dispers'd those vapours that offended us; 90
And, by the benefit of his wish'd light,
The seas wax'd calm, and we discovered
Two ships from far making amain[3] to us,
Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this:
But ere they came,—O, let me say no more!
Gather the sequel by that went before.

Duke. Nay, forward, old man; do not break off so;
For we may pity, though not pardon thee.

Æge. O, had the gods done so, I had not now
Worthily term'd them merciless to us! 100
For, ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,
We were encounter'd by a mighty rock;
Which being violently borne upon,
Our helpful ship was splitted in the midst;
So that, in this unjust divorce of us,
Fortune had left to both of us alike
What to delight in, what to sorrow for.
Her part, poor soul! seeming as burdened
With lesser weight, but not with lesser woe,
Was carried with more speed before the wind;
And in our sight they three were taken up 111
By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.
At length, another ship had seiz'd on us;
And, knowing whom it was their hap to save,
Gave healthful welcome to their shipwreck'd guests;
And would have reft the fishers of their prey,
Had not their bark been very slow of sail;
And therefore homeward did they bend their course.
Thus have you heard me sever'd from my bliss,
That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd, 120
To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.

Duke. And, for the sake of them thou sorrowest for,

[1] *Not meanly*, no little. [2] *For fashion*, in imitation. [3] *Amain*, directly.

Do me the favour to dilate at full 123
What hath befall'n of them and thee till now.
Æge. My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,
At eighteen years became inquisitive
After his brother: and impórtun'd me
That his attendant—for his case was like,
Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name—
Might bear him company in the quest of him:
Whom whilst I labour'd of a love to see, 131
I hazarded the loss of whom I lov'd.
Five summers have I spent in furthest Greece,
Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia,
And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus;
Hopeless to find, yet loath to leave unsought
Or that, or any place that harbours men.
But here must end the story of my life;
And happy were I in my timely death,
Could all my travels warrant me they live. 140
Duke. Hapless Ægeon, whom the fates have mark'd
To bear the extremity of dire mishap!
[Now, trust me, were it not against our laws,
Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,
Which princes, would they, may not disannul,
My soul should sue as advocate for thee.
But, though thou art adjudged to the death,
And passed sentence may not be recall'd
But to our honour's great disparagement,]
Yet I will favour thee in what I can. 150
Therefore, merchánt, I'll limit thee this day
To seek thy life by beneficial help:
Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus;
Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,
And live; if no, then thou art doom'd to die.
Gaoler, go take him to thy custody.
Gaol. I will, my lord.
Æge. Hopeless and helpless doth Ægeon wend,
But to procrastinate his lifeless end. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Mart.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of Syracuse,* DROMIO *of Syracuse, and* FIRST MERCHANT.

First Mer. Therefore give out you are of Epidamium,
Lest that your goods too soon be cónfiscate.
This very day a Syracusian merchant
Is apprehended for arrival here;
And not being able to buy out his life, 5
According to the statute of the town,
Dies ere the weary sun set in the west.
There is your money that I had to keep.
Ant. S. Go bear it to the Centaur, where we host,[1]
And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee. 10
Within this hour it will be dinner-time:
Till that, I'll view the manners of the town,
[Peruse[2] the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
And then return and sleep within mine inn,
For with long travel I am stiff and weary.]
Get thee away.
Dro. S. Many a man would take you at your word,
And go indeed, having so good a mean. [*Exit.*
Ant. S. A trusty villain, sir, that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholy, 20
Lightens my humour with his merry jests.
What, will you walk with me about the town,
And then go to my inn, and dine with me?
First Mer. I am invited, sir, to certain merchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit;
I crave your pardon. Soon at five o'clock,
Please you, I'll meet with you upon the mart,
And afterward consórt[3] you till bed-time:
My present business calls me from you now.
Ant. S. Farewell till then: I will go lose myself 30
And wander up and down to view the city.
First Mer. Sir, I commend you to your own content. [*Exit.*
Ant. S. He that commends me to mine own content
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
I to the world am like a drop of water,
That in the ocean seeks another drop,
Who, falling there to find his fellow forth,
Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself:
So I, to find a mother and a brother,
In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself. 40
Here comes the almanac of my true date.

Enter DROMIO *of Ephesus.*

What now? how chance thou art return'd so soon?

[1] *Host,* lodge. [2] *Peruse,* observe.
[3] *Consórt,* accompany.

Dro. E. Return'd so soon! rather approach'd too late: 43
The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit,
The clock hath strucken twelve upon the bell;
My mistress made it one upon my cheek:
She is so hot because the meat is cold;
The meat is cold because you come not home;
You come not home because you have no stomach; 49
You have no stomach having broke your fast;
But we, that know what 't is to fast and pray,
Are penitent for your default to-day.

Ant. S. Stop in your wind, sir: tell me this, I pray:
Where have you left the money that I gave you?

Dro. E. O,—sixpence, that I had o' Wednesday last
To pay the saddler for my mistress' crupper:—
The saddler had it, sir; I kept it not.

Ant. S. I am not in a sportive humour now:
Tell me, and dally not, where is the money?
We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust
So great a charge from thine own custody? 61

Dro. E. I pray you, jest, sir, as you sit at dinner:
I from my mistress come to you in post;
If I return, I shall be post[1] indeed,
For she will score your fault upon my pate.
Methinks your maw, like mine, should be your clock
And strike you home without a messenger.

Ant. S. Come, Dromio, come, these jests are out of season;
Reserve them till a merrier hour than this.
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee? 70

Dro. E. To me, sir? why, you gave no gold to me.

Ant. S. Come on, sir knave, have done your foolishness,
And tell me how thou hast dispos'd thy charge.

Dro. E. My charge was but to fetch you from the mart
Home to your house, the Phœnix, sir, to dinner:
My mistress and her sister stays for you.

Ant. S. Now, as I am a Christian, answer me
In what safe place you have bestow'd my money, 78
Or I shall break that merry sconce[2] of yours

Ant. S. What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face?

That stands on tricks when I am undispos'd: 80
Where is the thousand marks thou hadst of me?

Dro. E. I have some marks of yours upon my pate,
Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders,
But not a thousand marks between you both.
If I should pay your worship those again,
Perchance you will not bear them patiently.

Ant. S. Thy mistress' marks? what mistress, slave, hast thou?

Dro. E. Your worship's wife, my mistress at the Phœnix;
She that doth fast till you come home to dinner,
And prays that you will hie you home to dinner. 90

Ant. S. What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,

[1] *Post*, a post to score notches on.

[2] *Sconce*, head.

Being forbid? There, take you that, sir knave.
Dro. E. What mean you, sir? for God's sake, hold your hands! 93
Nay, an you will not, sir, I 'll take my heels. [*Exit.*
Ant. S. Upon my life, by some device or other
The villain is o'er-raught[1] of all my money.
They say this town is full of cozenage,
As, nimble jugglers that deceive the eye,
Dark-working sorcerers that change the mind,
Soul-killing witches that deform the body, 100
Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,
And many such like liberties of sin:
If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.
I 'll to the Centaur, to go seek this slave:
I greatly fear my money is not safe. [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The house of Antipholus of Ephesus.*

Enter ADRIANA *and* LUCIANA.

Adr. Neither my husband nor the slave return'd,
That in such haste I sent to seek his master!
Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.
Luc. Perhaps some merchant hath invited him
And from the mart he 's somewhere gone to dinner.
Good sister, let us dine and never fret:
A man is master of his liberty:
Time is their master, and when they see time
They 'll go or come: if so, be patient, sister.
Adr. Why should their liberty than ours be more? 10
Luc. Because their business still lies out o' door.
Adr. Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill.
Luc. O, know he is the bridle of your will.
Adr. There 's none but asses will be bridled so.
Luc. Why, headstrong liberty is lash'd with woe.
There 's nothing situate under heaven's eye
But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky:
The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls
Are their males' subjects and at their controls:
Men, more divine, the masters of all these, 20
Lords of the wide world and wild watery seas,
Indued with intellectual sense and souls,
Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,
Are masters to their females, and their lords:
Then let your will attend on their accords.
Adr. This servitude makes you to keep unwed.
Luc. Not this, but troubles of the marriage-bed.
Adr. But, were you wedded, you would bear some sway.
Luc. Ere I learn love, I 'll practise to obey.
Adr. How if your husband start some other where? 30
Luc. Till he come home again, I would forbear.
Adr. Patience unmov'd! no marvel though she pause;
They can be meek that have no other cause.
[A wretched soul, bruis'd with adversity,
We bid be quiet when we hear it cry;
But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,
As much or more we should ourselves complain:
So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,
With urging helpless patience wouldst relieve me;]
But, if thou live to see like right bereft, 40
This fool-begg'd patience in thee will be left.
Luc. Well, I will marry one day, but to try.
Here comes your man; now is your husband nigh.

Enter DROMIO *of Ephesus.*

Adr. Say, is your tardy master now at hand?
Dro. E. Nay, he 's at two hands with me, and that my two ears can witness.
Adr. Say, didst thou speak with him? know'st thou his mind?

[1] *O'er-raught*, over-reached, cheated.

Dro. E. Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear: 49
Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it.
Luc. Spake he so doubtfully, thou couldst not feel his meaning? 51
Dro. E. Nay, he struck so plainly, I could too well feel his blows; and withal so doubtfully, that I could scarce understand them.
Adr. But say, I prithee, is he coming home?
It seems he hath great care to please his wife.
Dro. E. Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-mad.
[*Adr.* Horn-mad, thou villain!
Dro. E. I mean not cuckold-mad;
But, sure, he is stark mad.]
When I desir'd him to come home to dinner,
He ask'd me for a thousand marks in gold: 61
"'Tis dinner-time," quoth I; "My gold!" quoth he:
"Your meat doth burn," quoth I; "My gold!" quoth he:
"Will you come home?" quoth I; "My gold!" quoth he,
"Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain?"
"The pig," quoth I, "is burn'd;" "My gold!" quoth he:
"My mistress, sir," quoth I; "Hang up thy mistress!
I know not thy mistress; out on thy mistress!"
Luc. Quoth who?
Dro. E. Quoth my master: 70
"I know," quoth he, "no house, no wife, no mistress."
So that my errand, due unto my tongue,
I thank him, I bare home upon my shoulders;
For, in conclusion, he did beat me there.
Adr. Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him home.
Dro. E. Go back again, and be new beaten home?
For God's sake, send some other messenger.
Adr. Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across.
Dro. E. And he will bless that cross with other beating:
Between you I shall have a holy head. 80
Adr. Hence, prating peasant! fetch thy master home. 81
Dro. E. Am I so round with you as you with me,
That like a football you do spurn me thus?
You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither:
If I last in this service, you must case me in leather. [*Exit.*
Luc. Fie, how impatience loureth in your face!
Adr. His company must do his minions grace,
Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.
Hath homely age th' alluring beauty took
From my poor cheek? then he hath wasted it:
Are my discourses dull? barren my wit? 91
[If voluble and sharp discourse be marr'd,
Unkindness blunts it more than marble hard:
Do their gay vestments his affections bait?
That 's not my fault; he 's master of my state:]
What ruins are in me that can be found
By him not ruin'd? then is he the ground
Of my defeatures.[1] My decayed fair[2]
A sunny look of his would soon repair:
But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale 100
And feeds from home; poor I am but his stale.[3]
Luc. Self-harming jealousy! fie, beat it hence!
Adr. Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense.
I know his eye doth homage otherwhere;
Or else what lets it but he would be here?
Sister, you know he promis'd me a chain;
[Would thát[4] alone alone he would detain,
So he would keep fair quarter with his bed!
I see the jewel best enamelled
Will lose his beauty; and tho' gold bides still, 110
That others touch, yet often touching will
Wear gold: and so no man that hath a name,
But falsehood and corruption doth it shame.]
Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,
I 'll weep what 's left away, and weeping die.
Luc. How many fond fools serve mad jealousy! [*Exeunt.*

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[1] *Defeatures*, ill looks. [2] *Fair*, beauty.
[3] *Stale*, pretended wife. [4] *That*, *i.e.* the chain.

SCENE II. *A public place.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of Syracuse.*

Ant. S. The gold I gave to Dromio is laid up
Safe at the Centaur; and the heedful slave
Is wander'd forth, in care to seek me out.
By computation and mine host's report,
I could not speak with Dromio since at first
I sent him from the mart. See, here he comes.

Enter DROMIO *of Syracuse.*

How now, sir! is your merry humour alter'd?
As you love strokes, so jest with me again.
You know no Centaur? you receiv'd no gold?

Adr. His company must do his minions grace,
Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.

Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner?
My house was at the Phœnix? Wast thou mad,
That thus so madly thou didst answer me? 12
Dro. S. What answer, sir? when spake I such a word?
Ant. S. Even now, even here, not half an hour since.
Dro. S. I did not see you since you sent me hence,
Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me.
Ant. S. Villain, thou didst deny the gold's receipt,
And told'st me of a mistress and a dinner;
For which, I hope, thou felt'st I was displeas'd.
Dro. S. I am glad to see you in this merry vein: 20
What means this jest? I pray you, master, tell me.
Ant. S. Yea, dost thou jeer and flout me in the teeth?
Think'st thou I jest? Hold, take thou that, and that. [*Beating him.*
Dro. S. Hold, sir, for God's sake! now your jest is earnest:
Upon what bargain do you give it me?
Ant. S. Because that I familiarly sometimes
Do use you for my fool, and chat with you,
Your sauciness will jest upon my love,
And make a common of my serious hours.

When the sun shines let foolish gnats make sport,
But creep in crannies when he hides his beams.
If you will jest with me, know my aspect,
And fashion your demeanour to my looks,
Or I will beat this method in your sconce.

Dro. S. Sconce call you it? so you would leave battering, I had rather have it a head: an you use these blows long, I must get a sconce for my head, and insconce it too; or else I shall seek my wit in my shoulders. But, I pray, sir, why am I beaten?

Ant. S. Dost thou not know?

Dro. S. Nothing, sir, but that I am beaten.

Ant. S. Shall I tell you why?

Dro. S. Ay, sir, and wherefore; for they say every why hath a wherefore.

Ant. S. Why, first,—for flouting me; and then, wherefore,—
For urging it the second time to me.

Dro. S. Was there ever any man thus beaten out of season,
When in the why and the wherefore is neither rhyme nor reason?
Well, sir, I thank you.

Ant. S. Thank me, sir! for what?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, for this something that you gave me for nothing.

Ant. S. I'll make you amends next, to give you nothing for something. But say, sir, is it dinner-time?

Dro. S. No, sir: I think the meat wants that I have.

Ant. S. In good time, sir; what's that?

Dro. S. Basting.

Ant. S. Well, sir, then 't will be dry.

Dro. S. If it be, sir, I pray you, eat none of it.

Ant. S. Your reason?

Dro. S. Lest it make you choleric, and purchase me another dry basting.

Ant. S. Well, sir, learn to jest in good time: there's a time for all things.

Dro. S. I durst have denied that, before you were so choleric.

Ant. S. By what rule, sir?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald pate of father Time himself.

Ant. S. Let's hear it.

Dro. S. There's no time for a man to recover his hair, that grows bald by nature.

Ant. S. May he not do it by fine and recovery?

Dro. S. Yes, to pay a fine for a periwig, and recover the lost hair of another man.

Ant. S. Why is Time such a niggard of hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement?

Dro. S. Because it is a blessing that he bestows on beasts; and what he hath scanted men in hair he hath given them in wit.

Ant. S. Why, but there's many a man hath more hair than wit.

Dro. S. Not a man of those but he hath the wit to lose his hair.

Ant. S. Why, thou didst conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.

Dro. S. The plainer dealer, the sooner lost: yet he loseth it in a kind of policy.

Ant. S. For what reason?

Dro. S. For two; and sound ones too.

Ant. S. Nay, not sound, I pray you.

Dro. S. Sure ones then.

Ant. S. Nay, not sure, in a thing falsing.

Dro. S. Certain ones then.

Ant. S. Name them.

Dro. S. The one, to save the money that he spends in tyring; the other, that, at dinner, they should not drop in his porridge.

Ant. S. You would all this time have prov'd there is no time for all things.

Dro. S. Marry, and did, sir; namely, no time to recover hair lost by nature.

Ant. S. But your reason was not substantial, why there is no time to recover.

Dro. S. Thus I mend it: Time himself is bald, and therefore, to the world's end, will have bald followers.

Ant. S. I knew 't would be a bald conclusion:]
But, soft! who wafts us[1] yonder?

Enter ADRIANA *and* LUCIANA.

Adr. Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange and frown:
Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects;
I am not Adriana nor thy wife.
The time was once when thou unurg'd wouldst vow
That never words were music to thine ear,

[1] *Wafts us*, beckons to us.

That never object pleasing in thine eye, 117
That never touch well welcome to thy hand,
That never meat sweet-savour'd in thy taste,
Unless I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carv'd to thee. 120
How comes it now, my husband, O, how comes it,
That thou art thus estranged from thyself?
Thyself I call it, being strange to me,
That, undividable, incorporate,
Am better than thy dear self's better part.
Ah, do not tear away thyself from me!
[For know, my love, as easy mayst thou fall[1]
A drop of water in the breaking gulf,
And take unmingled thence that drop again,
Without addition or diminishing, 130
As take from me thyself and not me too.
How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,
Shouldst thou but hear I were licentious,
And that this body, consecrate to thee,
By ruffian lust should be contaminate!
Wouldst thou not spit at me and spurn at me,
And hurl the name of husband in my face,
And tear the stain'd skin off my harlot brow,
And from my false hand cut the wedding-ring,
And break it with a deep-divorcing vow? 140
I know thou canst; and therefore see thou do it.
I am possess'd with an adulterate blot;
My blood is mingled with the crime of lust:
For if we two be one, and thou play false,
I do digest the poison of thy flesh,
Being strumpeted by thy contagion.
Keep then fair league and truce with thy true bed;
I live unstain'd, thou undishonoured.]

Ant. S. Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not:
In Ephesus I am but two hours old, 150
As strange unto your town as to your talk;
Who, every word by all my wit being scann'd,
Wants wit in all one word to understand.

Luc. Fie, brother! how the world is chang'd with you!
When were you wont to use my sister thus?
She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.

Ant. S. By Dromio?

Dro. S. By me!

Adr. By thee; and this thou didst return from him,
That he did buffet thee, and in his blows 160
Denied my house for his, me for his wife.

Ant. S. Did you converse, sir, with this gentlewoman?
What is the course and drift of your compact?

Dro. S. I, sir? I never saw her till this time.

Ant. S. Villain, thou liest; for even her very words
Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.

Dro. S. I never spake with her in all my life.

Ant. S. How can she thus, then, call us by our names,
Unless it be by inspiration?

Adr. How ill agrees it with your gravity 170
To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood!
Be it my wrong you are from me exempt,[2]
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine:
Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine,
Whose weakness, married to thy stronger state,
Makes me with thy strength to communicate:
If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,
Usurping ivy, brier, or idle moss; 180
Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion
Infect thy sap and live on thy confusion.

Ant. S. To me she speaks; she moves me for her theme:
What, was I married to her in my dream?
Or sleep I now, and think I hear all this?
What error drives our eyes and ears amiss?
Until I know this sure uncertainty,
I'll entertain the offer'd fallacy.

Luc. Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner.

Dro. S. O, for my beads! I cross me for a sinner. 190
This is the fairy land: O spite of spites!
We talk with goblins, owls and elvish sprites:
If we obey them not, this will ensue,
They'll suck our breath, or pinch us black and blue.

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[1] *Fall*, let fall.

[2] *From me exempt*, absent from my company.

Luc. Why prat'st thou to thyself and answer'st not? 195
Dromio, thou drone, thou snail, thou slug, thou sot!
Dro. S. I am transformed, master, am I not?
Ant. S. I think thou art in mind, and so am I.
Dro. S. Nay, master, both in mind and in my shape.
Ant. S. Thou hast thine own form.
Dro. S. No, I am an ape. 200
Luc. If thou art chang'd to aught, 't is to an ass.
Dro. S. 'T is true; she rides me and I long for grass.
'T is so, I am an ass; else it could never be
But I should know her as well as she knows me.
Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,
To put the finger in the eye and weep, 206
Whilst man and master laugh my woes to scorn.
Come, sir, to dinner. Dromio, keep the gate.
Husband, I 'll dine above with you to-day
And shrive you of a thousand idle pranks. 210
Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,
Say he dines forth, and let no creature enter.
Come, sister. Dromio, play the porter well.
Ant. S. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?
Sleeping or waking? mad or well-advis'd?
Known unto these, and to myself disguis'd!
I 'll say as they say, and persever so,
And in this mist at all adventures go.
Dro. S. Master, shall I be porter at the gate?
Adr. Ay; and let none enter, lest I break your pate. 220
Luc. Come, come, Antipholus, we dine too late. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Before the house of Antipholus of Ephesus.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of Ephesus*, DROMIO *of Ephesus*, ANGELO, *and* BALTHAZAR.

Ant. E. Good Signior Angelo, you must excuse us all;
My wife is shrewish when I keep not hours:
Say that I linger'd with you at your shop
To see the making of her carkanet,[1]
And that to-morrow you will bring it home.
But here 's a villain that would face me down
He met me on the mart, and that I beat him,
And charg'd him with a thousand marks in gold,
And that I did deny my wife and house.
Thou drunkard, thou, what didst thou mean by this? 10
Dro. E. Say what you will, sir, but I know what I know;
That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to show:
If the skin were parchment and the blows you gave were ink, 13
Your own handwriting would tell you what I think.
Ant. E. I think thou art an ass.
Dro. E. Marry, so it doth appear
By the wrongs I suffer and the blows I bear.
I should kick, being kick'd; and, being at that pass,
You would keep from my heels, and beware of an ass.
Ant. E. You 're sad, Signior Balthazar: pray God our cheer
May answer my good will and your good welcome here. 20
Bal. I hold your dainties cheap, sir, and your welcome dear.
Ant. E. O, Signior Balthazar, either at flesh or fish,
A table full of welcome makes scarce one dainty dish.
Bal. Good meat, sir, is common; that every churl affords.
Ant. E. And welcome more common; for that 's nothing but words.

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[1] *Carkanet*, necklace.

Bal. Small cheer and great welcome makes a merry feast. 26

Ant. E. Ay to a niggardly host and more sparing guest:

But though my cates be mean, take them in good part;

Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart.

But, soft! my door is lock'd. Go bid them let us in. 30

Dro. E. Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian, Ginn!

Dro. S. [*Within*] Mome,[1] malt-horse,[2] capon, coxcomb, idiot, patch![3]

Either get thee from the door, or sit down at the hatch.[4]

Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st for such store,

When one is one too many? Go get thee from the door.

Dro. E. What patch is made our porter? My master stays in the street.

Dro. S. [*Within*] Let him walk from whence he came, lest he catch cold on's feet.

Ant. E. Who talks within there? ho, open the door!

Dro. S. [*Within*] Right, sir; I'll tell you when, an you'll tell me wherefore.

Ant. E. Wherefore? for my dinner: I have not din'd to-day. 40

Dro. S. [*Within*] Nor to-day here you must not; come again when you may.

Ant. E. What art thou that keep'st me out from the house I owe?

Dro. S. [*Within*] The porter for this time, sir, and my name is Dromio.

Dro. E. O villain! thou hast stolen both mine office and my name.

The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame.

If thou hadst been Dromio to-day in my place,

Thou wouldst have chang'd thy face for a name or thy name for a face.

Luce. [*Within*] What a coil[5] is there! Dromio, who are those at the gate?

Dro. E. Let my master in, Luce.

Luce. [*Within*] Faith, no; he comes too late;

[1] *Mome*, buffoon. [2] *Malt-horse*, dray-horse. [3] *Patch*, fool. [4] *Hatch*, wicket or half-door. [5] *Coil*, disturbance.

[And so tell your master.

Dro. E. O Lord, I must laugh!

Have at you with a proverb—Shall I set in my staff? 51

Luce. [*Within*] Have at you with another; that's—When? can you tell?

Dro. S. Mome, malt-horse, capon, coxcomb idiot, patch! Either get thee from the door, or sit down at the hatch.

Dro. S. [*Within*] If thy name be call'd Luce, —Luce, thou hast answer'd him well.

Ant. E. Do you hear, you minion? you'll let us in, I hope?

Luce. [*Within*] I thought to have ask'd you.

Dro. S. [*Within*] And you said no.

Dro. E. So, come, help: well struck! there was blow for blow.]

Ant. E. Thou baggage, let me in.

Luce. [*Within*] Can you tell for whose sake? 57

Dro. E. Master, knock the door hard.

Luce. [*Within*] Let him knock till it ache.

Ant. E. You 'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the door down.

Luce. [*Within*] What needs all that, and a pair of stocks in the town? 60

Adr. [*Within*] Who is that at the door that keeps all this noise?

Dro. S. [*Within*] By my troth, your town is troubled with unruly boys.

Ant. E. Are you there, wife? you might have come before.

Adr. [*Within*] Your wife, sir knave! go get you from the door.

Dro. E. If you went in pain, master, this "knave" would go sore.

Ang. Here is neither cheer, sir, nor welcome: we would fain have either.

Bal. In debating which was best, we shall part[1] with neither.

Dro. E. They stand at the door, master; bid them welcome hither.

Ant. E. There is something in the wind, that we cannot get in.

Dro. E. You would say so, master, if your garments were thin. 70

[Your cake is warm within; you stand here in the cold:
It would make a man mad as a buck, to be so bought and sold.

Ant. E. Go fetch me something: I 'll break ope the gate.

Dro. S. [*Within*] Break any breaking here, and I 'll break your knave's pate.

Dro. E. A man may break a word with you, sir, and words are but wind,
Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not behind.

Dro. S. [*Within*] It seems thou want'st breaking: out upon thee, hind!

Dro. E. Here 's too much "out upon thee!" I pray thee, let me in.

Dro. S. [*Within*] Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and fish have no fin.

Ant. E. Well, I 'll break in: go borrow me a crow.[2] 80

Dro. E. A crow without feather? Master, mean you so? 81
For a fish without a fin, there 's a fowl without a feather:
If a crow help us in, sirrah, we 'll pluck a crow together.]

Ant. E. Go get thee gone; fetch me an iron crow.

Bal. Have patience, sir; O, let it not be so!
Herein you war against your reputation,
And draw within the compass of suspect
The unviolated honour of your wife.
Once this[3]—your long experience of her wisdom,
Her sober virtue, years, and modesty, 90
Plead on her part some cause to you unknown;
And doubt not, sir, but she will well excuse
Why at this time the doors are made[4] against you.
Be rul'd by me: depart in patience,
And let us to the Tiger all to dinner;
[And, about evening, come yourself, alone,
To know the reason of this strange restraint.
If by strong hand you offer to break in
Now in the stirring passage of the day,
A vulgar comment will be made of it; 100
And that supposed by the common rout
Against your yet ungalled estimation,
That may with foul intrusion enter in,
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead;
For slander lives upon succession,
For ever hous'd where 't gets possession.]

Ant. E. You have prevail'd: I will depart in quiet,
And, in despite of mirth, mean to be merry.
I know a wench of excellent discourse,
Pretty and witty, wild and yet, too, gentle: 110
There will we dine. This woman that I mean,
My wife—but, I protest, without desert—
Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal:
To her will we to dinner. [*To Ang.*] Get you home
And fetch the chain; by this I know 't is made:
Bring it, I pray you, to the Porpentine;[5]
For there 's the house: that chain will I bestow—

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[1] *Part*, depart, go away. [2] *Crow*, crowbar.

[3] *Once this*, think once for all on this.

[4] *Made*, barred.

[5] *Porpentine*, the old name for porcupine.

Be it for nothing but to spite my wife— 118
Upon mine hostess there: good sir, make haste.
Since mine own doors refuse to entertain me,
I'll knock elsewhere, to see if they'll disdain me. 121

Ang. I'll meet you at that place some hour hence.

Ant. E. Do so. This jest shall cost me some expense. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same.*

Enter LUCIANA *and* ANTIPHOLUS *of Syracuse.*

Luc. And may it be that you have quite forgot
A husband's office? shall, Antipholus,
Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot?
Shall love, in building, grow so ruinous?
If you did wed my sister for her wealth,
Then for her wealth's sake use her with more kindness:
Or if you like elsewhere,[1] do it by stealth;
Muffle your false love with some show of blindness:
Let not my sister read it in your eye;
Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator;
Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty; 11
Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger;
[Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted;
Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint;
Be secret-false: what need she be acquainted?
What simple thief brags of his own attaint?
'Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed
And let her read it in thy looks at board:
Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed;
Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.] 20
Alas, poor women! make us but believe,
Being compact of credit, that you love us;
Though others have the arm, show us the sleeve;
We in your motion turn, and you may move us.
Then, gentle brother, get you in again;
Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her wife:
'Tis holy sport to be a little vain,[2]
When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife. 28

Ant. S. Sweet mistress,—what your name is else, I know not,
Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine,—
Less in your knowledge and your grace you show not 31
Than our earth's wonder, more than earth divine.

Ant. S. Sweet mistress,—what your name is else, I know not.

[Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak;
Lay open to my earthy-gross conceit,
Smother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,
The folded meaning of your word's deceit.
Against my soul's pure truth why labour you,
To make it wander in an unknown field?
Are you a god? would you create me new?
Transform me then, and to your power I'll yield.] 40
But if that I am I, then well I know
Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,
Nor to her bed no homage do I owe:

[1] *Like elsewhere, i.e.* are attached to another woman.
[2] *Vain,* insincere.

Far more, far more to you do I decline.[1] 44
O, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,
To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears:
Sing, siren, for thyself, and I will dote:
Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,
And as a bed I 'll take them, and there lie;
And, in that glorious supposition, think 50
He gains by death that hath such means to die:
Let Love, being light, be drowned if she sink!

Luc. What, are you mad, that you do reason so?

Ant. S. Not mad, but mated; how, I do not know.

Luc. It is a fault that springeth from your eye.

Ant. S. For gazing on your beams, fair sun, being by.

Luc. Gaze where you should, and that will clear your sight.

Ant. S. As good to wink, sweet love, as look on night.

Luc. Why call you me love? call my sister so.

Ant. S. Thy sister's sister.

Luc. That 's my sister.

Ant. S. No; 60
It is thyself, mine own self's better part,
Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart,
My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim,
My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.

Luc. All this my sister is, or else should be.

Ant. S. Call thyself sister, sweet, for I am thee.
Thee will I love and with thee lead my life:
Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife. 68
Give me thy hand.

Luc. O, soft, sir! hold you still:
I 'll fetch my sister, to get her good will. [*Exit.*

Enter DROMIO *of Syracuse.*

Ant. S. Why, how now, Dromio! where runn'st thou so fast?

Dro. S. Do you know me, sir? am I Dromio? am I your man? am I myself?

Ant. S. Thou art Dromio, thou art n
thou art thyself.

Dro. S. I am an ass, I am a woman
and besides myself.

Ant. S. What woman's man? and l
sides thyself?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, besides myself, I
to a woman; one that claims me, o
haunts me, one that will have me.

[*Ant. S.* What claim lays she to th

Dro. S. Marry, sir, such claim as yo
lay to your horse; and she would hav
a beast: not that, I being a beast, sh
have me; but that she, being a very
creature, lays claim to me.]

Ant. S. What is she?

Dro. S. A very reverent body; ay,
one as a man may not speak of withou
"Sir-reverence." I have but lean luc
match, and yet is she a wondrous f
riage.

Ant. S. How dost thou mean a f
riage?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, she 's the kitchen
and all grease; and I know not wha
put her to, but to make a lamp of l
run from her by her own light. [I w
her rags, and the tallow in them, will
Poland winter: if she lives till do
she 'll burn a week longer than the
world.

Ant. S. What complexion is she of?

Dro. S. Swart, like my shoe, but l
nothing like so clean kept: for why, she
a man may go over shoes in the grime

Ant. S. That 's a fault that water wil

Dro. S. No, sir, 't is in grain; Noa
could not do it.

Ant. S. What 's her name?

Dro. S. Nell, sir; but her name an
quarters, that 's an ell and three quart
not measure her from hip to hip.

Ant. S. Then she bears some breadt

Dro. S. No longer from head to fo
from hip to hip: she is spherical, like a
I could find out countries in her.

Ant. S. In what part of her body
Ireland?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, in her buttocks:
it out by the bogs.

[1] *Decline*, lean, or am drawn, towards.

Ant. S. Where Scotland? 122

Dro. S. I found it by the barrenness; hard in the palm of the hand.

Ant. S. Where France?

Dro. S. In her forehead; arm'd and reverted, making war against her heir.

Ant. S. Where England? 128

Dro. S. I looked for the chalky cliffs, but I could find no whiteness in them; but I guess it stood in her chin, by the salt rheum that ran between France and it.

Ant. S. Where Spain?

Ant. S. Why, how now, Dromio! where runn'st thou so fast?

Dro. S. Faith, I saw it not; but I felt it hot in her breath.

Ant. S. Where America, the Indies?

Dro. S. Oh, sir, upon her nose, all o'er embellished with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, declining their rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain; who sent whole armadoes of carracks[1] to be ballast at her nose. 141

Ant. S. Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands?

Dro. S. Oh, sir, I did not look so low.] To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me; called me Dromio; swore I was assur'd to her; told me what privy marks I had about me, as, the mark of my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I amaz'd ran from her as a witch:

And, I think, if my breast had not been made
of faith, and my heart of steel, 150
She had transform'd me to a curtal[2] dog, and
made me turn i' the wheel.

Ant. S. Go hie thee presently, post to the road:

And if the wind blow any way from shore,
I will not harbour in this town to-night:
If any bark put forth, come to the mart,

[1] *Carracks*, Spanish merchant-ships.

[2] *Curtal*, crop-tailed.

Where I will walk till thou return to me. 156
If every one knows us and we know none,
'T is time, I think, to trudge, pack and be gone.
Dro. S. As from a bear a man would run for life,
So fly I from her that would be my wife.
[*Exit.*
Ant. S. There's none but witches do inhabit here; 161
And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence.
She that doth call me husband, even my soul
Doth for a wife abhor. But her fair sister,
Possess'd with such a gentle sovereign grace,
Of such enchanting presence and discourse,
Hath almost made me traitor to myself:
But, lest myself be guilty to self-wrong,
I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.

Enter ANGELO *with the chain.*

Ang. Master Antipholus,—
Ant. S. Ay, that's my name. 170
Ang. I know it well, sir: lo, here is the chain.
I thought to have ta'en you at the Porpentine:
The chain unfinish'd made me stay thus long.
Ant. S. What is your will that I should do with this? 174
Ang. What please[1] yourself, sir: I have made it for you.
Ant. S. Made it for me, sir! I bespoke it not.
Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you have.
Go home with it, and please your wife withal;
And soon, at supper-time, I'll visit you,
And then receive my money for the chain. 180
Ant. S. I pray you, sir, receive the money now,
For fear you ne'er see chain nor money more.
Ang. You are a merry man, sir: fare you well. [*Exit.*
Ant. S. What I should think of this, I cannot tell:
But this I think, there's no man is so vain[2]
That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain.
I see a man here needs not live by shifts,
When in the streets he meets such golden gifts.
I'll to the mart, and there for Dromio stay:
If any ship put out, then straight away. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A public place.*

Enter SECOND MERCHANT, ANGELO, *and an Officer.*

Sec. Mer. You know since Pentecost the sum is due,
And since I have not much impórtun'd you;
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
To Persia, and want gilders for my voyage:
Therefore make present satisfaction,
Or I'll attach you by this officer.
Ang. Even just the sum that I do owe to you
Is growing to me by Antipholus;
And in the instant that I met with you
He had of me a chain: at five o'clock 10
I shall receive the money for the same.
Pleaseth you walk with me down to his house,
I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of Ephesus and* DROMIO *of Ephesus from the Courtezan's.*

Off. That labour may you save: see where he comes. 14
Ant. E. While I go to the goldsmith's house, go thou
And buy a rope's end: that will I bestow
Among my wife and her confederates,
For locking me out of my doors by day.
But, soft! I see the goldsmith. Get thee gone;
Buy thou a rope and bring it home to me. 20
Dro. E. I buy a thousand pound a year! I buy a rope! [*Exit.*
Ant. E. A man is well holp up that trusts to you:
I promised your presence and the chain;
But neither chain nor goldsmith came to me.

---

[1] *What please*, what may please. [2] *Vain*, foolish.

Belike you thought our love would last too long, 25
If it were chain'd together, and therefore came not.
Ang. Saving your merry humour, here 's the note
How much your chain weighs to the utmost carat,
The fineness of the gold, and chargeful fashion,
Which doth amount to three odd ducats more
Than I stand debted to this gentleman: 31
I pray you, see him presently discharg'd,
For he is bound to sea and stays but for it.
Ant. E. I am not furnish'd with the present money;
Besides, I have some business in the town.
Good signior, take the stranger to my house,
And with you take the chain, and bid my wife
Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof:
Perchance I will be there as soon as you.
Ang. Then you will bring the chain to her yourself? 40
Ant. E. No; bear it with you, lest I come not time enough.
Ang. Well, sir, I will. Have you the chain about you?
Ant. E. An if I have not, sir, I hope you have;
Or else you may return without your money.
Ang. Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give me the chain:
Both wind and tide stays for this gentleman,
And I, to blame, have held him here too long.
Ant. E. Good Lord! you use this dalliance to excuse
Your breach of promise to the Porpentine.
I should have chid you for not bringing it, 50
But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.
Sec. Mer. The hour steals on; I pray you, sir, dispatch.
Ang. You hear how he impórtunes me;—the chain!
Ant. E. Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your money.
Ang. Come, come, you know I gave it you even now.
Either send the chain, or send me by[1] some token.
Ant. E. Fie, now you run this humour out of breath. 57
Come, where 's the chain? I pray you, let me see it.
Sec. Mer. My business cannot brook this dalliance.
Good sir, say whe'r you 'll answer me or no: 60
If not, I 'll leave him to the officer.
Ant. E. I answer you! what should I answer you?
Ang. The money that you owe me for the chain.
Ant. E. I owe you none till I receive the chain.
Ang. You know I gave 't you half an hour since.
Ant. E. You gave me none: you wrong me much to say so.
Ang. You wrong me more, sir, in denying it:
Consider how it stands upon my credit.
Sec. Mer. Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.
Off. I do;
And charge you in the duke's name to obey me. 70
Ang. This touches me in reputation.
Either consent to pay this sum for me,
Or I attach you by this officer.
Ant. E. Consent to pay thee that I never had!
Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou dar'st.
Ang. Here is thy fee; arrest him, officer.
I would not spare my brother in this case,
If he should scorn me so apparently.[2]
Off. I do arrest you, sir: you hear the suit.
Ant. E. I do obey thee till I give thee bail.— 80
But, sirrah, you shall buy this sport as dear
As all the metal in your shop will answer.
Ang. Sir, sir, I shall have law in Ephesus,
To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse, *from the bay.*

Dro. S. Master, there is a bark of Epidamium,
That stays but till her owner comes aboard,
Then, sir, she bears away. Our fraughtage,[3] sir,

[1] *By*, with.

[2] *Apparently*, openly. [3] *Fraughtage*, cargo.

I have convey'd aboard; and I have bought
The oil, the balsamum, and aqua-vitæ.
The ship is in her trim; the merry wind 90
Blows fair from land: they stay for nought at all
But for their owner, master, and yourself.
Ant. E. How now! a madman! Why, thou peevish sheep,
What ship of Epidamium stays for me?
Dro. S. A ship you sent me to, to hire waftage.[1]
Ant. E. Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a rope,
And told thee to what purpose and what end.
Dro. S. You sent me, sir, for a rope's end as soon:
You sent me to the bay, sir, for a bark.
Ant. E. I will debate this matter at more leisure, 100
And teach your ears to list me with more heed.
To Adriana, villain, hie thee straight:
Give her this key, and tell her, in the desk
That's cover'd o'er with Turkish tapestry,
There is a purse of ducats; let her send it:
Tell her I am arrested in the street,
And that shall bail me: hie thee, slave, be gone!
On, officer, to prison till it come.
[*Exeunt Sec. Merchant, Angelo, Officer, and Ant. E.*
Dro. S. To Adriana! that is where we din'd,
Where Dowsabel did claim me for her husband: 110
She is too big, I hope, for me to compass.
Thither I must, although against my will,
For servants must their masters' minds fulfil.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The house of Antipholus of Ephesus.*

Enter ADRIANA *and* LUCIANA.

Adr. Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee so?
Might'st thou perceive austerely[2] in his eye
That he did plead in earnest? yea, or no?
Look'd he or red or pale, or sad or merry?
What observation mad'st thou, in this case,
Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face?
Luc. First he denied you had in him no right.
Adr. He meant he did me none; the more my spite.
Luc. Then swore he that he was a stranger here.
Adr. And true he swore, though yet forsworn he were. 10
Luc. Then pleaded I for you.
Adr. And what said he?
Luc. That love I begg'd for you he begg'd of me.
Adr. With what persuasion did he tempt thy love?
Luc. With words that in an honest suit might move.
First he did praise my beauty, then my speech.
Adr. Didst speak him fair?
Luc. Have patience, I beseech.
Adr. I cannot, nor I will not, hold me still;
My tongue, though not my heart, shall have his will.
He is deformed, crooked, old and sere,
Ill-fac'd, worse bodied, shapeless everywhere;
Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind, 21
Stigmatical[3] in making, worse in mind.
Luc. Who would be jealous, then, of such a one?
No evil lost is wail'd when it is gone.
Adr. Ah, but I think him better than I say,
And yet would herein others' eyes were worse.
Far from her nest the lapwing cries away:
My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curse.

Enter DROMIO *of Syracuse.*

Dro. S. Here! go; the desk, the purse! sweet, now, make haste.
Luc. How hast thou lost thy breath?
Dro. S. By running fast. 30
Adr. Where is thy master, Dromio? is he well?
Dro. S. No, he's in Tartar limbo, worse than hell.

[1] *To hire waftage,* to engage a vessel (see iii. 2. 155).
[2] *Austerely,* surely, seriously.
[3] *Stigmatical,* marked (by deformity).

A devil in an everlasting garment[1] hath him;
One whose hard heart is button'd up with steel; 34
A fiend, a fairy, pitiless and rough;
A wolf, nay, worse, a fellow all in buff;
A back-friend,[2] a shoulder-clapper,[3] one that countermands
The passages of alleys, creeks, and narrow lands;
A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot[4] well;
One that, before the judgment, carries poor souls to hell. 40

Adr. Why, man, what is the matter?

Dro. S. No, he's in Tartar limbo, worse than hell.

Dro. S. I do not know the matter: he is 'rested on the case. 42

Adr. What, is he arrested? Tell me at whose suit.

Dro. S. I know not at whose suit he is arrested well;
But 'is in a suit of buff which 'rested him, that can I tell.
Will you send him, mistress, redemption, the money in his desk?

Adr. Go fetch it, sister. [*Exit Luciana.*
This I wonder at,
That he, unknown to me, should be in debt.
Tell me, was he arrested on a band?[5]

Dro. S. Not on a band, but on a stronger thing; 50
A chain, a chain:—do you not hear it ring?

Adr. What, the chain?

Dro. S. No, no, the bell: 't is time that I were gone:
It was two ere I left him, and now the clock strikes one.

Adr. The hours come back! that did I never hear.

[1] *Everlasting garment*, the buff jerkin of the sheriff's officer.
[2] *Back-friend*, secret enemy. [3] *Shoulder-clapper*, bailiff.
[4] *Draws dry-foot*, hunts by the scent of the footsteps like a bloodhound.
[5] *Band*, bond, but it also means "neckcloth," hence the pun in next line.

Dro. S. O, yes; if any hour meet a sergeant, a' turns back for very fear. 50

Adr. As if Time were in debt! how fondly dost thou reason!

Dro. S. Time is a very bankrupt, and owes[1] more than he 's worth to season.
Nay, he 's a thief too: have you not heard men say,
That Time comes stealing on by night and day? 60
If Time be in debt and theft, and a sergeant in the way,
Hath he not reason to turn back an hour in a day?]

Re-enter LUCIANA *with a purse.*

Adr. Go, Dromio; there 's the money, bear it straight,
And bring thy master home immediately.
Come, sister: I am press'd down with conceit,—[2]
Conceit, my comfort and my injury.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A public place.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of Syracuse.*

Ant. S. There 's not a man I meet but doth salute me
As if I were their well-acquainted friend;
And every one doth call me by my name.
Some tender money to me; some invite me;
Some other give me thanks for kindnesses;
Some offer me commodities to buy:
Even now a tailor call'd me in his shop,
And show'd me silks that he had bought for me,
And therewithal took measure of my body.
Sure, these are but imaginary wiles, 10
And Lapland sorcerers inhabit here.

Enter DROMIO *of Syracuse.*

Dro. S. Master, here 's the gold you sent me for. [What, have you got the picture of old Adam new-apparell'd?

Ant. S. What gold is this? what Adam dost thou mean?

Dro. S. Not that Adam that kept the Paradise, but that Adam that keeps the prison: he that goes in the calf's skin that was kill'd for the Prodigal; he that came behind you, sir, like an evil angel, and bid you forsake your liberty. 20

Ant. S. I understand thee not.

Dro. S. No? why, 't is a plain case: he that went, like a bass-viol, in a case of leather; the man, sir, that, when gentlemen are tired, gives them a fob and 'rests them; he, sir, that takes pity on decayed men, and gives them suits of durance; he that sets up his rest to do more exploits with his mace than a morris-pike.[3]

Ant. S. What! thou mean'st an officer?

Dro. S. Ay, sir, the sergeant of the band; he that brings any man to answer it that breaks his band; one that thinks a man always going to bed, and says "God give you good rest!"[4] 34

Ant. S. Well, sir, there rest in your foolery.]
Is there any ship puts forth to-night? may we be gone?

Dro. S. Why, sir, I brought you word, an hour since, that the bark Expedition put forth to-night; and then were you hinder'd by the sergeant, to tarry for the hoy Delay. Here are the angels[5] that you sent for to deliver you.

Ant. S. The fellow is distract, and so am I;
And here we wander in illusions:
Some blessed power deliver us from hence!

Enter a COURTEZAN.

Cour. Well met, well met, master Antipholus.
I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now:
Is that the chain you promis'd me to-day?

Ant. S. Satan, avoid! I charge thee, tempt me not.

Dro. S. Master, is this Mistress Satan?

Ant. S. It is the devil. 50

Dro. S. Nay, she is worse, she is the devil's dam; [and here she comes in the habit of a light wench: and thereof comes that the wenches say "God damn me;" that 's as much as to say "God make me a light wench." It is written, they appear to men like angels of

[1] *Owes*, owns. [2] *Conceit*, apprehension.

[3] *Morris-pike*, Moorish pike.

[4] *Give you good rest*, a pun on *rest* and *'rest* for arrest.

[5] *Angels*, gold coins worth about ten shillings.

light: light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn; ergo, light wenches will burn.] Come not near her.

Cour. Your man and you are marvellous merry, sir.

Will you go with me? We'll mend our dinner here. 60

Dro. S. Master, if you do, expect spoon-meat; so bespeak a long spoon.

Ant. S. Why, Dromio?

Dro. S. Marry, he must have a long spoon that must eat with the devil.

Ant. S. Avoid thee, fiend! what tell'st thou me of supping?

Thou art, as you are all, a sorceress:
I cónjure thee to leave me and be gone.

Cour. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,
Or, for my diamond, the chain you promis'd, 70
And I'll be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

Dro. S. Some devils ask but the parings of one's nail,
A rush, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin,
A nut, a cherry-stone;
But she, more covetous, would have a chain.
Master, be wise: and if you give it her,
The devil will shake her chain and fright us with it.

Cour. I pray you, sir, my ring, or else the chain:
I hope you do not mean to cheat me so.

Ant. S. Avaunt, thou witch! Come, Dromio, let us go. 80

Dro. S. "Fly pride," says the peacock: mistress, that you know.

[*Exeunt Ant. S. and Dro. S.*

Cour. Now, out of doubt Antipholus is mad,
Else would he never so demean himself.
A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,
And for the same he promis'd me a chain:
Both one and other he denies me now.
The reason that I gather he is mad,
Besides this present instance of his rage,
Is a mad tale he told to-day at dinner,
Of his own doors being shut against his entrance. 90
Belike his wife, acquainted with his fits,
On purpose shut the doors against his way.
My way is now to hie home to his house,
And tell his wife that, being lunatic,
He rush'd into my house, and took perforce
My ring away. This course I fittest choose;
For forty ducats is too much to lose. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *A street.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of Ephesus and the* OFFICER.

Ant. E. Fear me not, man; I will not break away:
I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much money,
To warrant thee, as I am 'rested for.
My wife is in a wayward mood to-day,
And will not lightly trust the messenger,
That I should be attach'd in Ephesus:
I tell you, 't will sound harshly in her ears.
Here comes my man; I think he brings the money.

Enter DROMIO *of Ephesus with a rope's-end.*

How now, sir! have you that I sent you for?

Dro. E. Here's that, I warrant you, will pay them all. 10

Ant. E. But where's the money?

Dro. E. Why, sir, I gave the money for the rope.

Ant. E. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?

Off. I'll serve you, sir, five hundred at the rate.

Ant. E. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?

Dro. E. To a rope's-end, sir; and to that end am I returned.

Ant. E. And to that end, sir, I will welcome you. [*Beating him.*

Off. Good sir, be patient. 20

Dro. E. Nay, 't is for me to be patient; I am in adversity.

Off. Good, now, hold thy tongue.

Dro. E. Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.

Ant. E. Thou whoreson, senseless villain!

Dro. E. I would I were senseless, sir, that I might not feel your blows.

Ant. E. Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so is an ass.

Dro. E. I am an ass, indeed; you may prove it by my long 'ears.[1] I have served him from the

[1] *'Ears*, years. A pun is intended.

hour of my nativity to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service but blows. When I am cold, he heats me with beating; when I am warm, he cools me with beating: I am wak'd with it when I sleep; rais'd with it when I sit; driven out of doors with it when I go from home; welcom'd home with it when I return: nay, I bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar wont[1] her brat; and, I think, when he hath lam'd me, I shall beg with it from door to door. 42

Ant. E. Come, go along; my wife is coming yonder.

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, *the* COURTEZAN, *and* PINCH.

Dro. E. Mistress, *respice finem*, respect your end; or rather, to prophesy, like the parrot, "beware the rope's-end."

Ant. E. Wilt thou still talk? [*Beating him.*

Cour. How say you now? is not your husband mad?

Adr. His incivility confirms no less.

Good Doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer; 50
Establish him in his true sense again,
And I will please you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks!

Cour. Mark how he trembles in his ecstasy!

Pinch. Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulse.

Ant. E. There is my hand, and let it feel your ear. [*Striking him.*

Pinch. I charge thee, Satan, hous'd within this man,
To yield possession to my holy prayers,
And to thy state of darkness hie thee straight:
I cónjure thee by all the saints in heaven! 60

Ant. E. Peace, doting wizard, peace! I am not mad.

Adr. O, that thou wert not, poor distressed soul!

Ant. E. You minion, you, are these your customers?

Did this companion[2] with the saffron face
Revel and feast it at my house to-day,
Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut,
And I denied to enter in my house?

Adr. O husband, God doth know you din'd at home;
Where would you had remain'd until this time,
Free from these slanders and this open shame!

Ant. E. I din'd at home! Thou villain, what sayest thou? 71

Dro. E. Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at home.

Ant. E. Were not my doors lock'd up, and I shut out?

Dro. E. Perdie, your doors were lock'd, and you shut out.

Ant. E. And did not she herself revile me there?

Dro. E. Sans fable, she herself revil'd you there.

Ant. E. Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and scorn me?

Dro. E. Certes, she did; the kitchen-vestal scorn'd you.

Ant. E. And did not I in rage depart from thence?

Dro. E. In verity you did; my bones bear witness, 80
That since have felt the vigour of his rage.

Adr. Is't good to soothe him in these contraries?

Pinch. It is no shame: the fellow finds his vein,
And, yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.

Ant. E. Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to arrest me.

Adr. Alas, I sent you money to redeem you,
By Dromio here, who came in haste for it.

Dro. E. Money by me! heart and good-will you might;
But surely, master, not a rag of money.

Ant. E. Went'st not thou to her for a purse of ducats? 90

Adr. He came to me and I deliver'd it.

Luc. And I am witness with her that she did.

Dro. E. God and the rope-maker bear me witness
That I was sent for nothing but a rope!

Pinch. Mistress, both man and master is possess'd;
I know it by their pale and deadly looks:
They must be bound and laid in some dark room.

---

[1] *Wont*, is accustomed (to bear). [2] *Companion*, fellow,

Gordon Browne
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Ant. E. Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth to-day? 98
And why dost thou deny the bag of gold?
Adr. I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth. 100
Dro. E. And, gentle master, I receiv'd no gold;
But I confess, sir, that we were lock'd out.
Adr. Dissembling villain, thou speak'st false in both.
Ant. E. Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all;
And art confederate with a damned pack
To make a loathsome abject scorn of me:
But with these nails I'll pluck out those false eyes
That would behold in me this shameful sport.
[*Rushes at Adriana, who retreats from him. Pinch makes a sign to the attendants, who come on quickly, and seize Antipholus and bind him, he resisting violently.*]
Adr. O, bind him, bind him! let him not come near me.
Pinch. More company!—The fiend is strong within him. 110
Luc. Ay me, poor man, how pale and wan he looks!
Ant. E. What, will you murder me? Thou gaoler, thou,
I am thy prisoner: wilt thou suffer them
To make a rescue?
Off. Masters, let him go:
He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.
Pinch. Go bind his man, for he is frantic too. [*They bind Dro. E.*
Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peevish[1] officer?
Hast thou delight to see a wretched man
Do outrage and displeasure to himself?
Off. He is my prisoner: if I let him go, 120
The debt he owes will be requir'd of me.
Adr. I will discharge thee ere I go from thee:
Bear me forthwith unto his creditor
And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it.
Good master doctor, see him safe convey'd 125
Home to my house. [O most unhappy day!
Ant. E. O most unhappy strumpet!
Dro. E. Master, I am here enter'd in bond for you.
Ant. E. Out on thee, villain! wherefore dost thou mad me?
Dro. E. Will you be bound for nothing? be mad, good master: cry "The devil!" 131
Luc. God help, poor souls, how idly do they talk!]
Adr. Go bear him hence. Sister, go you with me.
[*Exeunt Pinch and Attendants with Antipholus and Dromio bound, still struggling.*
Say now, whose suit is he arrested at?
Off. One Angelo, a goldsmith: do you know him?
Adr. I know the man. What is the sum he owes?
Off. Two hundred ducats.
Adr. Say, how grows it due?
Off. Due for a chain your husband had of him.
Adr. He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it not.
Cour. When as your husband all in rage to-day
Came to my house, and took away my ring— 141
The ring I saw upon his finger now—
Straight after did I meet him with a chain.
Adr. It may be so, but I did never see it.
Come, gaoler, bring me where the goldsmith is:
I long to know the truth hereof at large.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of Syracuse with his rapier drawn, and* DROMIO *of Syracuse.*

Luc. God, for thy mercy! they are loose again.
Adr. And come with naked swords.
Let's call more help to have them bound again.
Off. Away! they'll kill us. 150
[*Exeunt, in haste, Adriana, Luciana, the Courtezan, and Officer.*
Ant. S. I see these witches are afraid of swords.
Dro. S. She that would be your wife now ran from you.

[1] *Peevish*, foolish.

Ant. S. Come to the Centaur; fetch our stuff[1] from thence: 153
I long that we were safe and sound aboard.
Dro. S. Faith, stay here this night; they will surely do us no harm: you saw they speak us fair, give us gold: methinks they are such a gentle nation that, but for the mountain of mad flesh that claims marriage of me, I could find in my heart to stay here still, and turn witch. 160
Ant. S. I will not stay to-night for all the town;
Therefore away, to get our stuff aboard.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *A street before a Priory.*

Enter SECOND MERCHANT *and* ANGELO.

Ang. I am sorry, sir, that I have hinder'd you;
But, I protest, he had the chain of me,
Though most dishonestly he doth deny it.
Sec. Mer. How is the man esteem'd here in the city?
Ang. Of very reverend reputation, sir,
Of credit infinite, highly belov'd,
Second to none that lives here in the city:
His word might bear my wealth at any time.
Sec. Mer. Speak softly: yonder, as I think, he walks.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of Syracuse and* DROMIO *of Syracuse.*

Ang. 'T is so; and that self chain about his neck, 10
Which he forswore[2] most monstrously to have.
Good sir, draw near to me, I 'll speak to him.
Signior Antipholus, I wonder much
That you would put me to this shame and trouble;
And, not without some scandal to yourself,
With circumstance and oaths so to deny
This chain, which now you wear so openly:
Beside the charge, the shame, imprisonment,
You have done wrong to this my honest friend,
Who, but for staying on[3] our controversy, 20
Had hoisted sail, and put to sea to day:
This chain you had of me; can you deny it?
Ant. S. I think I had; I never did deny it.
Sec. Mer. Yes, that you did, sir, and forswore it too. 24
Ant. S. Who heard me to deny it or forswear it?
Sec. Mer. These ears of mine, thou know'st, did hear thee.
Fie on thee, wretch! 'tis pity that thou liv'st
To walk where any honest men resort.
Ant. S. Thou art a villain to impeach me thus:
I 'll prove mine honour and mine honesty 30
Against thee presently, if thou dar'st stand.
Sec. Mer. I dare, and do defy thee for a villain. [*They draw.*

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, *the* COURTEZAN, *and others.*

Adr. Hold, hurt him not, for God's sake! he is mad.
Some get within him,[4] take his sword away:
Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my house.
Dro. S. Run, master, run; for God's sake, take a house![5]
This is some priory. In, or we are spoil'd!
[*Exeunt Ant. S. and Dro. S. into the Priory.*

Enter the LADY ABBESS.

Abb. Be quiet, people. Wherefore throng you hither?
Adr. To fetch my poor distracted husband hence.
Let us come in, that we may bind him fast, 40
And bear him home for his recovery.

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[1] *Stuff*, baggage.
[2] *Forswore to have*, denied on oath that he had.
[3] *Staying on*, waiting for the end of.
[4] *Within him*, within his guard.
[5] *Take a house*, take (refuge in) a house.

Ang. I knew he was not in his perfect wits.
Sec. Mer. I am sorry now that I did draw on him. 43
Abb. How long hath this possession held the man?
Adr. This week he hath been heavy, sour, sad,
And much much different from the man he was;
But, till this afternoon, his passion
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.
Abb. Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck of sea?
Buried some dear friend? Hath not else his eye
Stray'd[1] his affection in unlawful love,— 51
A sin prevailing much in youthful men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing?
Which of these sorrows is he subject to?
Adr. To none of these, except it be the last;
Namely, some love that drew him oft from home.
Abb. You should for that have reprehended him.
Adr. Why, so I did.
Abb. Ay, but not rough enough.
Adr. As roughly as my modesty would let me.
Abb. Haply, in private.
Adr. And in assemblies too.
Abb. Ay, but not enough. 61
Adr. It was the copy of our conference:
In bed, he slept not for my urging it;
At board he fed not for my urging it:
Alone, it was the subject of my theme;
In company, I often glanced[2] it;
Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.
Abb. And thereof came it that the man was mad:
The venom[3] clamours of a jealous woman
Poisons more deadly than a mad dog's tooth. 70
It seems his sleeps were hinder'd by thy railing,
And thereof comes it that his head is light.
Thou say'st his meat was sauc'd with thy upbraidings:
Unquiet meals make ill digestions: 74
Thereof the raging fire of fever bred;
And what 's a fever but a fit of madness?
Thou say'st his sports were hinder'd by thy brawls:
Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue
But moody, moping, and dull melancholy,
[Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair, 80
And at her heels a huge infectious troop
Of pale distemperatures[4] and foes to life?
In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest
To be disturb'd, would mad or man or beast:]
The consequence is, then, thy jealous fits
Have scar'd thy husband from the use of wits.
Luc. She never reprehended him but mildly,
When he demean'd himself rough, rude and wildly.
Why bear you these rebukes and answer not?
Adr. She did betray me to my own reproof.—
Good people, enter, and lay hold on him. 91
Abb. No, not a creature enters in my house.
Adr. Then let your servants bring my husband forth.
Abb. Neither: he took this place for sanctuary,
And it shall privilege him from your hands,
Till I have brought him to his wits again,
Or lose my labour in assaying it.
Adr. I will attend my husband, be his nurse,
Diet his sickness, for it is my office,
And will have no attorney but myself; 100
And therefore let me have him home with me.
Abb. Be patient; for I will not let him stir
Till I have us'd the approved means I have,
With wholesome syrups, drugs and holy prayers,
To make of him a formal[5] man again:
It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,
A charitable duty of my order.
Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.
Adr. I will not hence, and leave my husband here:
And ill it doth beseem your holiness 110
To separate the husband and the wife.
Abb. Be quiet and depart: thou shalt not have him. [*Exit.*

[1] *Stray'd*, caused to stray, misled.
[2] *Glanced*, censured.
[3] *Venom* = venomous, or venom'd.
[4] *Distemperatures*, sicknesses.
[5] *Formal*, reasonable.

Luc. Complain unto the duke of this indignity.

Adr. Come, go: I will fall prostrate at his feet.
And never rise until my tears and prayers
Have won his grace to come in person hither,
And take perforce my husband from the abbess.

Sec. Mer. By this, I think, the dial points at five:
Anon, I'm sure, the duke himself in person
Comes this way to the melancholy vale,
The place of death and sorry[1] execution,
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.

Ang. Upon what cause?

Sec. Mer. To see a reverend Syracusian merchant,
Who put unluckily into this bay
Against the laws and statutes of this town,
Beheaded publicly for his offence.

Ang. See where they come: we will behold his death.

Luc. [*to Adriana*] Kneel to the duke before he pass the abbey.

Enter DUKE, *attended; Ægeon bareheaded and bound; with the Headman and other Officers.*

Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publicly,
If any friend will pay the sum for him,
He shall not die; so much we tender[2] him.

Adr. Justice, most sacred duke, against the abbess!

Duke. She is a virtuous and a reverend lady:
It cannot be that she hath done thee wrong.

Adr. May it please your grace, Antipholus my husband,
Whom I made lord of me and all I had,
At your important[3] letters,—this ill day
A most outrageous fit of madness took him;
That desperately he hurried through the street,—
With him his bondman, all as mad as he,—
Doing displeasure to the citizens
By rushing in their houses, bearing thence
Rings, jewels, any thing his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound and sent him home,
Whilst to take order[4] for the wrongs I went,
That here and there his fury had committed.
Anon, I wot not by what strong escape,
He broke from those that had the guard of him:
And with his mad attendant and himself,
Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords,
Met us again, and, madly bent on us,
Chased us away, till raising of more aid,

Adr. Justice, most sacred duke, against the abbess!

We came again to bind them. Then they fled
Into this abbey, whither we pursu'd them:
And here the abbess shuts the gates on us,
And will not suffer us to fetch him out,
Nor send him forth, that we may bear him hence.
Therefore, most gracious duke, with thy command,
Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help.

[1] *Sorry*, sorrowful, dismal. [2] *Tender*, regard.
[3] *Important*, *i.e.* importunate.
[4] *To take order*, to take measures.

Duke. Long since thy husband serv'd me in my wars, 161
And I to thee engag'd a prince's word,
When thou didst make him master of thy bed,
To do him all the grace and good I could.—
Go, some of you, knock at the abbey-gate,
And bid the lady abbess come to me.—
I will determine this before I stir.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. O mistress, mistress, shift and save yourself!
My master and his man are both broke loose,
Beaten the maids a-row,[1] and bound the doctor, 170
Whose beard they have sing'd off with brands of fire;
[And ever, as it blaz'd, they threw on him
Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair:
My master preaches patience to him, while
His man with scissors nicks him[2] like a fool;]
And sure, unless you send some present help,
Between them they will kill the conjurer.
Adr. Peace, fool! thy master and his man are here,
And that is false thou dost report to us.
Serv. Mistress, upon my life, I tell you true;
I have not breath'd almost since I did see it.
He cries for you, and vows, if he can take you, 182
To scorch your face, and to disfigure you.
[*Cry within.*
Hark, hark! I hear him, mistress: fly, be gone!
Duke. Come, stand by me; fear nothing. Guard with halberds!
Adr. Ay me, it is my husband! Witness you,
That he is borne about invisible:
Even now we hous'd him in the abbey here;
And now he's there, past thought of human reason.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of Ephesus and* DROMIO *of Ephesus.*

Ant. E. Justice, most gracious duke, O, grant me justice! 190
Even for the service that long since I did thee,
When I bestrid thee in the wars, and took 192
Deep scars to save thy life; even for the blood
That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.
Æge. Unless the fear of death doth make me dote,
I see my son Antipholus and Dromio.
Ant. E. Justice, sweet prince, against that woman there!
She whom thou gav'st to me to be my wife,
That hath abused and dishonour'd me
Even in the strength and height of injury! 200
Beyond imagination is the wrong
That she this day hath shameless thrown on me.
Duke. Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.
Ant. E. This day, great duke, she shut the doors upon me,
While she with harlots feasted in my house.
Duke. A grievous fault!—Say, woman, didst thou so?
Adr. No, my good lord: myself, he, and my sister,
To-day did dine together. So befall my soul
As this is false he burdens me withal!
Luc. Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on night, 210
But she tells to your highness simple truth!
Ang. O perjur'd woman! They are both forsworn:
In this the madman justly chargeth them.
Ant. E. My liege, I am advised what I say,
Neither disturbed with th' effect of wine,
Nor heady-rash, provok'd with raging ire,
Albeit my wrongs might make one wiser mad.
This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner:
That goldsmith there, were he not pack'd[3] with her,
Could witness it, for he was with me then; 220
Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,
Promising to bring it to the Porpentine,
Where Balthazar and I did dine together.
Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,
I went to seek him: in the street I met him,
And in his company that gentleman.
There did this perjur'd goldsmith swear me down

[1] *A-row*, in succession. [2] *Nicks him*, cuts his hair close.

[3] *Pack'd*, leagued.

That I this day of him receiv'd the chain,
Which, God he knows, I saw not: for the which
He did arrest me with an officer. 230
I did obey, and sent my peasant home
For certain ducats: he with none return'd.
Then fairly I bespoke the officer
To go in person with me to my house.
By the way we met
My wife, her sister, and a rabble more
Of vile confederates. Along with them
They brought one Pinch, a hungry lean-fac'd villain,
A mere anatomy, a mountebank,
A threadbare juggler, and a fortune-teller,
A needy, hollow-ey'd, sharp-looking wretch,
A living-dead man: this pernicious slave, 241
Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer;
And gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,
And with no face, as 't were, outfacing me,
Cries out, I was possess'd. Then all together
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence,
And in a dark and dankish vault at home
They left me and my man, both bound together;
Till, gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder,
I gain'd my freedom, and immediately 250
Ran hither to your grace; whom I beseech
To give me ample satisfaction
For these deep shames and great indignities.

Ang. My lord, in truth, thus far I witness with him,
That he din'd not at home, but was lock'd out.

Duke. But had he such a chain of thee or no?

Ang. He had, my lord: and when he ran in here,
These people saw the chain about his neck.

Sec. Mer. Besides, I will be sworn these ears of mine
Heard you confess you had the chain of him,
After you first forswore it on the mart: 261
And thereupon I drew my sword on you;
And then you fled into this abbey here,
From whence, I think, you are come by miracle.

Ant. E. I never came within these abbey-walls,
Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me:
I never saw the chain, so help me Heaven!
And this is false you burden me withal.

Duke. Why, what an intricate impeach[1] is this!
I think you all have drunk of Circe's cup. 270
If here you hous'd him, here he would have been;
If he were mad, he would not plead so coldly:—
You say he din'd at home; the goldsmith here
Denies that saying.—Sirrah, what say you?

Dro. E. Sir, he din'd with her there, at the Porpentine.

Cour. He did, and from my finger snatch'd that ring.

Ant. E. 'T is true, my liege; this ring I had of her.

Duke. Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here?

Cour. As sure, my liege, as I do see your grace.

Duke. Why, this is strange.—Go call the abbess hither.— 280
I think you are all mated,[2] or stark mad.

[*Exit one to the Abbess.*

Æge. Most mighty duke, vouchsafe me speak a word:
Haply I see a friend will save my life,
And pay the sum that may deliver me.

Duke. Speak freely, Syracusian, what thou wilt.

Æge. Is not your name, sir, call'd Antipholus?
And is not that your bondman, Dromio?

Dro. E. Within this hour I was his bondman, sir,
But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords:
Now am I Dromio, and his man unbound. 290

Æge. I am sure you both of you remember me.

Dro. E. Ourselves we do remember, sir, by you;
For lately we were bound, as you are now.
You are not Pinch's patient, are you, sir?

Æge. Why look you strange on me? you know me well.

Ant. E. I never saw you in my life till now.

Æge. O, grief hath chang'd me since you saw me last,

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[1] *Impeach*, accusation. [2] *Mated*, confused.

And careful[1] hours with time's deformed hand
Have written strange defeatures[2] in my face:
But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?
Ant. E. Neither. 301
Æge. Dromio, nor thou?
Dro. E. No, trust me, sir, nor I.
Æge. I am sure thou dost.
Dro. E. Ay, sir, but I am sure I do not; and whatsoever a man denies, you are now bound to believe him.
Æge. Not know my voice! O time's extremity,
Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poor tongue
In seven short years, that here my only son
Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares?
Though now this grained face of mine be hid
In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow, 312
And all the conduits of my blood froze up;
Yet hath my night of life some memory,
My wasting lamps some fading glimmer left,
My dull deaf ears a little use to hear:
All these old witnesses—I cannot err—
Tell me thou art my son Antipholus.
Ant. E. I never saw my father in my life.
Æge. But seven years since, in Syracusa, boy, 320
Thou know'st we parted: but perhaps, my son,
Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in misery.
Ant. E. The duke, and all that know me in the city,
Can witness with me that it is not so:
I ne'er saw Syracusa in my life.
Duke. I tell thee, Syracusian, twenty years
Have I been patron to Antipholus,
During which time he ne'er saw Syracusa:
I see thy age and dangers make thee dote.

Re-enter ABBESS, *with* ANTIPHOLUS *of Syracuse and* DROMIO *of Syracuse.*

Abb. Most mighty duke, behold a man much wrong'd. [*All gather to see them.* 330
Adr. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.
Duke. One of these men is Genius to the other;
And so of these. [*Looking at the two Dromios.*] Which is the natural man,
And which the spirit? who deciphers them?
Dro. S. I sir, am Dromio: command him away. 335
Dro. E. I, sir, am Dromio: pray, let me stay.
Ant. S. Ægeon art thou not? or else his ghost?
Dro. S. O, my old master! who hath bound him here?
Abb. Whoever bound him, I will lose his bonds,
And gain a husband by his liberty. 340
Speak, old Ægeon, if thou be'st the man
That hadst a wife once, call'd Æmilia,
That bore thee at a burden two fair sons:
O, if thou be'st the same Ægeon, speak,
And speak unto the same Æmilia!
Æge. If I dream not, thou art Æmilia:
If thou art she, tell me where is that son
That floated with thee on the fatal raft?
Abb. By men of Epidamium he, and I,
And the twin Dromio, all were taken up; 350
But, by and by, rude fishermen of Corinth
By force took Dromio and my son from them,
And me they left with those of Epidamium.
What then became of them I cannot tell;
I to this fortune that you see me in.
Duke. Why, here begins his morning story right:
These two Antipholi, these two so like,
And these two Dromios, one in semblance,—
Besides his urging of her wreck at sea,—
These are the parents to these children, 360
Which accidentally are met together.
Antipholus, thou cam'st from Corinth first?
Ant. S. No, sir, not I; I came from Syracuse.
Duke. Stay, stand apart; I know not which is which.
Ant. E. I came from Corinth, my most gracious lord,—
Dro. E. And I with him.
Ant. E. Brought to this town by that most famous warrior,
Duke Menaphon, your most renowned uncle.
Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to-day?
Ant. S. I, gentle mistress.
Adr. And are not you my husband?
Ant. E. No; I say nay to that. 371

[1] *Careful*, full of anxiety.
[2] *Defeatures*, changes of features.

Ant. S. And so do I; yet did she call me so:
And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,
Did call me brother. [*To Luc.*] What I told you then, 374
I hope I shall have leisure to make good;
If this be not a dream I see and hear.
Ang. That is the chain, sir, which you had of me.
Ant. S. I think it be, sir; I deny it not.
Ant. E. And you, sir, for this chain arrested me. 380
Ang. I think I did, sir; I deny it not.
Adr. I sent you money, sir, to be your bail,
By Dromio; but I think he brought it not.
Dro. E. No, none by me.
Ant. S. This purse of ducats I receiv'd from you
And Dromio my man did bring them me.
I see we still did meet each other's man,
And I was ta'en for him, and he for me,
And thereupon these ERRORS are arose.
Ant. E. These ducats pawn I for my father here.
Duke. It shall not need; thy father hath his life. 390
Cour. Sir, I must have that diamond from you.
Ant. E. There, take it; and much thanks for my good cheer.
Abb. Renowned duke, vouchsafe to take the pains
To go with us into the abbey here,
And hear at large discoursed all our fortunes:
And all that are assembled in this place,
That by this sympathized one day's error
Have suffer'd wrong, go keep us company,
And we shall make full satisfaction.
Twenty-five years have I but gone in travail 400
Of you, my sons; and till this present hour,
My heavy burthen ne'er delivered.
The duke, my husband, and my children both,
And you the calendars of their nativity,
Go to a gossips' feast, and go with me;
After so long grief, such felicity!
Duke. With all my heart, I'll gossip at this feast. [*Exeunt all but Ant. S., Ant. E., Dro. S., and Dro. E.*
Dro. S. Master, shall I fetch your stuff from shipboard?
Ant. E. Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou embark'd?
Dro. S. Your goods that lay at host, sir, in the Centaur. 410
Ant. S. He speaks to me. I am your master, Dromio:

Dro. E. Nay, then, thus . . . let's go hand in hand, not one before another.

Come, go with us; we'll look to that anon:
Embrace thy brother there; rejoice with him.
[*Exeunt Ant. S. and Ant. E.*
Dro. S. There is a fat friend at your master's house,
That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner:
She now shall be my sister, not my wife.
Dro. E. Methinks you are my glass, and not my brother:
I see by you I am a sweet-fac'd youth.
Will you walk in to see their gossiping? 420
Dro. S. Not I, sir; you are my elder.
Dro. E. That's a question: how shall we try it?
Dro. S. We'll draw cuts for the senior: till then lead thou first.
Dro. E. Nay, then, thus:
We came into the world like brother and brother;
And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another. [*Exeunt*

MAP TO ILLUSTRATE THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

NOTES TO THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

ACT I. SCENE 1.

1. Line 14: *Both by the* SYRACUSIANS. So all the Folios. Some modern editors alter *Syracusians* to *Syracusans; Syracusian* is a form sometimes found; for instance, Burton, in his Anatomy of Melancholy, uses it—"or as that *Syracusian* in a tempest, &c." (ed. 1676, p. 345).

2. Lines 16–18:

Nay, more, if any born at Ephesus
Be seen at Syracusian marts and fairs;
Again, if any Syracusian born.

The Ff. read line 17:

Be seen at *any* Syracusian marts and fairs.

The Cambridge Edd., following Malone, arrange thus:

Nay, more,
If any born at Ephesus be seen
At any Syracusian marts and fairs.

The word *any* in line 17 was probably inserted in Ff. by mistake from the following line. We have followed Dyce in the arrangement of the lines.

3. Line 35: *Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence.* *i.e.* by natural affection, which impelled me to seek my son at Ephesus, not by deliberate offence against the law.

4. Line 39: *And by me* TOO, *had not our hap been bad.* —*Too,* which is necessary to the metre, was inserted by F. 2.

5. Line 42: *Epidamium.*—So Ff., corrected by nearly all modern editors to *Epidamnum;* but as *Epidamnus* is the correct name of the town (afterwards called by the Romans *Dyrrhachium*), we have thought it better to keep the same form as that in F. 1; although in the translation of the Menæchmi by W. W., published in 1595, *Epidamnum* is the word used. The mistake probably arose from the fact that, in the acrostic argument prefixed to the Menæchmi, the name of the town occurs only in the accusative case:

Post *Epidamnum* devenit.

If the reading of the Folio be altered at all, surely it should be to *Epidamnus.*

6. Line 43: *And* THE *great care of goods.*—*The* is Theobald's emendation for *he,* the reading of F. 1.

7. Line 55: *A meaner woman was delivered.*—F. 1 reads "*a meane* woman." F. 2 "*A poor meane* woman." But *poor* occurs two lines lower down. *Meaner, i.e.* "belonging to a lower rank," is Walker's emendation.

8. Line 88: WAS *carried towards Corinth.*—Many editors substitute *were;* but, perhaps, the subject of the sentence is the mast: Capell's suggestion to alter *and* in the preceding line to *which* may be right.

9. Line 94: *Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this.*—This line seems to require a little geographical explanation. The *Epidaurus* (spelt *Epidarus* in F. 1) mentioned here, was the town of that name, situate in Argolis on the Saronic Gulf. There was another *Epidaurus* in Laconia, called also Limera. Corinth had two ports, Lechæum on the Gulf of Corinth, and Cenchreæ on the Saronic Gulf. A ship, bound to or coming from the latter port, would

come by the same course as one sailing to or from Epidaurus; and they would meet the floating mast, on which Ægeon his wife and the four children were, outside the Ionian Islands. Dyrrhachium (*Durazzo*) is about 250 miles from the mouth of the Gulf of Corinth: Ægeon tells us that the storm commenced when they were "a league from Epidamium;" so that, as it was not long before the wreck took place, the mast, on which he and his family were saved, must have travelled some considerable distance to have reached any spot near the entrance of that gulf. Accuracy, however, as regards the situation of places and their distance from one another, must not be looked for in dramatic works.

10. Line 104: *Our* HELPFUL *ship.*—Rowe altered *helpful* to *helpless*, while Mr. Swynfen Jervis suggested *hopeful*. Surely these corrections are totally unnecessary. By "our *helpful* ship" Ægeon means the mast which came, as it were, to their help, when they were wrecked. *Helpful* is a characteristic epithet; the proposed emendations are commonplace.

11. Line 115: *Gave* HEALTHFUL *welcome.*—This is the reading of F. 1; the three later Folios read *helpful:* here again the emendation supplies a weaker epithet than the original reading.

12. Line 125: *My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care.*—Shakespeare, as Mason points out, has made a slip here. The younger twin was with the mother, not with the father, when they were wrecked. See lines 79–83:

> My wife, more careful for *the latter born*, &c.

13. Line 128: FOR *his case was like.*—F. 1 reads *so*, a reading defended by Malone; but F. 2 reads *for*, which is better. The whole passage is rather obscurely worded; and, as the *s* of *for* might easily have been confounded with the *f* of *so*, the emendation of F. 2, which certainly makes the sense clearer, may be accepted without any scruple.

14. Lines 131, 132:

> *Whom whilst I labour'd of a love to see,*
> *I hazarded the loss of whom I lov'd.*

The construction here is very obscure; the meaning is tolerably clear. *Whom* (*i.e.* my lost son) whilst I labour'd of a love (*i.e.* was lovingly anxious) to see, yet (in letting my other son go to seek him) I hazarded the loss of whom I lov'd (*i.e.* that other son himself). Perhaps if we read "of *him* I lov'd" the sentence would not seem quite so awkward.

15. Line 133:

> *Five summers have I spent in furthest Greece,*
> *Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia.*

His travels were, apparently, not so extensive as those described in the corresponding passage of W. W.'s translation of the Menæchmi. Ægeon means he had been all through Græcia Superior, Macedonia and Thrace; and now, returning down the eastern coast of the Ægean Sea, came to Ephesus.

16. Lines 151, 152:

> *Therefore, merchant, I'll limit thee this day*
> *To seek thy* LIFE *by beneficial help.*

Merchant, if the reading of the Folios be adhered to, must be pronounced with the accent on the last syllable. I have met with the word so accented in an old Play, but cannot lay my hand on the reference. Pope altered the arrangement of the words to *I, therefore, merchant*, which Capell followed, reading *I'll* instead of *I*. *Life* is Pope's emendation. *Ff.* read *help*.

ACT I. SCENE 2.

17. Line 28: *And afterward* CONSÓRT *you.*—Some editors, unnecessarily, read "*with* you." For a similar use of *consort*, see Love's Labour's Lost, ii. 1. 178:

> Sweet health and fair desires *consórt* your grace;

and again in Julius Cæsar, v. 1. 83:

> Who to Philippi here *consorted* us.

18. Line 41: *Here comes the* ALMANAC *of my true date.*—He means, of course, Dromio, who, having been born in the same hour as his master, serves to fix the *date* of his birth, like an *almanac*.

19. Lines 64, 65:

> *I shall be* POST *indeed,*
> *For she will* SCORE *your fault upon my pate.*

It seems that a *post* stood in the middle of the shop, on which the scores of the customers were notched or chalked up. In Every Man in his Humour, iii. 3, Cob says: "Then I'm a vagabond . . . if I saw anybody to be kiss'd, unless they would have kiss'd the *post in the middle of the warehouse*" (Ben Jonson's Works, vol. i. p. 95).

20. Line 97: *They say this town is full of cozenage.*—The hint for this and the following lines was taken, probably, from W. W.'s translation of the Menæchmi, ii. 1. Messenio says:

> This towne Epidamnum is a place of outrageous expences, exceeding in all ryot and lasciviousnesse: and (I heare) as full of Ribaulds, Parasites, Drunkards, Catchpoles, Cony-catchers, and Sycophants, as it can hold: then for Curtizans, why here's the currantest stamp of them in the world.—Hazlitt's Shak. Lib. vol. i. part ii. p. 11.

21. Lines 99, 100:

> DARK-WORKING *sorcerers that change the mind,*
> SOUL-KILLING *witches that deform the body.*

Warburton, quite unnecessarily, altered *dark-working* to *drug-working*, while Johnson transposes the epithets. *Dark-working* may mean either "that work in the dark," or "that work deeds of darkness." The expression *soul-killing witches* is found also in Christopher Middleton's Legend of Humphrey Duke of Glocester, 1600:

> They charge her, that she did maintaine and feede
> *Soul-killing witches*, and convers'd with devils.

22. Line 102: *liberties of sin.*—Altered by Hanmer, and by Collier's "Old Corrector," to "*libertines* of sin." Steevens thinks the expression means "licensed offenders;" while Malone explains it "sinful liberties." It may perhaps be sense, explained as "liberties *for* sin;" or this may be a reference to that peculiar use of the word in such a phrase as the "*liberties* of the Fleet."

ACT II. SCENE 1.

23. Line 12: *he takes it* ILL.—So F. 2, correcting the mistake of F. 1, which gives *thus* instead of *ill*.

24. Lines 20, 21:

> MEN, *more divine, the* MASTERS *of all these,*
> LORDS *of the wide world,* &c.

Ff. print *man, master, lord;* corrected by Hanmer.

25. Line 30: *How if your husband* START *some* OTHER WHERE?—Johnson proposed to read "start some other *hare;*" but, surely, any emendation is unnecessary. *Start* is used in a similar sense in Marlowe's Tragedy of Dido, act iv.:

> Mine eye is fix'd where fancy cannot *start;*
> —Works, p. 266.

by which Iarbas, who speaks the line, means to say his "eye is fix'd" on one from whom his love can never stray. *Otherwhere* (printed as one word) occurs again in this scene (line 104).

> I know his eye doth homage *otherwhere.*

The meaning of the passage in our text is plain enough. "What if your husband stray to some other place?" *i.e.* "to some other love."

26. Line 33: *They can be meek that have no other cause.* *i.e.* that have no cause to be otherwise.

27. Lines 34–39:

> *A wretched soul, bruis'd with adversity,*
> *We bid be quiet when we hear it cry;*
> *But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,*
> *As much or more we should ourselves complain:*
> *So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,*
> *With urging helpless patience wouldst relieve me.*

Compare Much Ado about Nothing, v. 1. 20–31, the whole of Antonio's speech, especially the following portions:

> for, brother, men
> Can counsel and speak comfort to that grief
> Which they themselves not feel; . . .
> . . . . . .
> No, no; 'tis all men's office to speak patience
> To those that wring under the load of sorrow,
> But no man's virtue nor sufficiency
> To be so moral when he shall endure
> The like himself.

Here we have a beautiful expansion of the idea in the text. What marvellous progress the writer has made in the interim between the two works!

28. Line 64: "*Will you come* HOME?"—The word *home,* not found in Ff., was inserted by Hanmer. The sense and metre both require it.

29. Line 68: *I know not thy* MISTRESS; *out on thy mistress!*—We must place the accent on the second syllable of the first *mistress,* in this passage, if the verse is not to be an utterly unrhythmical one. Steevens would read:

> I know *no* mistress, out *upon* thy mistress,

a very plausible suggestion. It is not unusual to find the same word accented differently, when occurring in more than one place, even if close together. The following is a very striking instance, taken from one of the sonnets prefixed to an old play, the blank verse of which is, throughout, above the average merit:

> So Jove, as your high *virtues* done deserve,
> Grant you such pheers as may your *virtues* serve
> With like *virtues;* and blissful Venus send, &c.

Dodsley. (Preface to Tancred and Gismunda), vol. vii. p. 18.

In Pericles, ii. 5. 18, we find *mistress* used with the accent on the last syllable:

> 'Tis well, *mistriss,* your choice agrees with mine.

In line 73 of the same scene it is used with the usual accent:

> Yea, *mistress,* are you so peremptory?

30. Line 73: *I thank him, I* BARE *home upon my shoulders.*—Steevens reads *bear,* unnecessarily.

31. Line 87: *His company must do his* MINIONS *grace.*—*Minion,* which originally meant "anything delicate or pretty" (Fr. *mignon*), came to be used generally, in a bad sense, of favourites of either sex. It is especially applied to male favourites like Piers Gaveston. (See Marlowe's Edward II., frequently.)

32. Line 101: *poor I am but his* STALE.—Compare speech of *Mulier* in the translation of Menæchmi, v. 1 (Hazlitt's Shak. Lib. p. 30).

> He makes me a *stale* and a laughing stocke to all the world.

A *stale* is literally a decoy, "originally the form of a bird set up to allure a hawk" (Nares). The word has several meanings, and there is probably a double meaning intended here.

33. Line 107: *Would that* ALONE ALONE *he would detain.* So F. 2: F. 1 reads "alone, *a loue;*" an evident mistake, the *u* being substituted for *n*. Compare Lucrece (line 795):

> But I *alone alone* must sit and pine.

34. Lines 109–113: These lines in F. 1 are printed thus:

> *I see the Iewell best enameled*
> *Will loose his beautie: yet the gold bides still*
> *That others touch, and often touching will,*
> *Where gold and no man that hath a name,*
> *By falshood and corruption doth it shame:*

We have printed the passage in the text according to the generally received emendations of Theobald, Pope, and others, adopted by Dyce, Staunton, and other modern editors. It is remarkable that both Dyce and Staunton declare themselves not at all satisfied, and doubt if the emendations have restored the real text or meaning. It may be that the old copies are right in the first two lines; meaning that the man, who is the *jewel* of her love, *will lose his beauty,* *i.e.* the many charms with which her love had invested him; *yet the gold,* *i.e.* the setting of the *jewel,* the real man, *bides* (remains) *still.* The *jewel,* being enamelled, would not be a precious stone, and therefore of less intrinsic value than the *gold* setting. The other three lines, which are manifestly corrupt, might then read thus:

> That others touch, and often touching will
> *Wear* gold; *so any* man that hath a name
> By falsehood and corruption doth it shame;

in which case the only alterations of the original text would be in the punctuation; and the substitution of *wear* for *where,* and *so any* for *and no* (the *and* having very likely been copied from the line above). The meaning of *touch* may be *to assay,* or *to defile.* But, in any case, the author seems to have neglected to carry out the simile he originally intended.

ACT II. SCENE 2.

35. Lines 28, 29:

> *Your sauciness will* JEST *upon my love,*
> *And* MAKE A COMMON OF *my serious hours.*

To make a common of, &c., means to intrude on them when you please, treating them as a *common*, which is everybody's land. Dyce reads *jet*, which he supports by two very apposite passages: one, from Richard III. ii. 4. 51, 52:

> Insulting tyranny begins *to jet*,
> Upon the innocent and awless throne.

36. Line 54: *I'll make you amends* NEXT, *to give you nothing for something.*—Capell's conjecture is *next time:* while Collier would substitute *and* for *to.*

37. Line 63: *Lest it make you choleric.*—So in the Taming of the Shrew (iv. 1. 173–175):

> I tell thee, Kate, 't was burnt and dried away;
> And I expressly am forbid to touch it,
> For it *engenders choler*, planteth anger.

I cannot find any reference to, or explanation of, the belief that over-cooked meat causes choler or anger. In Nares' Dict. *sub voce* "dry," these two passages of Shakespeare are the only evidence of the belief quoted. Burton, in the Anatomy of Melancholy (p. 43, ed. 1676), enumerates among the causes of melancholy "*indurate* meats" and "meats *over-dryed.*"

38. Line 79: *so plentiful an* EXCREMENT?—See note 159, v. 1. 120, Love's Labour's Lost.

39. Line 81: *he hath scanted* MEN *in hair.*—Ff. read *them;* the emendation is Theobald's.

40. Line 90: *policy.*—Ff. read *jollity.* We have adopted Staunton's conjecture: he says "there is a kind of *policy* in a man's losing his hair to save his money, and to prevent an uncleanly addition to his porridge; but where is the *jollity?*"

41. Line 92: *sound ones.*—So F. 2. F. 1 omits *ones.*

42. Line 95: *in a thing* FALSING.—Heath suggests *falling.* The old verb *to false* means to falsify, to betray: *falsing* does not seem to make much sense; though it may seem better opposed to *sure* than *falling.*

43. Line 99: *that he spends in* TYRING.—The reading of Ff. is *trying.* Pope altered it very justly to *tyring;* but Rowe substituted *trimming*, which, though followed by many modern editors, seems an unnecessarily violent change.

44. Line 103: *namely, no time.*—F. 1 reads *in* no time: Malone reads *e'en.* The omission of *in* seems necessary to the sense.

45. Line 111: *who* WAFTS *us yonder?*—*Wafts, i.e.* beckons; compare Hamlet, i. 4. 78, where the Folios read *wafts*, instead of *waves*, in all the passages in which that word occurs, *e.g.*:

> It *wafts* me still,
> Go on; I'll follow thee.

46. Line 120: *carv'd to thee.*—Walker would read *carv'd thee*, on the ground that "Shakespeare eschews the trisyllabic ending altogether;" and that the expressions *carve her*, and *carve him* occur in Beaumont and Fletcher. Some editors omit *to thee* to avoid the two extra syllables. Walker's emendation is, however, preferable.

47. Line 122: *That thou art* THUS *estranged.*—Ff. read *then: thus* is Rowe's emendation.

48. Line 138: *tear the* STAIN'D SKIN *off my harlot brow.*—The practice of branding harlots on the forehead is alluded to by Shakespeare in Hamlet, iv. 5. 118–120:

> *brands the harlot,*
> Even here, *between the chaste unsmirched brow*
> Of my true mother.

and there is no doubt that an allusion to the same custom explains the following passage in the same play (iii. 4. 42–44):

> takes off the rose
> From the fair *forehead* of an innocent love,
> And *sets a blister there.*

49. Line 143: *My blood is mingled with the* CRIME *of lust.*—Warburton proposed *grime*, on the ground that the integrity of the metaphor, and the word *blot* in the preceding line, show that we should read *grime.* Dyce and Staunton follow Warburton; the latter supporting the reading by a line in Hall's Satires, book iv. S. 1:

> Besmeared all with loathsome *smeake of lust.*

No doubt, *grime of lust* would be a very intelligible expression; but there does not seem any necessity for altering the text. *Grime* would seem more appropriate, were Adriana talking of an external stain, not of a defilement of her blood.

50. Line 148: *I live* UNSTAIN'D, *thou undishonoured.*—Ff. read *distain'd*, which is probably a misprint for *unstain'd.* Dyce gives several instances of blunders arising from the mistake of *v* (as *u* was printed very often in the sixteenth century) for some other letter. There is no doubt that the word *distained* means stained, discoloured; it is used in that sense in Shakespeare, and frequently in other writers of that period. [It occurs twice in Tancred and Gismunda (1591).] On the other hand, no instance can be found of such a word as *dis-stained*= unstained. The fact that *distain'd*, not *distained*, is the reading of the Ff. is against the conjecture of Heath that we should read:

> I live *distained*, thou *dishonoured.*

On these grounds we prefer to read *unstain'd*, which makes the passage sense, at the cost of a slight alteration, to altering the line with Heath, or inventing a word (*dis-stained*), like Theobald.

51. Line 153: WANTS *wit in all one word, &c.*—So Ff.: the many similar instances of incorrect grammar, to be found in Shakespeare, and the writers of his time, induce us to reject the alteration of *wants* to *want.*

52. Line 173: *Be it my wrong you are from me* EXEMPT, *i.e.* you are separated, parted from me (as far as regards your love). Mason explains *exempt* that, "as he was her husband she had no power over him, and that he was privileged to do her wrong;" but this is surely a very far-fetched explanation.

53. Line 177: *Whose weakness, married to thy* STRONGER

state.—This is one of the few instances in which F. 4 has corrected a blunder of the three preceding folios, which read here *stranger*, undoubtedly a mistake.

54. Line 180: *idle moss.*—*Idle* means here barren, producing no fruit. So in Othello, i. 3. 140:

> antres vast and deserts *idle*.

55. Lines 187, 188:

> *Until I know this sure uncertainty,*
> *I'll entertain the offer'd fallacy.*

In W. W.'s Menechmi it is "Erotium the Courtizan" who asks "Menechmus the Travailer" to dinner, in mistake for his brother "Menechmus the citizen." The scene is totally destitute of any of those graceful poetic touches, with which Shakespeare has adorned this one between Adriana and Antipholus. Menechmus accepts the situation on the most practical grounds:

> *Men.* . . . I can loose nothing, somewhat I shall gaine, perhaps a good lodging during my abode heere.—Hazlitt's Shak. Lib. part ii. vol. i. p. 16.

56. Line 192: *We talk with goblins,* OWLS *and elvish sprites.*—Dyce inserts *none but* before *goblins*, and omits *elvish*. The line, as given in F. 1:

> We talke with goblins, owles, and sprights,

is undoubtedly defective; and in iii. 2. 161, Antipholus of Syracuse uses the same expression:

> There 's none but *witches* do inhabit here.

F. 2 reads *and* ELVES *sprites*, which Rowe altered to *elvish*, the reading we have adopted as being the most probable emendation. It may be noted that Shakespeare uses the word *elvish* in Richard III. i. 3. 228:

> Thou *elvish*-mark'd, abortive, rooting hog!

Theobald changed *owls* into *ouphes*, a word used twice in Merry Wives, iv. 4. 49, and v. 5. 61. There seems no need for altering the text, however plausible the suggestion may be; as owls were supposed to suck the breath and blood of children (Ovid's Fasti, lib. vi. lines 131–140). They were regarded as more or less "uncanny" by several nations; the Italian word for witch, *strega*, is derived from *strix*, *strigis*, a screech-owl. Spenser couples *owls* with *ghosts* in his Shepherd's Calendar; and other writers of that time allude to them as more or less of the nature of goblins.

57. Line 196: *Dromio, thou* DRONE.—*Ff.* read "Dromio thou *Dromio.*" Theobald altered the second *Dromio* to *drone*, an alteration necessary for the metre.

ACT III. SCENE 1.

58. Line 1: *you must excuse us* ALL.—Pope omits *all*, which is unnecessary both to the sense and metre. If it is retained, the line forms an Alexandrine.

59. Line 4: *carkanet.*—A *carkanet* seems to have been either a chain or collar of gold, worn round the neck, whether set with precious stones or not; sometimes it meant a simple necklace of pearls. Cotgrave defines *carcan* "a *Carkanet* or collar of gold, &c. worne about the necke."

60. Lines 15–18: *so it doth appear, &c.*—Theobald altered *doth* to *don't;* but surely without any reason. He thought Dromio meant to say he was an ass for making no resistance, "because an ass, being kicked, kicks again." But the donkey, from time immemorial, has been celebrated for the patience with which he endures kicks and blows. Dromio adds, "I *should* kick, being kicked," that is, "I *ought* to kick," in which case, he says to his master, "You would keep from my heels and beware of an ass." But it is because he deserves the name of ass, that he makes no resistance.

61. Line 32: *Mome.*—Hawkins derives this word from the French *Momon*, "which signifies the gaming at dice in masquerade, the custom and rule of which is, that a strict silence is to be observed," and he would make the word mean "a stupid blockhead, a stock, a post." But it is, probably, a form of the old French word *mome*, and connected with the more common word *mummer*.

62. Line 36: *What* PATCH *is made our porter?*—The sense of *patch* seems doubtful here; in line 32 above, it may mean, as Steevens says, "a fool," "a jester;" but in the three other passages of Shakespeare, in Merchant of Venice, ii. 5. 46:

> The *patch* is kind enough, but a huge feeder,—

in Mids. Night's Dream, iii. 2. 9, "a crew of *patches*," and in Macbeth, v. 3. 15, "What soldiers, *patch?*" it certainly is used as a term of contempt for a low fellow whose clothes would be often in patches; and in that sense it is probably used in this passage, if not in the one above.

63. Lines 46, 47:

> *If thou hadst been Dromio to-day in my place,*
> *Thou wouldst have chang'd thy face for a name or thy name for* A FACE.

Ff. read "for *an ass.*" The correction in the text is one of Collier's, and whether it be his own, or "The Old Corrector's," it seems too obviously right to be rejected. There is no particular sense in "for *an ass;*" while it certainly destroys the rhyme, and renders the whole passage unnecessarily obscure. The text, as amended above, preserves the rhyme and the obvious meaning of the speaker. I have not been able to discover any instance of the word *ass* being used as rhyming to such a word as *place*, in which case it would have to be pronounced *ace*. If any pun on *ass* and *ace* would make sense, the old reading might be preserved.

64. Line 48: *What a* COIL *is there!*—Coil is used frequently in old plays, sometimes for a disturbance, row, quarrel, confusion; sometimes merely for a blow. The verb *to coil* is often used in the sense of to strike.

65. Line 54: *you'll let us in, I* HOPE?—Certainly a line seems missing here, very likely one ending, as Malone suggested, with *a rope*. Theobald coolly altered the text to I *trow*, so as to make the line form a triplet with the two succeeding lines.

66. Line 71: *Your cake is warm within; you stand here in the cold.*—Ff. read "your cake *here* is warm," &c., the word *here* having been, most probably, inserted, by mistake, from the second part of the line.

67. Line 72: *to be so bought and sold.*—A proverbial

expression for being "taken in:" compare the well-known passage in Richard III. v. 3. 304,

> Jockey of Norfolk, be not too bold,
> For Dickon thy master is *bought and sold.*

68. Line 83: *we'll pluck a* CROW *together.*—The same kind of pun is made in one of the comedies of Plautus. Tyndarus (in the *Captives*), referring to the custom of giving to patrician children birds of different kinds for their amusement, says that he had *tantum upupam. Upupa* signifies both "a hoopoe" and "a mattock."

69. Line 89: *Once this.*—The meaning of this phrase, which is undoubtedly peculiar, used, as it is here, absolutely, is "once for all;" but the passage may be corrupt, as Malone suggested, proposing "*own* this." The expression *that's once* occurs twice in Peele, *e.g.* in Edward I., "I'll be Robin Hood, *that's once*" (Works, p. 393); it evidently meant, as Dyce explains it, "that's flat." The phrase, as it stands, is very awkward: the proper reading may be "WEIGH *this.*"

70. Lines 89–91: *of* HER *wisdom—on* HER *part.*—Ff. read *your* in both these passages; first corrected by Rowe.

71. Line 93: *the doors are* MADE *against you.*—This expression *to* MAKE *the door, i.e.* "to make fast the door," is still used in the North of England. Pope altered *made* to *barr'd*, quite unnecessarily.

72. Lines 96, 97:

> *And, about evening, come yourself, alone,*
> *To know the reason of this strange restraint.*

Dyce, Cambridge Edd., and Globe Edd., all print these two lines without any stop except the full stop at end. We have followed the Var. Ed. 1821. The use of the comma, to mark the slight pause which the sense requires in the delivery of a sentence, is most important to the reader in ordinary prose works; how much more so in dramatic writings, where the proper pause is as important as the proper emphasis. The reader, or actor, with no stop to guide him, would, probably, deliver these two lines in such a manner as to be utterly unintelligible; at any rate he would be justified in delivering them so rapidly, as to defeat the object of the speaker; which is, quietly and gravely, to impress upon Antipholus counsels of moderation, and to dissuade him from hasty action.

ACT III. SCENE 2.

73. *Enter* LUCIANA *and* ANTIPHOLUS *of Syracuse.*—Dyce here makes no division of scene, but says that Luciana and Antipholus of Syracuse were supposed to enter *from the door* of the house, as soon as the stage had been left vacant by the departure of the other characters. F. 1 here has *Enter* Juliana, &c., a mistake corrected by F. 2.

74. Line 3: *love-springs, i.e.* young shoots of love; compare:

> This canker that eats up *Love's* tender *spring.*
> —Venus and Adonis, line 656.

75. Line 4: *Shall love, in* BUILDING, *grow so* RUINOUS?—Ff. read "in *buildings* grow so *ruinate;*" which reading incited various commentators to heroic efforts in the way of emendation. In line 2 above, Theobald proposed *Antipholus hate;* Heath, *a nipping hate;* while Collier's "Old Corrector" altered the words to *unkind debate.* By the substitution of *ruinous*—a word used by Shakespeare five times (*e.g.* Two Gent. of Verona, v. 4. 9, Timon of Athens, iv. 3. 465)—for *ruinate*, the rhyme is restored, and the passage left undisfigured by wanton interpolations.

76. Line 12: *Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger.*—The whole of this speech of Luciana's has a tone of Shakespeare's maturer style; indeed there is a finish about this short duologue, and a poetic vigour, which seem to indicate Shakespeare had either carefully revised it, or bestowed especial pains upon it.

77. Line 21: *make us* BUT *believe.*—Ff. read *not;* corrected by Theobald.

78. Line 22: *Being* COMPACT *of credit, i.e.* being compounded, or made entirely of credulity. Compare As You Like It, ii. 7. 5:

> If he, *compact* of jars, grow musical.

79. Line 44: *Far more, far more to you do I* DECLINE.—Unnecessarily altered by Collier's "Old Corrector" to *incline. Decline* here means "*incline* from her towards you." It is more forcible than the ordinary word *incline*, as it implies the act of turning away from his supposed wife to her sister. The word *decline* is used by Shakespeare, in a somewhat peculiar sense, in the following passage:

> Piety, and fear,
> Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,
> . . . . . .
> *Decline* to your confounding contraries,
> And let confusion live!
> —Timon of Athens, iv. 1. 15–21.

Dyce quotes an instance of an exactly similar use of the word in Greene, "That the love of a father, as it was royall, so it ought to be impartiall, neither *declining* to the one nor to the other, but as deeds doe merite."—(Penelope's Web, Sig. C–4, ed. 1601.)

80. Line 46: *thy* SISTER'S *flood of tears.*—F. 1 reads *sister*, which some editors prefer; the reading in the text is that of F. 2.

81. Line 49: *And as a* BED *I'll take* THEM, *and there lie.*—F. 1 reads "as a *bud* I'll take *thee.*" F. 2 altered *bud* to *bed*, and Edwards first substituted *them* for *thee.* "As a *bud*" has been defended by some commentators; but it is very like nonsense. Dyce and Staunton, independently, conjectured "and as a *bride* I'll take *thee*," but Dyce, in his Second Edition, adopted the reading in the text, which certainly seems to be the right one.

82. Line 54: *Not mad, but* MATED.—*i.e.* bewildered: so Macbeth, v. 1. 86:

> My mind she has *mated*, and amaz'd my sight;

and again in this play, v. 1. 281:

> I think you all are *mated*, or stark *mad.*

In spite of Malone's objection that, in the latter passage, no play on the word is intended, it is very likely that here Antipholus does intend a pun.

83. Line 60: *for I* AM *thee.*—Pope suggested "I *mean* thee." Capell (adopted by most modern editors) "I *aim* thee." Above (line 63) he calls her "my sweet hope's

aim," and the repetition certainly seems rather awkward. Were there such a word as *ame*, formed from *amo*, through the French *aimer*, one might suspect that was the real reading. Antipholus says, line 61:

> It is thyself, *mine own self's better part,*

so that *I am thee* might possibly, after all, be the right reading, meaning "I am (inseparable from) thee."

84. Line 93: "*Sir-reverence.*"—The vulgar form of "save-reverence," *i.e. salvâ reverentiâ:* compare Much Ado, iii. 4. 32, "I think you would have me say, *saving your reverence*, a husband." Malone quotes Blount's Glossography, which gives "*salvâ reverentiâ*, saving regard or respect . . . *sir-reverence* by the vulgar." This settles the question; or one might have taken it to be another form of "Your Reverence," or "Reverend Sir."

85. Line 105: FOR WHY, *she sweats;*—wrongly printed in Folios *for why?*—Shakespeare uses *for why* = because, for the reason that, in The Two Gentlemen of Verona, iii. 1. 99:

> *For why*, the fools are mad, if left alone;

and it occurs, with tolerable frequency, in the old plays of this period.

86. Line 111: *but her name* AND *three quarters.*—Ff. read *is.*

87. Line 126: *arm'd and reverted, making war against her* HEIR.—F. 2 substituted *hair* for *heir;* but there is a play on the word evidently intended, the allusion being to the War of the League against Henry IV. of Navarre, to whose help Elizabeth had sent, in 1591, a body of 4000 men under Essex. There are other allusions, in the passage, which are best not explained.

88. Line 140: *who sent whole armadoes of* CARRACKS *to be* BALLAST *at her nose.*—*Ballast* is here a participle. The allusion to the Armada here, as in the name of "Don Adriano de *Armado*" in Love's Labour's Lost, points to the play having been written when the invasion of the Armada was fresh in people's minds. *Carrack* is a large merchant-ship. So in Othello, i. 2. 50:

> *Iago.* 'Faith he to-night hath boarded a land *carrack:*
> If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.

89. Line 151: *transform'd me to a curtal dog, and made me turn i' the wheel.*—Referring to the turnspit-dogs, a race lately come into fashion again, but in a less useful capacity than that which they fulfilled in Shakespeare's time.

90. Line 168: *be guilty to self-wrong.*—Of this construction Malone has given many instances; one from Winter's Tale, iv. 4. 549, 550:

> But as the unthought-on accident is *guilty*
> *To* what we wildly do.

ACT IV. SCENE 1.

91. Line 8: *Is* GROWING *to me by Antipholus.*—*i.e.* is coming due to me from Antipholus: compare sc. 4, line 124, of this same act, where Adriana says:

> And, knowing how the debt *grows*, I will pay it.

Again, line 137:

> Say, how *grows* it due?

92. Line 17: HER *confederates.*—Ff. have *their;* corrected by Rowe.

93. Line 21: *I buy a thousand pound a year! I buy a rope!* Staunton notices the obscurity of this passage, which no commentator appears to have explained. Cambridge and Globe Edd. print the line:

> I buy a thousand pound a year: I buy a rope—

which makes it more obscure. It may be noted that, in i. 2. 55, 56, Dromio of Ephesus, when asked by Antipholus of Syracuse for the money he gave him, says that he had only had sixpence, and that he "had paid the saddler;" later in the same scene (lines 82-84) he says:

> I have some marks of yours upon my pate,
> Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders,
> But not a thousand marks between you both.

Perhaps here he only means to say that, as he has no money, he might as well try and buy a thousand pounds a year, as buy a rope. Yet in sc. 4 of this act he returns with the rope, and says (line 12):

> Why, sir, I gave *the money for the rope.*

94. Line 28: *the utmost* CARAT.—F. 1 prints *charect:* F.2, F.3, F.4 *raccat.* Cotgrave gives *carat*, "a Carrat: among goldsmiths and Mint-men, is the third part of an ounce; among Jewellers or Stone-cutters, but the 19 part; for eight of them make but one sterlin, and a sterlin is the 24 part of an ounce." (19 must be a mistake for 192.) Florio gives *carato*, "a weight or degree in Diamonds, Pearls, Rubies, and Metals, called a *Charact;* also the touch, the loy, or stint of refining of Gold or Silver."

95. Line 56: EITHER *send the chain, or* SEND ME BY *some token.*—*Either* is here a monosyllable, so Malone says. Pope printed *or. Send me by* is altered by some editors to *send by me;* but the expression "to *send* a person *by a token*" was, according to Dyce, "a common enough phrase in our early writers." He does not give any instances, nor does Malone, except that of "*Ey the same token,*" which has nothing to do with it. *By* is here simply used for *with.* Compare the following passage from Marston's Dutch Courtezan, iii. 1:

> *Mrs. Mulligrub. By what token* are you sent?—*by no token!* Nay I have wit.
>
> *Cockledemoy.* He sent me *by the same token*, that he was dry shaved this morning.—Works, vol. ii. p. 156.

Here there is an evident play upon the ordinary phrase, *by the same token. To send any one by a token* might be an elliptical expression for *to send any one* (recommended) *by a token.*

96. Line 87: *Then, sir, she bears away.*—F. 1 has *and then;* but the *and* is certainly redundant, as far as the metre is concerned.

97. Line 98: *You sent me, sir, for a rope's end as soon.*—Steevens inserted *sir*, but Malone would pronounce *rope's* as a dissyllable. It would seem that the *e* mute was often pronounced in the old dramatists: *e.g.* in Appius and Virginia (1575):

> A virgin pure, a queen in life,
> Whose state may be deplored:
> For why the queen of *chaste* life
> Is like to be deflow'red.
>
> —Dodsley, vol. iv. p. 142.

ACT IV. SCENE 2.

98. Line 4: *Look'd he or red or pale, or sad or* MERRY?—Ff. read *merrily:* the three-syllable ending is objectionable; and there seems no reason why an adverb should be substituted for an adjective. The emendation adopted in our text is originally Collier's. Walker also suggested it.

99. Line 6: *Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face?*—Alluding to the meteors, or rather to the electrical clouds often seen in the sky, which resemble armies meeting together in the shock of battle. Milton, in 2nd Book of Paradise Lost, has:

> As when to warn proud cities, war appears
> Wag'd in the troubled sky, *and armies rush*
> *To battle in the clouds.*

There is a well-known legend of a spectral army, said to appear over the tops of Skiddaw and Saddleback in Cumberland, which had its origin in the same atmospheric phenomenon. Staunton suggests that *case* in the line above is a misprint for *race;* a very likely suggestion.

100. Line 7: *First he denied you had in him no right.*—For another instance of this not unfrequent use of the double negative, compare the following passage:

> You may *deny* that you were *not* the cause
> Of my Lord Hastings' late imprisonment.
> —Richard III. i. 3. 90, 91.

101. Line 27: *Far from her nest the lapwing cries away.*—This well-known habit of the lapwing or "pee-wit" is alluded to frequently in the old writers, *e.g.*:

> you resemble the lapwing, who crieth most where her nest is not.
> —Lilly's Campaspe, ii. 2 (Works, vol. i. p. 109).

102. Line 33: *A devil in an everlasting garment hath him.*—A sergeant's buff leather garment was called *durance*, partly, it would appear, on account of its *everlasting* qualities, and partly in punning allusion to the occupation of the wearer, namely, putting men in "*durance* vile." (See Staunton's note.) Compare Beaumont's Woman Hater, iv. 2: "*Pandar.* . . . I would quit this transitory trade, get me an *everlasting robe*, sear up my conscience, and turn *sergeant*" (Works, vol. ii. p. 444).

103. Line 35: *A fiend, a* FAIRY, *pitiless and rough.*—Ff. read *fairy.* Theobald first altered it to *fury*, and has been followed by many modern editors, including Dyce, the Cambridge Edd., &c. The alleged ground for this alteration is that a *fairy* could not be called *pitiless and rough.* But, setting aside, for the moment, the purely *mischievous* character of such *fairies* as Robin Goodfellow, Jack a-Lantern, &c., there is ample evidence, in the folk-lore of various nations, of a belief in *fairies* who were decidedly malignant and cruel. The following passage in Milton's Comus will occur to most readers. The two first lines are worth remarking as bearing upon this question of *fairies* being included among evil or cruel spirits:

> Some say no evil thing that walks by night,
> In fog or fire, by lake or moorish fen,
> . . . . . .
> No goblin, or swart *fairy* of the mine
> Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity.

But no commentator, who supports the reading *fury*, seems to have taken any pains to find out if *fury* is ever applied to any one of the *male* sex. In all the passages I have examined it is, invariably, applied to a female. But does any editor propose to alter the line in Hamlet?

> And then, they say, no spirit dare stir abroad;
> The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
> No *fairy* takes (*i.e.* strikes with lameness or disease), nor
> witch hath power to charm.—Hamlet, i. 1. 161-163.

104. Line 39: *A hound that runs* COUNTER, *and yet draws* DRY-FOOT *well.*—There is a double pun here. To *run counter* means to run on a false scent, but *counter* also means a prison. *Dry-foot* (explained in foot-note on this passage) is also a term used for one who lacks means.

105. Line 40: *One that,* BEFORE THE JUDGMENT, *carries poor souls to* HELL.—The very worst part of the prison in old times, where prisoners, who would not pay the jailer's fees, were put, was called *Hell.* The phrase *before the judgment* is supposed to allude to arrest by "meane process," or on a side issue from the original suit, before judgment in the latter is pronounced.

106. Line 42: *he is 'rested* ON THE CASE.—"An action *upon the case*, is a general action given for the redress of a wrong done any man without force, and not especially provided for by law."—*Grey* (vol. i. p. 242).

107. Line 45: *But* 'IS *in a suit of buff which 'rested him.*—So F. 1, F. 2; but F. 3, F. 4 read *he's*, which most editors follow. This elliptical form of expression is common in Shakespeare, especially in the speeches of the more vulgar characters.

108. Line 61: *If* TIME *be in debt*—Ff. read *If I:* the reading in our text is Rowe's emendation.

ACT IV. SCENE 3.

109. Line 11: *And* LAPLAND *sorcerers inhabit here.*—*Lapland* appears to have enjoyed a reputation for the cultivation of the black art. Milton talks of "*Lapland* witches" (Paradise Lost, book ii.); and the following passage in the old play, Look About You, illustrates the same belief:

> Then nine times, like the northern *Laplanders,*
> He backward circled the sacred font,
> And nine times backward said his orisons:
> . . . . . .
> And so turn'd *witch.*
> —Dodsley, vol. vii. p. 468.

In Heywood's Witches of Lancashire, the word *Laplands* is used for Witches (Works, vol. iv. p. 245).

110. Line 13: *What, have you got the picture of old Adam new-apparell'd?*—Theobald proposed to read, "Have you got *rid of* the picture," &c. Certainly the passage is not very intelligible. There does not seem to be any authority for stating, as Mason does, that the dialectic or slang phrase, "in buff," *i.e.* naked, was used in Shakespeare's time. One explanation is that, as Adam was clad in skins of beasts, so the sergeant, clad in buff, *i.e.* in leather, resembled *old Adam new apparell'd.* In this case, the words added by Theobald, or some similar ones, are absolutely necessary. Or we may suppose Dromio to be quibbling, and to mean, "Have you got the sergeant a new suit?" in which case we must take the *old Adam* simply

to refer to our first father, as he was dressed not before, but after, the fall.

111. Line 25: *gives them a* FOB *and 'rests them.*—Ff. read *sob*. Hanmer proposed *bob;* Grant White *stop;* Staunton *sop*. The emendation in the text is Rowe's. All the modern dictionaries content themselves with giving *fob*, "a tap, a light blow," on the authority of this single passage. I cannot find the word, in this sense, in any old dictionary or glossary, or in any contemporary writer. "To *fob*," is said to mean, to beat, to maltreat; but it does not appear to occur in any other sense than that of to cheat. It may be that *to give a fob*, means, to trick. *Fob* is not a satisfactory reading, but none of the other proposed emendations seem to make any better sense; and *sob*, the reading of the Folios, is nonsense.

112. Line 26: *gives them suits of* DURANCE.—See note 102 in this same act. There is an obvious pun on the word *durance* here.

113. Line 60: *We'll mend our dinner here.*—*i.e.* we will buy something more for our dinner.

114. Line 62: SO *bespeak a long spoon.*—Ff. read *or;* the emendation is Capell's.

115. Line 66: *Avoid* THEE, *fiend!*—F.1, F.2, F.3 read *then*, which seems nonsense; F. 4 altered *then* to *thou; thee* Dyce's suggestion) is probably the correct reading.

116. Line 84: *forty ducats.*—In an interesting note, Staunton proves that *forty* was frequently used to express a large number. Perhaps the mention of this number in the Bible, in connection with many important events, gave rise to this peculiar use of it. The number *forty* is used in the same manner in some Eastern languages.

ACT IV. Scene 4.

117. Line 14: *I'll serve you, sir, five hundred at the rate.* – This line in the Folio is given, evidently by mistake, to Dromio of Ephesus. The Cambridge Edd. first suggested the transferring it to the Officer, in whose mouth it seems to have some propriety and meaning; in that of Dromio, none.

118. Line 45: TO PROPHESY, *like the parrot,* "BEWARE THE ROPE'S-END."—Ff. read *the prophesie;* the alteration is Dyce's. Parrots were taught, or taught themselves, in Shakespeare's time as now-a-days, to make uncomplimentary remarks. Butler, in Hudibras, alluding to a very similar catchword of parrots, says, speaking of Ralpho:

> Could tell what subtlest parrots mean,
> . . . . . .
> What member 't is of whom they talk,
> When they cry *rope*, and walk, knave, walk.

119. Line 50: *Good Doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer.*—In the Folios Pinch is described, on his entry, as "a *schoolmaster*, call'd *Pinch*." Even in comparatively recent times the village schoolmaster enjoyed the reputation of a *conjurer*, that is, of one who could conjure devils out of a man. Perhaps this was because he was the only man in the village, besides the priest, who could speak Latin; and Latin is the only tongue "understanded" of devils.

120. Line 63: *are these your* CUSTOMERS?—Dyce, I believe, is mistaken in saying (Few Notes to Shakespeare, p. 32), "'your *customers*' means nothing more than the people who frequent your house." He quotes Florio, "*Aventore*, a comer or a frequenter to a place, a chapman, a *customer*." Both in Cotgrave and Florio, *customer* is given only as meaning a collector of customs dues, *gabelliere* (Ital.), *gabellier* (French), and a buyer, *aventore* (Ital.), *chaland* (French). It is most probable, from the context, that Antipholus uses the word in a bad sense; later in this scene he calls his wife "dissembling harlot" (line 104).

121. Line 153: *fetch our* STUFF *from thence.*—It is a curious coincidence that the word *stuff*, in the sense of baggage, is not used by Shakespeare except in this play; and that we also find it in W. W.'s Menechmi, "Ile go strait to the Inne and deliver up my accounts and all your *stuffe*" (Hazlitt's Shak. Lib. part ii. vol. i. p. 37).

ACT V. Scene 1.

122. Line 46: *And much* MUCH *different from the man he was.*—So F. 2, inserting the second *much*. If we accept the reading of F. 1 *And much different*, we must put the accent on the second syllable of *different*,—*And much différent*.

123. Line 51: STRAY'D *his affection in unlawful love.*—This is the only instance of the use of the verb *to stray*, in a transitive form, to be found in Shakespeare. I have not been able to find a similar use of the word in any contemporary writer. It may be that the verb is used in this sense under the impression that it is identical with *to straw* = *to strew*.

124. Line 66: *In company, I often* GLANCED *it.*—This line, the *ed* of *glanced*, not being elided in F. 1, is quite complete without the addition of *at*, which some of the modern editors insert. The elliptical construction is far from uncommon in writers of Shakespeare's period.

125. Line 69: *The* VENOM *clamours.*—*Venom* is used as an adjective in several other passages by Shakespeare; *e.g.* in Richard III. i. 3. 291:

> His *venom* tooth will rankle to the death.

126. Lines 79–81:

> *But moody, moping, and dull melancholy,*
> *Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair,*
> *And at her heels*, &c.

The first line in the Folio stands thus:

> But moody and dull melancholy,

two syllables being evidently wanting; Hanmer first inserted *moping*, which will do as well as any other epithet. *Kinsman* is here used as = *akin* generally, and not as a masculine noun. Compare Merchant of Venice, iii. 2. 169–171:

> but now I was the *lord*
> Of this fair mansion, *master* of my servants,
> *Queen* o'er myself.

Some editors alter "at *her* heels" to "at *their* heels;" but *her* refers only to *melancholy*, and not also to *despair*.

127. Line 90: *She did betray me to my own reproof.*—Certainly Adriana has some cause to complain of the

Abbess's mode of working up to her lecture against henpecking, for she cunningly draws on Adriana to her own moral destruction. There is a lifelike vigour about the sketch of a nagging wife in this passage, which rather favours the conjecture that Shakespeare did not leave Stratford—and his wife—behind him, only for the purpose of making his fortune. The man who wrote the powerful speech of the Abbess might well have tasted the bitterness of domestic misery.

128. Line 121: *The place of* DEATH *and sorry execution.*—This is the reading of F. 3, F. 4, which substitute *death* for *depth*, the reading of F. 1, F. 2. Hunter says that "the place of depth" meant *Barathrum;* but, in two passages quoted from contemporary writers, that word evidently means Hell.

129. Line 138: *At your* IMPORTANT *letters.*—This use of *important* for *importunate* may be found in Much Ado, ii. 1. 74, "If the Prince be too *important*, tell him there is a measure in everything." There is supposed to be a reference in this passage to the "Court of Wards," which was a great grievance in Shakespeare's time. By an anachronism he represents Adriana as having been the ward of the Duke, who, in exercise of his power as guardian, gave her in marriage to Antipholus. An allusion to these courts is found in the old morality of Hycke Scorner.

130. Line 146: TO TAKE ORDER FOR *the wrongs.*—This phrase *to take order for, i.e.* to take measures for, occurs several times in Shakespeare; *e.g.*

> *I* will *take order for* her keeping close.
> —Richard III. iv. 2. 53.

131. Line 148: STRONG *escape.*—Dyce, following Walker, reads *strange;* but *strong* makes good sense; indeed, it is more forcible than *strange.*

132. Line 175: NICKS *him like a fool.*—Fools were cropped close, as we now crop convicts. Malone quotes from a description of monks in an old pamphlet "by S. R. Gent, 4to, 1598." "They are *shaven* and *notched* on the head, like *fooles.*"

133. Line 183: *To* SCORCH *your face.*—Warburton altered *scorch* to *scotch*, and many editors adopted his alteration; but *scorch* makes quite as good sense. It does not necessarily mean that he would "singe off Adriana's beard," as Dyce sarcastically insists; he might disfigure her face by burning it, as easily as by *scotching* it.

134. Line 192: *When I* BESTRID *thee in the wars.*—Compare the following passage:

> Three times to-day I help him to his horse,
> Three times *bestrid* him; thrice I led him off.
> —II. Henry VI. v. 3. 8.

135. Line 205: *with* HARLOTS *feasted in my house.*—*Harlot* is not unfrequently applied to a male, *e.g.*

> for the *harlot* king
> Is quite beyond mine arm.
> —Winter's Tale, ii. 3. 4, 5.

136. Line 248: THEY *left me and my man.*—Ff. read *there:* amended, independently, by Collier and Walker.

137. Line 281: *all* MATED.—See note 82 of this play. Another form of this word, or perhaps, more strictly speaking, a cognate word, *amate*, is found in contemporary writers more commonly than this, *e.g.* in Tancred and Gismunda,

> Than he whom never dread
> Did once *amate.*
> —Dodsley, vol. vii. p. 79.

138. Lines 356–362.—This speech of the Duke's is wrongly placed in the Folio, *before* the preceding speeches. Capell made the alteration.

139. Line 359: *Besides his urging of her wreck at sea.*—Ff. read "Besides *her* urging," but Emilia has not mentioned the wreck. A line or two have probably been lost which originally followed this; unless the abruptness and the *aposiopesis* are intentional.

140. Line 400: TWENTY-FIVE *years have I but gone in travail.*—Ff. have *thirty-three. Twenty-five* is Theobald's correction. It is easy to calculate the age of the twins from Ægeon's speech in act i., where he says his youngest boy left home at *eighteen years*, while in this scene (lines 320, 321) he says:

> But *seven years* since, in Syracusa, boy,
> Thou know'st we parted.

141. Line 406: *After so long grief, such* FELICITY!—Ff. read 'such *nativity,*' evidently a mistake from line 404. *Felicity* is Hanmer's emendation.

ORIGINAL EMENDATIONS ADOPTED.

None.

ORIGINAL EMENDATIONS SUGGESTED BUT NOT ADOPTED.

i. 1. 132. *I hazarded the loss of* HIM *I loved.*

ii. 1. 112. —SO ANY *man that hath a name.*

iii. 1. 89. *Your long experience of her wisdom*
WEIGH THIS.

WORDS OCCURRING ONLY IN COMEDY OF ERRORS.

NOTE.—The addition of sub., adj., verb, adv. in brackets immediately after a word indicates that the word is used as a substantive, adjective, verb, or adverb only in the passage or passages cited.

The compound words marked with an asterisk (*) are printed as two separate words in F. 1.

	Act	Sc.	Line
Abbess	v.	1	117
	v.	1	156
	v.	1	166
Abbey-gate	v.	1	165
Apparently	iv.	1	78
A-row	v.	1	170
*Back-friend	iv.	2	37
Ballast	iii.	2	141
Balsamum[1]	iv.	1	89
Barrenness	iii.	2	123
*Bass-viol	iv.	3	23
Bodied	iv.	2	20
Buttoned-up	iv.	2	34
Carkanet[2]	iii.	1	4
Chargeful	iv.	1	29
Cherry-stone	iv.	3	74
Countermands (verb)	iv.	2	37
Cuckold-mad	ii.	1	58
Dankish	v.	1	247
*Dark-working	i.	2	99
Debted	iv.	1	31
Deep-divorcing	ii.	2	140
Defeature[4]	ii.	1	98
	v.	1	299

1 *Balsam* occurs in Timon of Athens, iii. 5. 110.
2 Occurs in Sonn. lii. 8.
3 Lucrece, 276.
4 Also in Venus and Adonis, line 736.

	Act	Sc.	Line
Diviner	iii.	2	144
Dry-foot	iv.	2	39
Earthy-gross	iii.	2	34
Elvish[5]	ii.	2	192
Embellished	iii.	2	137
Excludes	i.	1	10
Fallacy	ii.	2	188
Falsing[6]	ii.	2	95
Fob (sub.)	iv.	3	25
Fool-begged	ii.	1	41
Foolishness	i.	2	72
Fortune-teller	v.	1	239
Gilders	i.	1	8
	iv.	1	4
Glimmer (sub.)	v	1	315
Grime	iii.	2	106
Handwriting	iii.	1	14
Heady-rash	v.	1	216
Hollow-eyed	v.	1	240
Hoy	iv.	3	40
Ill-faced	iv.	2	20

5 *Elvish-mark'd* (not hyphened in F. 1) occurs in Richard III. i. 3. 228.
6 Used as a verb. In Romeo and Juliet, iii. 1. 182, and in Cymbeline, ii. 3. 74, *false* is apparently used as an adjective, but perhaps may have been intended as a verb.

	Act	Sc.	Line
Incivility	iv.	4	49
Inquisitive	i.	1	126
	i.	2	38
Intricate	v.	1	269
Kitchened	v.	1	415
*Kitchen-maid	iv.	4	77
*Kitchen-vestal	iv.	4	78
*Latter-born	i.	1	79
Life-preserving	v.	1	83
*Living-dead	v.	1	241
Love springs	iii.	2	3
Mome	iii.	1	32
Monstrously	v.	1	11
*Morris-pike	iv.	3	28
New-apparelled	iv.	3	14
Procrastinate	i.	1	159
Raft	v.	1	348
Rope-maker	iv.	4	93
Saddler	i.	2	56
Sap-consuming	v.	1	312
Scissors	v.	1	175
Seafaring	i.	1	81
*Secret-false	iii.	2	15
Self-harming[7]	ii.	1	102
*Self-wrong	iii.	2	168

7 *Self-harming.* In Richard II. ii. 2. 3 Ff. read *self-harming;* Q. 1, Q. 2 read *life-harming.*

	Act	Sc.	Line
Sere[8]	iv.	2	19
Sharp-looking	v.	1	240
Shoulder-clapper	iv.	2	37
Shrewish	iii.	1	2
*Sinking-ripe	i.	1	78
Soul-killing	i.	2	100
Spare[9]	i.	1	80
Stigmatical[10]	iv.	2	22
Strayed (trans.)	v.	1	51
Strumpeted[11]	ii.	2	146
Sunder	v.	1	249
Sweet-savoured	ii.	2	119
Truant (verb)	iii.	2	17
Undishonoured	ii.	2	148
Undisposed	i.	2	80
Undividable	ii.	2	124
Unmoved[12]	ii.	1	32
Unviolated	iii.	1	88
Unwed[13]	ii.	1	26
*Wedding-ring	ii.	2	139
*Well-acquainted	iv.	3	2
Well-dealing	i.	1	7
Wind-obeying	i.	1	64

8 Used as an adjective; as a substantive occurs in Hamlet, ii. 2. 337, and in Macbeth, v. 3. 23.
9 In the sense of superfluous
10 *Stigmatic* (as sub.) in II. Henry VI. v. 1. 215, and III. Henry VI. ii. 2. 136.
11 Sonn. lxvi. 6.
12 Sonn. xciv. 4.
13 Pilgrim, 304.

THE
TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

NOTES AND INTRODUCTION

BY

F. A. MARSHALL.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE OF MILAN.

VALENTINE, } the two Gentlemen of Verona.
PROTEUS,[1] }

ANTONIO,[2] father to Proteus.

THURIO, a foolish Lord; in love with Silvia.

SIR EGLAMOUR, a knight vowed to chastity; a friend of Silvia.

HOST (in whose house, at Milan, Julia lodges).

SPEED, } clownish servants { to Valentine.
LAUNCE, } { to Proteus.

PANTHINO,[3] servant to Antonio.

FIRST
SECOND } OUTLAW, { Members of a band of Outlaws between Milan and Mantua.
THIRD

JULIA, betrothed to Proteus; afterwards disguised as Sebastian.

SILVIA, daughter of the Duke of Milan; in love with Valentine.

LUCETTA, waiting-woman to Julia.

Servants, Musicians, Outlaws, &c.

SCENE—Partly in Verona, partly in Milan, and partly in a forest between Milan and Mantua.

HISTORICAL PERIOD: about the middle of the sixteenth century; any time from 1520 to 1560.

TIME OF ACTION.

The time of this play comprises seven days.

Day 1: Act I. Scenes 1 and 2.—Interval: about a month.
Day 2: Act I. Scene 3; Act II. Scene 1.
Day 3: Act II. Scenes 2 and 3.—Interval: Proteus's journey to Milan; say a week.
Day 4: Act II. Scenes 4 and 5.—Interval of a few days.
Day 5: Act II. Scenes 6 and 7; Act III. and Act IV. Scene 1.—Interval not less than a week, including Julia's journey to Milan.
Day 6: Act IV. Scene 2.
Day 7: Act IV. Scenes 3 and 4; Act V.[4]

[1] *Protheus* in Ff. [2] *Anthonio* in Ff. [3] *Panthion* in Ff.

[4] The above is Mr. Daniel's arrangement, except one or two slight alterations with regard to the intervals.

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

INTRODUCTION.

LITERARY HISTORY.

This play does not seem to have been printed before it appeared in the Folio of 1623, nor indeed to have been entered on the Stationers' Register before that date. It is mentioned by Meres in Palladis Tamia (1598). I cannot agree with some of the critics in placing this comedy as the earliest of Shakespeare's original productions—that is to say, of pieces not immediately adapted from previously existing dramas. It seems, decidedly, to be later than Love's Labour's Lost and The Comedy of Errors. However, it is, undoubtedly, one of his early works. The source, to which he was indebted for some of the incidents, is most certainly the "Diana" of George de Montemayor (a Portuguese poet and romance writer, born 1520, died 1562). Of this work Bartholomew Yong published a translation in 1598; but Farmer mentions another translation by Thomas Wilson, which he says was published two or three years before: and Yong, in his preface, observes that the translation had been lying by him finished some sixteen years: it had probably, like many other MSS. of this time, been privately circulated amongst friends. Yong also mentions that "Edward Paston, Esquire," had translated some parts of "Diana." It appears, from the "Revels' Accounts," that there was a play, acted by Her Majesty's Servants at Greenwich "on the Sondaie next after newe yeares daie at night" in 1584–5, entitled "The History of Felix and Philiomena," which was most probably founded on the same story, as Don Felix is the name of the faithless lover of Felismena, a shepherdess who figures in the "Diana" of Montemayor. Collier published part of the story, under protest, in his "Shakespeare's Library;" insisting that Shakespeare could not have derived any portion of this play from that source. Any one who will read carefully the story of the shepherdess Felismena, as given in Hazlitt's edition of "Shakespeare's Library" (part i. vol. i.), cannot fail to see that the author of The Two Gentlemen of Verona must, at any rate, have known that story in some form or other. The scene, where Lucetta gives Julia the letter of Proteus, is evidently copied from Felismena's account of her receiving Don Felix's letter from her maid Rosina. Felismena assumes a man's dress, and follows Don Felix to the court of Augusta Cæsarina: she stops at an inn, and at midnight her host calls her to hear some music; then she hears Don Felix serenade Celia. The next day she gets herself engaged as page to Don Felix, and carries his letters and presents to Celia. There are several little touches in this story which have suggested some of the dialogue of this play to Shakespeare; but he has, as he always did, very much improved on the original. Other sources, whence Shakespeare may have taken some of his incidents, have been suggested: amongst others, Sidney's Arcadia, and Bordello's Apollonius and Sylla; the latter, by the way, was formerly supposed to have furnished the origin of Twelfth Night. I do not think the suggestion, that Shakespeare was at all indebted to Sidney's Arcadia for the incident of Valentine consenting to lead the outlaws, is worth much consideration. We may take it that the play was written some time between 1591 and 1596. Though Hanmer and Theobald both pronounce it to be spurious, they would probably have repented of their rash judgment, had they lived long enough. There is not the slightest evidence, internal or external, for attributing it to any one but Shakespeare. It is probable that the title of this play was

originally "The Gentlemen of Verona;" at least it is by this name Meres mentions it in 1598; and Kirkman, as late as 1661, inserts it in his list of plays under the same title.

STAGE HISTORY.

We have no special record of the performance of this play during Shakespeare's lifetime. It must have been acted before 1598, or Meres would not have mentioned it. No reference to it occurs either in Henslowe's or in Pepys' Diary. The first performance recorded by Genest is 22nd December, 1762, at Drury Lane. This was an alteration of Shakespeare's play by Victor, who introduced, like most of those mutilators, or would-be embellishers of our great poet, an intolerable amount of rubbish of his own composition. His attempts to improve the story made it confused and incomprehensible. In the last act he had the audacity to add two short scenes for the sake of bringing Launce and Speed on the stage again, these two characters being played by Yates and King respectively. The well-known names of Holland, Moody, Mrs. Yates, and Miss Pope also appear in the cast. This perversion of Shakespeare was performed five times with success; on the sixth representation for the benefit of Victor, "the author of the alterations," a serious riot took place; the leader was one Fitzpatrick, a personal enemy of Garrick; and the professed object of the rioters was the restoration of the half-price admission (see Davies' Life of Garrick, vol. ii. chap. xxxi.). The next representation of the play would seem to have been at Covent Garden on 13th April, 1784, for Quick's benefit. This was the original play, with slight alterations. It appears to have been acted three times at Covent Garden in January, 1790; and on 21st April, 1808, it was revived at the same theatre, the version being one by John Kemble, partly taken from Victor's alteration, but containing some additional lines of his own. Kemble took the part of Valentine, for which he was eminently unsuited—a fact of which he himself must have been conscious, for he altered the epithet "youthful," applied to Valentine in act iii. scene 1, to "confident." That version was only acted three times: in fact this play never seems to have attained much success on the modern stage, at any rate till it was produced in the form of an opera at Covent Garden in 1821, under the management of Charles Kemble. This "degradation" of Shakespeare's play was executed by one Reynolds; but the actor-manager must be held responsible for its production. As many as fourteen songs, glees, and choruses were introduced. The piece was turned into a spectacle containing a representation of the Carnival in the Square of Milan, "in which," to quote the Play-bill, "takes place a Grand Emblematical Procession of the Seasons and the Elements:" "Cleopatra's Galley" being introduced as "sailing down the River Cydnus" and conducted by Thetis; also, "the Palace of the Hours, and the Temple of Apollo."

On the first night of the introduction of this scene, and the third night of the revival, "The machinery of the Carnival was wretchedly managed; two wings of the Palace of the Hours partly and suddenly disappeared; and a ludicrous circumstance occurred to a carpenter, who, invading the territories of pleasure without sufficient caution, made his debut to the audience in an unwilling somerset over the clouds, and remained for some time with his heels kicking in the air, to the great amusement of the admiring beholders. The boat which was to bear the fugitives from Milan, met with so sudden a check that its rower was capsized into the stream, and finding his attempts to set his vessel afloat quite fruitless, he with a great deal of *sang froid* made his exit through the waves."

This remarkable production ran twenty-nine nights. The names of Liston, Farren, and Miss M. Tree are all found in the cast.

This play was included among the revivals of Mr. Phelps at Sadlers' Wells. It is many years now since it was represented on the stage.

CRITICAL REMARKS.

This is the first of his plays in which Shakespeare seems to have tried to strike out for himself an original line. There is little imitation except in the comic scenes; those

still bear traces of the influence of Lilly. The play is remarkable as containing little that can well be omitted in representation. Although carelessly constructed in parts, it is a much better acting play than Love's Labour's Lost or Midsummer Night's Dream; and even than some of his much later productions. Shakespeare does not appear to have rewritten any portions of this play, as he undoubtedly did parts of Love's Labour's Lost; but of the incidents in it and of the ideas contained in some of the characters he made much subsequent use. In The Merchant of Venice the scene between Portia and Nerissa was evidently suggested by that between Julia and Lucetta; while Viola, in Twelfth Night, is really an expansion of the former of these two characters. The chief progress made by Shakespeare in this play is with regard to all his female characters, and to one, at least, of his humorous ones. Silvia has more moral beauty even than Juliet. She and Julia are very much in advance, as far as characterization goes, of Adriana and Luciana; to say nothing of such lay figures as the Princess and her companions in Love's Labour's Lost. Were the male characters in this play as well drawn as the female characters, it would have been decidedly more popular on the stage. Valentine and Proteus afford but little opportunities to the actors; the former is superior, in every respect, to his friend; but his fatal offer to give up his love, in the last act, robs him of all the sympathy which his former nobility of conduct had earned for him. Proteus is the precursor of those admirable satires on respectable villainy of which Bertram, in All's Well that Ends Well, is the completest type; while Claudio and Lucio, in Much Ado about Nothing and Measure for Measure, are more subtly-drawn specimens of the same delightful genus. Proteus is a thoroughly despicable cad; but being a handsome young man of good birth, according to the principles of dramatic justice all his sins are forgiven him, and he is rewarded with the hand of a girl very much too good for him. It is impossible not to recognize some resemblance in the compliant spirit displayed in Sonnets xl. xli. xlii.—where Shakespeare alludes to having been supplanted by his friend in the affections of his mistress,—and the exaggerated unselfishness which prompts Valentine to make the impulsive offer surrendering Silvia to Proteus. But such self-sacrifice finds little sympathy in poetry intended for the study, and still less in any work intended for the stage. Nevertheless, there is something in the generosity of Valentine, in the trustful confidence which he displays towards his unworthy friend, that endears him to our hearts, and makes us rejoice that he is rewarded with so noble a wife as Silvia. It is possible that, when drawing the character of Proteus, Shakespeare had in his mind the disloyalty and ingratitude with which the young, handsome, high-born W. H. had treated him.[1]

The character of Sir Eglamour, if a very slight sketch, embodies a beautiful idea of perfect chivalry. Of the other male characters, with the exception of Launce, not much can be said. Thurio is a mere shadow, which the riper humour of Shakespeare developed into Sir Andrew Aguecheek. Conceding, however, to this early work of Shakespeare the utmost praise that it deserves, one cannot, without being guilty of extravagance, blind one's self to its immense inferiority to his later work. How insignificant does the scene between Silvia and Julia appear by the side of that between Viola and Olivia! It is impossible to tolerate even the suggestion of a parallel, such as some critics have hinted at, between Julia and Imogen. The only point of resemblance between the two characters is that they both put on boy's clothes.

With regard to the humorous elements in the play, Launce with his dog is superior to Launcelot Gobbo and his old father. In his early periods Shakespeare gives us no such worthy specimen of his comic power, with the exception of the Nurse in Romeo and Juliet.

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[1] These remarks, as will be seen, are based on the belief that the sonnets of Shakespeare are not mere poetical exercises, but more or less revelations of his inner life. The extraordinary theory that they are detached poems, inspired by no real events in Shakespeare's life, and having no connection between one another, is a theory which offers a very easy way of getting rid of the difficulties that beset the sonnets, but to my mind is utterly untenable.

On the whole, it may be said of this play that, like The Comedy of Errors, it is written exclusively with a view to the stage. What poetical gems may be found in it are with difficulty detached from the context. The action proceeds almost uninterruptedly, except for the tedious fooling of Launce and Speed in some of the comic scenes. The plot is ill-managed, especially the dénouement, which is abrupt and somewhat careless. The situations are not as skilfully devised as those of The Comedy of Errors; but the chief characters are more or less sympathetic; and the incidents of the story are sufficiently interesting to fix the attention of an audience. It may seem fanciful to trace throughout this play the influence of the country rather than that of the town on Shakespeare's style; but there is certainly less knowledge of character than observation of nature displayed in the imagery of this play. It would seem that, when he was writing it, the fields and woods of Stratford-on-Avon were fresher in Shakespeare's mind than the busy life of London.

Assuming that The Two Gentlemen of Verona was an earlier work than Romeo and Juliet, we have in this play the first instance of Shakespeare's fondness for Italy as the country in which to place his scene. There is not so much local colour as in The Taming of the Shrew, or The Merchant of Venice; and the essentially English character of Launce and Speed is perhaps more strongly marked than in the case of Grumio and Launcelot Gobbo; but the question already arises in our minds, whether Shakespeare's acquaintance with Italy was derived from personal experience or merely from books. This is a point which cannot be discussed at this stage of our work, as it belongs more fitly to the Life of Shakespeare.

Val. How use doth breed a habit in a man!
These shadowy, desert, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns.

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Verona. An open place in the city.*

Enter VALENTINE *and* PROTEUS.

Val. Cease to persuade, my loving Proteus:
Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits.
Were 't not affection chains thy tender days
To the sweet glances of thy honour'd love,
I rather would entreat thy company
To see the wonders of the world abroad,
Than, living dully sluggardiz'd at home,
Wear out thy youth with shapeless[1] idleness.
But since thou lov'st, love still, and thrive therein,
Even as I would, when I to love begin. 10
Pro. Wilt thou be gone? Sweet Valentine, adieu!
Think on thy Proteus, when thou haply see'st
Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel:
Wish me partaker in thy happiness,
When thou dost meet good hap; and in thy danger,
If ever danger do environ thee,
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,
For I will be thy beadsman, Valentine.
Val. And on a love-book pray for my success?
Pro. Upon some book I love I'll pray for thee. 20
Val. That 's on some shallow story of deep love:
How young Leander cross'd the Hellespont.
Pro. That 's a deep story of a deeper love;
For he was more than over shoes in love.
Val. 'Tis true; for you are over boots in love,
And yet you never swum the Hellespont.
Pro. Over the boots? nay, give me not the boots.[2]
Val. I will not, for it boots thee not.
Pro. No?—what?
Val. To be in love, where scorn is bought with groans;

[1] *Shapeless*, purposeless.

[2] *The boots*, the torture so called.

Coy looks with heart-sore sighs; one moment's mirth 30
With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights:
If haply won, perhaps a hapless gain;
If lost, why then a grievous labour won;
However,[1] but a folly bought with wit,
Or else a wit by folly vanquished.

Pro. So, by your circumstance,[2] you call me fool.

Val. So, by your circumstance,[3] I fear you'll prove.

Pro. 'Tis love you cavil at: I am not Love.

Val. Love is your master, for he masters you:
And he that is so yoked by a fool, 40
Methinks, should not be chronicled for wise.

Pro. Yet writers say, as in the sweetest bud
The eating canker dwells, so eating love
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

Val. And writers say, as the most forward bud
Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,
Even so by love the young and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly, blasting in the bud,
Losing his verdure even in the prime
And all his fair effects of future hopes. 50
But wherefore waste I time to counsel thee,
That art a votary to fond desire?
Once more adieu! my father at the road[4]
Expects my coming, there to see me shipp'd.

Pro. And thither will I bring thee, Valentine.

Val. Sweet Proteus, no; now let us take our leave.
To Milan[5] let me hear from thee by letters
Of thy success in love, and what news else
Betideth here in absence of thy friend;
And I likewise will visit thee with mine. 60

Pro. All happiness bechance to thee in Milan!

Val. As much to you at home! and so, farewell. [*Exit.*

Pro. He after honour hunts, I after love:
He leaves his friends to dignify them more;
I leave myself, my friends, and all, for love.
Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphos'd me, 66
Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,
War with good counsel, set the world at nought:
Made wit with musing weak, heart sick with thought.

Enter SPEED.

Speed. Sir Proteus, save you! Saw you my master? 70

Pro. But now he parted hence, to embark for Milan.

Speed. Twenty to one then he is shipp'd already,
And I have play'd the sheep[6] in losing him.

Pro. Indeed, a sheep doth very often stray,
An if the shepherd be a while away.

Speed. You conclude that my master is a shepherd, then, and I a sheep?

Pro. I do.

Speed. Why then, my horns are his horns, whether I wake or sleep. 80

Pro. A silly answer, and fitting well a sheep.

Speed. This proves me still a sheep.

Pro. True; and thy master a shepherd.

Speed. Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.

Pro. It shall go hard but I'll prove it by another.

Speed. The shepherd seeks the sheep, and not the sheep the shepherd; but I seek my master, and my master seeks not me: therefore I am no sheep. 91

Pro. The sheep for fodder follow the shepherd; the shepherd for food follows not the sheep: thou for wages followest thy master; thy master for wages follows not thee: therefore thou art a sheep.

Speed. Such another proof will make me cry "baa."

Pro. But, dost thou hear? gav'st thou my letter to Julia? 100

Speed. Ay, sir: [I, a lost mutton, gave your letter to her, a lac'd mutton,[7] and she, a lac'd mutton, gave me, a lost mutton, nothing for my labour.

[1] *However*, in any case.
[2] *Circumstance*, circumstantial deduction.
[3] *Circumstance*, conduct. [4] *Road*, harbour.
[5] *To Milan*, by letters (addressed) to Milan.
[6] *Sheep*, pronounced here *ship*, for the sake of the pun.
[7] *Lac'd mutton*, courtezan.

Pro. Here's too small a pasture for such store of muttons.

Speed. If the ground be overcharg'd, you were best stick her.

Pro. Nay: in that you are astray, 't were best pound you. 110

Speed. Nay, sir, less than a pound shall serve me for carrying your letter.

Pro. You mistake; I mean the pound,—a pinfold.

Speed. From a pound to a pin? fold it over and over, 115

Pro. All happiness bechance to thee in Milan:
Val. As much to you at home! and so, farewell.

'T is threefold too little for carrying a letter to your lover.]

Pro. But what said she? [*Speed nods.*] Did she nod?

Speed. [*Nodding*] Ay.

Pro. Nod—Ay—why, that's noddy.

Speed. You mistook, sir; I say, she did nod: and you ask me if she did nod; and I say, "Ay."

Pro. And that set together is noddy. 122

[*Speed.* Now you have taken the pains to set it together, take it for your pains.[1]

Pro. No, no; you shall have it for bearing the letter.

Speed. Well, I perceive I must be fain to bear with you.

Pro. Why, sir, how do you bear with me?

Speed. Marry, sir, the letter, very orderly; having nothing but the word "noddy" for my pains. 131

Pro. Beshrew me, but you have a quick wit.

Speed. And yet it cannot overtake your slow purse.

Pro. Come, come, open the matter in brief: what said she?

Speed. Open your purse, that the money

[1] *Take it for your pains, i.e.* take the title of "*noddy*" or "fool" for your pains.

and the matter may be both at once delivered.

Pro.] Well, sir, here is for your pains. What said she? 140

Speed. Truly, sir, I think you 'll hardly win her.

Pro. Why, couldst thou perceive so much from her?

Speed. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her; no, not so much as a ducat for delivering your letter: and being so hard to me that brought your mind, I fear she 'll prove as hard to you in telling your mind. [Give her no token but stones; for she 's as hard as steel.

Pro. What said she? nothing? 150

Speed. No, not so much as "Take this for thy pains." To testify your bounty, I thank you, you have testern'd[1] me; in requital whereof, henceforth carry your letters yourself: and so, sir, I 'll commend you to my master.]

Pro. Go, go, be gone, to save your ship from wreck,
Which cannot perish having thee aboard,
Being destin'd to a drier death on shore.
[*Exit Speed.*
I must go send some better messenger:
I fear my Julia would not deign[2] my lines, 160
Receiving them from such a worthless post.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The same. Garden of Julia's house.*

Enter JULIA *and* LUCETTA.

Jul. But say, Lucetta, now we are alone,
Wouldst thou, then, counsel me to fall in love?

Luc. Ay, madam, so you stumble not unheedfully.

Jul. Of all the fair resort of gentlemen
That every day with parle encounter me,
In thy opinion which is worthiest love?

Luc. Please you repeat their names, I 'll show my mind
According to my shallow simple skill.

Jul. What think'st thou of the fair Sir Eglamour?

Luc. As of a knight well-spoken, neat and fine; 10
But, were I you, he never should be mine.

Jul. What think'st thou of the rich Mercatio? 12

Luc. Well of his wealth; but of himself, so so.

Jul. What think'st thou of the gentle Proteus?

Luc. Lord, lord! to see what folly reigns in us!

Jul. How now! what means this passion at his name?

Luc. Pardon, dear madam: 't is a passing shame
That I, unworthy body as I am,
Should censure[3] thus on lovely gentlemen.

Jul. Why not on Proteus, as of all the rest? 20

Luc. Then thus: of many good I think him best.

Jul. Your reason?

Luc. I have no other but a woman's reason;
I think him so, because I think him so.

Jul. And wouldst thou have me cast my love on him?

Luc. Ay, if you thought your love not cast away.

Jul. Why he, of all the rest, hath never mov'd me.

Luc. Yet he, of all the rest, I think, best loves ye.

Jul. His little speaking shows his love but small.

Luc. Fire[4] that 's closest kept burns most of all. 30

Jul. They do not love that do not show their love.

Luc. O, they love least that let men know their love.

Jul. I would I knew his mind.

Luc. Peruse this paper, madam.

Jul. "To Julia."—Say, from whom?

Luc. That the contents will show.

Jul. Say, say, who gave it thee?

Luc. Sir Valentine's page; and sent, I think, from Proteus.
He would have given it you; but I, being in the way,

[1] *Testern'd me*, given me sixpence.
[2] *Deign*, deign to accept.
[3] *Censure*, express my opinion.
[4] *Fire*, pronounced here as a dissyllable.

Did in your name receive it: pardon the fault, I pray. 40

Jul. Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker!
Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines?
To whisper and conspire against my youth?
Now, trust me, 't is an office of great worth
And you an officer fit for the place.
There, take the paper: see it be return'd;
Or else return no more into my sight.

Luc. To plead for love deserves more fee than hate.

Jul. Will ye be gone?

Luc. That you may ruminate. [*Exit.*

Jul. And yet I would I had o'erlook'd the letter: 50
It were a shame to call her back again,
And pray her to a fault for which I chid her.
What fool[1] is she, that knows I am a maid,
And would not force the letter to my view,—
Since maids, in modesty, say "No" to that
Which they would have the profferer construe "Ay"!
Fie, fie, how wayward is this foolish love,
That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse
And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod!
How churlishly I chid Lucetta hence, 60
When willingly I would have had her here!
How angerly I taught my brow to frown,
When inward joy enforc'd my heart to smile!
My penance is to call Lucetta back,
And ask remission for my folly past.
What, ho! Lucetta!

Re-enter LUCETTA.

Luc. [*Letting fall the letter, as if by accident*] What would your ladyship?

Jul. Is 't near dinner-time?

Luc. [*Stooping to pick up the letter*] I would it were,
That you might kill your stomach[2] on your meat,
And not upon your maid.

Jul. What is 't that you took up so gingerly? 70

Luc. Nothing.

Jul. Why didst thou stoop, then?

Luc. To take a paper up that I let fall. 73

Jul. And is that paper nothing?

Luc. Nothing concerning me.

Jul. Then let it lie for those that it concerns.

Luc. Madam, it will not lie where it concerns,
Unless it have a false interpreter.

Jul. Some love of yours hath writ to you in rhyme.

Luc. That I might sing it, madam, to a tune.
Give me a note: your ladyship can set. 81

Jul. As little by such toys as may be possible.
Best sing it to the tune of "Light o' love."

Luc. It is too heavy for so light a tune.

Jul. Heavy! belike it hath some burden then?

Luc. Ay; and melodious were it, would you sing it.

Jul. And why not you?

Luc. I cannot reach so high.

Jul. Let 's see your song. [*Lucetta shows her the letter from Proteus.*] How now, minion! [*Snatches the letter from Lucetta.*

Luc. Keep tune there still, so you will sing it out:
And yet methinks I do not like this tune. 90

Jul. You do not?

Luc. No, madam; 't is too sharp.

Jul. You, minion, are too saucy.

Luc. Nay, now you are too flat,
And mar the concord with too harsh a descant:
There wanteth but a mean[3] to fill your song.

Jul. The mean is drown'd with your unruly bass.

Luc. Indeed, I bid the base for Proteus.

Jul. This babble shall not henceforth trouble me.—
Here is a coil with protestation!— [*Tears the letter.*
Go get you gone, and let the papers lie: 100
You would be fingering them, to anger me.

Luc. She makes it strange;[4] but she would be best pleas'd
To be so anger'd with another letter. [*Exit.*

---

[1] *What fool*, what a fool. [2] *Stomach*, temper.

[3] *Mean*, tenor.

[4] *She makes it strange*, she pretends to be shocked.

Jul. Nay, would I were so anger'd with the same!
O hateful hands, to tear such loving words!
Injurious wasps, to feed on such sweet honey,
And kill the bees that yield it with your stings!
I'll kiss each several paper for amends.
Look, here is writ "kind Julia:"—unkind Julia!
As in revenge of thy ingratitude, 110
I throw thy name against the bruising stones,

Jul. I'll kiss each several paper for amends.

Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.
And here is writ—"love-wounded Proteus:"—
Poor wounded name! my bosom as a bed
Shall lodge thee till thy wound be throughly heal'd;
And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss.
But twice or thrice was "Proteus" written down:—
Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away
Till I have found each letter in the letter,
Except mine own name: that some whirlwind bear 120
Unto a ragged, fearful-hanging rock
And throw it thence into the raging sea!
Lo, here in one line is his name
"Poor forlorn Proteus, passionate Proteus,
To the sweet Julia:"—that I'll tear away;—
And yet I will not, sith so prettily
He couples it to his complaining names.
[Thus will I fold them one upon another:
Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.]

Re-enter LUCETTA.

Luc. Madam, 130
Dinner is ready, and your father stays.
Jul. Well, let us go.
Luc. What, shall these papers lie like tell-tales here?
Jul. If you respect them, best to take them up.
Luc. Nay, I was taken up for laying them down:
Yet here they shall not lie, for catching cold.[1]
[*Picks up the pieces of the letter.*
Jul. I see you have a month's mind to them.
Luc. Ay, madam, you may say what sights you see;
I see things too, although you judge I wink.
Jul. Come, come; will't please you go? 140
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. Antonio's house.*

Enter ANTONIO *and* PANTHINO.

Ant. Tell me, Panthino, what sad[2] talk was that
Wherewith my brother held you in the cloister?
Pan. 'Twas of his nephew Proteus, your son.
Ant. Why, what of him?
Pan. He wonder'd that your lordship
Would suffer him to spend his youth at home,
While other men, of slender reputation,
Put forth their sons to seek preferment out:
Some to the wars, to try their fortune there;
Some to discover islands far away;
Some to the studious universities. 1
For any, or for all these exercises,
He said that Proteus your son was meet,
And did request me to impórtune you
To let him spend his time no more at home

[1] *For catching cold*, lest they should catch cold.
[2] *Sad*, serious.

would be great impeachment[1] to his

ıg known no travel in his youth.
Nor need'st thou much impórtune me
hat
ı this month I have been hammer-

onsider'd well his loss of time,
r he cannot be a perfect man, 20
ıg tried and tutor'd in the world:
Experience is by industry achiev'd,
And pérfected by the swift course of time.
Then, tell me, whither were I best to send him?
Pan. I think your lordship is not ignorant
How his companion, youthful Valentine,
Attends the emperor in his royal court.
Ant. I know it well.
Pan. 'T were good, I think, your lordship sent him thither: 29

Pro. O, how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day.

all he practise tilts and tournaments,
eet discourse, converse with noblemen,
in eye of[2] every exercise
his youth and nobleness of birth.
like thy counsel; well hast thou ad-
l:
thou mayst perceive how well I like it,
ution of it shall make known: 36
Even with the speediest expedition
I will dispatch him to the emperor's court.
Pan. To-morrow, may it please you, Don Alphonso,
With other gentlemen of good esteem, 40
Are journeying to salute the emperor,
And to commend their service to his will.
Ant. Good company; with them shall Proteus go:
And,—in good time:—now will we break with him.

[1] *Impeachment*, reproach.
[2] *Be in eye of*, be within view of.

Enter PROTEUS.

Pro. Sweet love! sweet lines! sweet life!
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;
Here is her oath for love, her honour's pawn.
O, that our fathers would applaud our loves,
To seal our happiness with their consents!
O heavenly Julia! 50
Ant. How now! what letter are you reading there?
Pro. May 't please your lordship, 't is a word or two
Of commendations sent from Valentine,
Deliver'd by a friend that came from him.
Ant. Lend me the letter; let me see what news.
Pro. There is no news, my lord, but that he writes
How happily he lives, how well belov'd
And daily graced by the emperor;
Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.
Ant. And how stand you affected to his wish?
Pro. As one relying on your lordship's will, 61
And not depending on his friendly wish.
Ant. My will is something sorted with his wish.
Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed;
For what I will, I will, and there an end.
I am resolv'd that thou shalt spend some time
With Valentino in the emperor's court:
What maintenance he from his friends receives,
Like exhibition[2] thou shalt have from me.
To-morrow be in readiness to go: 70
Excuse it not, for I am péremptory.
Pro. My lord, I cannot be so soon provided:
Please you, deliberate a day or two.
Ant. Look, what thou want'st shall be sent after thee:
No more of stay; to-morrow thou must go.
Come on, Panthino: you shall be employ'd
To hasten on his expedition.
[*Exeunt Antonio and Panthino.*
Pro. Thus have I shunn'd the fire for fear of burning,
And drench'd me in the sea, where I am drown'd.
I fear'd to show my father Julia's letter, 80
Lest he should take exceptions to my love;
And with the vantage of mine own excuse
Hath he excepted most against my love.
O, how this spring of love resembleth[3]
The uncertain glory of an April day,
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away!

Re-enter PANTHINO.

Pan. Sir Proteus, your father calls for you:
He is in haste; therefore, I pray you, go. 90
Pro. Why, this it is: my heart accords thereto,
And yet a thousand times it answers "No."
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Milan. The Duke's palace.*

Enter VALENTINE *and* SPEED.

Speed. Sir, your glove.
Val. Not mine; my gloves are on.
Speed. Why, then, this may be yours, for this is but one.[1]
Val. Ha! let me see: ay, give it me, it 's mine:
Sweet ornament that decks a thing divine!
Ah, Silvia, Silvia! 5
Speed. Madam Silvia! Madam Silvia!
Val. How now, sirrah?
Speed. She is not within hearing, sir.
Val. Why, sir, who bade you call her?
Speed. Your worship, sir; or else I mistook.
Val. Well, you 'll still be too forward.
Speed. And yet I was last chidden for being too slow.
Val. Go to, sir: tell me, do you know Madam Silvia? 15
Speed. She that your worship loves?
Val. Why, how know you that I am in love?
Speed. Marry, by these special marks: first, you have learn'd, like Sir Proteus, to wreathe your arms, like a malcontent; to relish a love-song, like a robin-redbreast; to walk alone, like one that had the pestilence; to sigh, like

[1] *One*, anciently written *on*.

[2] *Exhibition*, allowance.

[3] *Resembleth*, pronounced here as a quadrisyllable.

a schoolboy that had lost his A B C; to weep, like a young wench that had buried her grandam; to fast, like one that takes diet;[1] to watch, like one that fears robbing; to speak puling, like a beggar at Hallowmas. You were wont, when you laughed, to crow like a cock; when you walked, to walk like one of the lions; when you fasted, it was presently after dinner; when you looked sadly, it was for want of money: and now you are metamorphos'd with a mistress, that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my master.

Val. Are all these things perceiv'd in me?

Speed. They are all perceiv'd without ye.

Val. Without me? they cannot. 37

Speed. Without you? nay, that's certain, for, without you were so simple, none else would:[2] [but you are so without these follies, that these follies are within you, and shine through you like the water in an urinal, that not an eye that sees you but is a physician to comment on your malady.]

Val. But tell me, dost thou know my lady Silvia?

Speed. She that you gaze on so as she sits at supper?

Val. Hast thou observ'd that? even she, I mean.

Speed. Why, sir, I know her not. 50

Val. Dost thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet know'st her not?

Speed. Is she not hard-favour'd, sir?

Val. Not so fair, boy, as well-favour'd.

Speed. Sir, I know that well enough.

Val. What dost thou know?

Speed. That she is not so fair as, of you, well-favour'd.

Val. I mean that her beauty is exquisite, but her favour infinite. 60

Speed. That's because the one is painted, and the other out of all count.

Val. How painted? and how out of count?

Speed. Marry, sir, so painted, to make her fair, that no man counts of[3] her beauty.

Val. How esteem'st thou me? I account of her beauty.

Speed. You never saw her since she was deform'd.

Val. How long hath she been deform'd? 70

Speed. Ever since you lov'd her.

Val. I have lov'd her ever since I saw her; and still I see her beautiful.

Speed. If you love her, you cannot see her.

Val. Why?

Speed. Because Love is blind. [O, that you had mine eyes; or your own eyes had the lights they were wont to have when you chid at Sir Proteus for going ungarter'd!

Val. What should I see then? 80

Speed. Your own present folly and her passing deformity: for he, being in love, could not see to garter his hose, and you, being in love, cannot see to put on your hose.

Val. Belike, boy, then, you are in love; for last morning you could not see to wipe my shoes.

Speed. True, sir; I was in love with my bed: I thank you, you swing'd[4] me for my love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours. 89

Val. In conclusion, I stand affected to her.

Speed. I would you were set,[5] so your affection would cease.]

Val. Last night she enjoin'd me to write some lines to one she loves.

Speed. And have you?

Val. I have.

Speed. Are they not lamely writ?

Val. No, boy, but as well as I can do them. Peace! here she comes. 99

Speed. [*Aside*] O excellent motion![6] O exceeding puppet! Now will he interpret to her.

Enter SILVIA.

Val. Madam and mistress, a thousand good-morrows.

Speed. [*Aside*] O, give ye good even! here's a million of manners.

Sil. Sir Valentine and servant, to you two thousand.

Speed. [*Aside*] He should give her interest, and she gives it him.

Val. As you enjoin'd me, I have writ your letter 109

Unto the secret nameless friend of yours;
Which I was much unwilling to proceed in,
But for my duty to your ladyship.

[1] *Takes diet*, is under a strict regimen.
[2] *None else would*, *i.e.* would be *so simple*.
[3] *Counts of*, values.
[4] *Swing'd*, whipped. [5] *Set*, seated.
[6] *Motion*, puppet-show.

Sil. I thank you, gentle servant: 't is very clerkly[1] done. 114

Val. Now trust me, madam, it came hardly off;
For being ignorant to whom it goes
I writ at random, very doubtfully.

Sil. Perchance you think too much of so much pains?

Val. No, madam; so it stead you, I will write,
Please you command, a thousand times as much; 120
And yet—

Sil. A pretty period! Well, I guess the sequel;
And yet I will not name it;—and yet I care not;—
And yet take this again;—and yet I thank you,
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

Speed. [*Aside*] And yet you will; and yet another "yet."

Val. What means your ladyship? do you not like it?

Sil. Yes, yes: the lines are very quaintly writ;
But since unwillingly, take them again.
Nay, take them. 130

Val. Madam, they are for you.

Sil. Ay, ay, you writ them, sir, at my request;
But I will none of them; they are for you;
I would have had them writ more movingly.

Val. Please you, I 'll write your ladyship another.

Sil. And when it 's writ, for my sake read it over;
And if it please you, so; if not, why, so.

Val. If it please me, madam, what then?

Sil. Why, if it please you, take it for your labour:
And so, good morrow, servant. [*Exit.* 140

Speed. O jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible,
As a nose on a man's face, or a weathercock on a steeple!
My master sues to her, and she hath taught her suitor,
He being her pupil, to become her tutor.
O excellent device! was there ever heard a better,
That my master, being scribe, to himself should write the letter?

Val. How now, sir? what are you reasoning with yourself?

Speed. Nay, I was rhyming: 't is you that have the reason. 150

Val. To do what?

Speed. To be a spokesman for Madam Silvia.

Val. To whom?

Speed. To yourself: why, she wooes you by a figure.

Val. What figure?

Speed. By a letter, I should say.

Val. Why, she hath not writ to me?

Speed. What need she, when she hath made you write to yourself? Why, do you not perceive the jest? 160

Val. No, believe me.

Speed. No believing you, indeed, sir. But did you perceive her earnest?

Val. She gave me none, except an angry word.

Speed. Why, she hath given you a letter.

Val. That 's the letter I writ to her friend.

Speed. And that letter hath she deliver'd, and there an end.

Val. I would it were no worse.

Speed. I 'll warrant you, 't is as well: 170

"For often have you writ to her, and she, in modesty,
Or else for want of idle time, could not again reply;
Or fearing else some messenger that might her mind discover,
Herself hath taught her love himself to write unto her lover."

All this I speak in print,[2] for in print I found it.
Why muse you, sir? 't is dinner-time.

Val. I have din'd.

Speed. Ay, but hearken, sir; though the chameleon Love can feed on the air, I am one that am nourish'd by my victuals, and would fain have meat. O, be not like your mistress; be moved, be moved.[3] [*Exeunt.* 182

SCENE II. *Verona. Julia's house.*

Enter PROTEUS *and* JULIA.

Pro. Have patience, gentle Julia.

Jul. I must, where is no remedy.

Pro. When possibly I can, I will return.

Jul. If you turn not, you will return the sooner.

[1] *Clerkly*, like a scholar.

[2] *In print*, exactly

[3] *Be moved*, have compassion on me.

Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake.
[*Giving him a ring.*

Pro. Why, then, we'll make exchange; here, take you this. [*Giving her another.*

Jul. And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.

Pro. Here is my hand for my true constancy;
And when that hour o'erslips me in the day
Wherein I sigh not, Julia, for thy sake, 10
The next ensuing hour some foul mischance
Torment me for my love's forgetfulness!
My father stays my coming; answer not;
The tide is now:—nay, not thy tide of tears;
That tide will stay me longer than I should.
Julia, farewell! [*Exit Julia.*
What, gone without a word?
Ay, so true love should do: it cannot speak;
For truth hath better deeds than words to grace it.

Enter PANTHINO.

Pan. Sir Proteus, you are stay'd for.

Pro. Go; I come, I come. 20
Alas! this parting strikes poor lovers dumb.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. A street.*

Enter LAUNCE, *leading a dog.*

Launce. Nay, 't will be this hour ere I have done weeping; all the kind of the Launces have this very fault. I have receiv'd my proportion, like the prodigious son, and am going with Sir Proteus to the Imperial's court. I think Crab my dog be the sourest-natured dog that lives: my mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear: he is a stone, a very pebble stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog: a Jew would have wept to have seen our parting; why, my grandam, having no eyes, look you, wept herself blind at my parting. Nay, I 'll show you the manner of it. This shoe is my father: no, this left shoe is my father: no, no, this left shoe is my mother: nay, that cannot be so neither: yes, it is so, it is so, it hath the worser sole. [This shoe, with the hole in it, is my mother, and this my father; a vengeance on 't! there 't is: now, sir,] this staff is my sister, for, look you, she is as white as a lily and as small as a wand: this hat is Nan, our maid: I am the dog: no, the dog is himself, and I am the dog —Oh! the dog is me, and I am myself; ay, so, so. Now come I to my father; "Father, your blessing:" now should not the shoe speak a

Launce. Nay, I 'll show you the manner of it. This shoe is my father: no, this left shoe is my father.

word for weeping: now should I kiss my father; well, he weeps on. Now come I to my mother: O, that she could speak now like a wood[1] woman! Well, I kiss her; why, there 't is; here 's my mother's breath up and down. Now come I to my sister; mark the moan she makes. Now the dog all this while sheds not a tear nor speaks a word; but see how I lay the dust with my tears. 35

Enter PANTHINO.

Pan. Launce, away, away, aboard! thy master is shipp'd and thou art to post after

[1] *Wood*, mad.

with oars. What's the matter? why weep'st thou, man? Away, ass! you'll lose the tide, if you tarry any longer. 40

Launce. It is no matter if the tied were lost; for it is the unkindest tied that ever any man tied.

Pan. What's the unkindest tide?

Launce. Why, he that's tied here,—Crab my dog.

Pan. Tut, man, I mean thou'lt lose the flood; and, in losing the flood, lose thy voyage; and, in losing thy voyage, lose thy master; and, in losing thy master, lose thy service; and, in losing thy service,—Why dost thou stop my mouth? 51

Launce. For fear thou shouldst lose thy tongue.

Pan. Where should I lose my tongue?

Launce. In thy tale.

Pan. In my tail?

Launce. Lose the tide, and the voyage, and the master, and the service, and [*pointing to the dog*] the tied! Why, man, if the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears; if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my sighs. 60

Pan. Come, come away, man; I was sent to call thee.

Launce. Sir, call me what thou dar'st.

Pan. Wilt thou go?

Launce. Well, I will go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Milan. A room in the Duke's palace.*

Enter SILVIA, VALENTINE, THURIO, *and* SPEED.

Sil. Servant!—

Val. Mistress?

Speed. Master, Sir Thurio frowns on you.

Val. Ay, boy, it's for love.

Speed. Not of you.

Val. Of my mistress, then.

Speed. 'T were good you knock'd him. [*Exit.*

Sil. Servant, you are sad.

Val. Indeed, madam, I seem so.

Thu. Seem you that you are not? 10

Val. Haply I do.

Thu. So do counterfeits.

Val. So do you.

Thu. What seem I that I am not? 14

Val. Wise.

Thu. What instance of the contrary?

Val. Your folly.

Thu. And how quote you my folly?

Val. I quote[1] it in your jerkin.

Thu. My jerkin is a doublet. 20

Val. Well, then, I'll double your folly.

Thu. How?

Sil. What, angry, Sir Thurio! do you change colour?

Val. Give him leave, madam; he is a kind of chameleon.

Thu. That hath more mind to feed on your blood than live in your air.

Val. You have said, sir.

Thu. Ay, sir, and done too, for this time. 30

Val. I know it well, sir; you always end ere you begin.

Sil. A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly shot off.

Val. 'T is indeed, madam; we thank the giver.

Sil. Who is that, servant?

Val. Yourself, sweet lady; for you gave the fire. Sir Thurio borrows his wit from your ladyship's looks, and spends what he borrows kindly in your company. 40

Thu. Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall make your wit bankrupt.

Val. I know it well, sir; you have an exchequer of words, and, I think, no other treasure to give your followers, for it appears, by their bare liveries, that they live by your bare words.

Sil. No more, gentlemen, no more:—here comes my father.

Enter DUKE.

Duke. Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard beset.
Sir Valentine, your father's in good health: 50
What say you to a letter from your friends
Of much good news?

Val. My lord, I will be thankful
To any happy messenger from thence.

Duke. Know ye Don Antonio, your countryman?

[1] *Quote*, observe, pronounced like *coat*; hence the pun.

Val. Ay, my good lord, I know the gentleman
To be of worth and worthy estimation,
And not without desert so well reputed.
Duke. Hath he not a son?
Val. Ay, my good lord; a son that well deserves
The honour and regard of such a father. 60
Duke. You know him well? 61
Val. I know him as myself; for from our infancy
We have convers'd, and spent our hours together:
And though myself have been an idle truant,
Omitting the sweet benefit of time

Sil. What, angry, Sir Thurio! do you change colour?
Val. Give him leave, madam; he is a kind of chameleon.

To clothe mine age with angel-like perfection,
Yet hath Sir Proteus, for that's his name,
Made use and fair advantage of his days;
His years but young, but his experience old;
His head unmellow'd, but his judgement ripe;
And, in a word,—for far behind his worth 71
Comes all the praises that I now bestow,—
He is complete in feature and in mind
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.
Duke. Beshrew me, sir, but if he make this good,
He is as worthy for an empress' love
As meet to be an emperor's counsellor.
Well, sir, this gentleman is come to me,
With commendation from great potentates;
And here he means to spend his time awhile:
I think 't is no unwelcome news to you. 81
Val. Should I have wish'd a thing, it had been he.
Duke. Welcome him then according to his worth.
Silvia, I speak to you, and you, Sir Thurio;
For Valentine, I need not cite him[1] to it:
I 'll send him hither to you presently. [*Exit.*
Val. This is the gentleman I told your ladyship
Had come along with me, but that his mistress
Did hold his eyes lock'd in her crystal looks.

[1] *Cite him*, incite him.

Sil. Belike that now she hath enfranchis'd them 90
Upon some other pawn for féalty.[1]
Val. Nay, sure, I think she holds them prisoners still.
Sil. Nay, then he should be blind; and, being blind,
How could he see his way to seek out you?
Val. Why, lady, Love hath twenty pair of eyes.
Thu. They say that Love hath not an eye at all.
Val. To see such lovers, Thurio, as yourself:
Upon a homely object Love can wink.
[*Thurio retires angrily to back of stage.*
Sil. Have done, have done; here comes the gentleman.

Enter PROTEUS.

Val. Welcome, dear Proteus! Mistress, I beseech you, 100
Confirm his welcome with some special favour.
Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome hither,
If this be he you oft have wish'd to hear from.
Val. Mistress, it is: sweet lady, entertain him
To be my fellow-servant to your ladyship.
Sil. Too low a mistress for so high a servant.
Pro. Not so, sweet lady: but too mean a servant
To have a look of such a worthy mistress.
Val. Leave off discourse of disability:— 109
Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant.
Pro. My duty will I boast of; nothing else.
Sil. And duty never yet did want his meed:
Servant, you are welcome to a worthless mistress.
Pro. I'll die on him that says so but yourself.
Sil. That you are welcome?
Pro. No, that you are worthless.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, my lord your father would speak with you.
Sil. I wait upon his pleasure. [*Exit Servant*] Come, Sir Thurio,
Go you with me. Once more, new servant, welcome:
I'll leave you to confer of home affairs;
When you have done, we look to hear from you. 120
Pro. We'll both attend upon your ladyship.
[*Exeunt Silvia and Thurio.*
Val. Now, tell me, how do all from whence you came?
Pro. Your friends are well and have them much commended.
Val. And how do yours?
Pro. I left them all in health.
Val. How does your lady? and how thrives your love?
Pro. My tales of love were wont to weary you;
I know you joy not in a love-discourse.
Val. Ay, Proteus, but that life is alter'd now:
I have done penance for contemning Love,
Whose high imperious thoughts have punish'd me 130
With bitter fasts, with penitential groans,
With nightly tears and daily heart-sore sighs;
For in revenge of my contempt of love,
Love hath chas'd sleep from my enthralled eyes
And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow.
O gentle Proteus, Love's a mighty lord,
And hath so humbled me, as I confess
There is no woe to[2] his correction,
Nor to his service no such joy on earth.
Now, no discourse, except it be of love; 140
Now can I break my fast, dine, sup and sleep,
Upon the very naked name of love.
Pro. Enough; I read your fortune in your eye.
Was this the idol that you worship so?
Val. Even she; and is she not a heavenly saint?
Pro. No; but she is an earthly paragon.
Val. Call her divine.
Pro. I will not flatter her.
Val. O, flatter me; for love delights in praises.
Pro. When I was sick, you gave me bitter pills,

[1] *Fealty*, pronounced as a trisyllable.

[2] *To*, compared to.

And I must minister the like to you. 150
Val. Then speak the truth of her; if not divine,
Yet let her be a principality,
Sovereign to all the creatures on the earth.
Pro. Except my mistress.
Val. Sweet, except not any;
Except thou wilt except against my love.
Pro. Have I not reason to prefer mine own?
Val. And I will help thee to prefer her too:
She shall be dignified with this high honour—
To bear my lady's train, lest the base earth
Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss,
And, of so great a favour growing proud, 161
Disdain to root the summer-swelling flower,
And make rough winter everlastingly.
Pro. Why, Valentine, what braggardism 's this?
Val. Pardon me, Proteus: all I can is nothing
To her whose worth makes other worthies nothing;
She is alone.
Pro. Then let her alone.
Val. Not for the world: why, man, she is mine own,
And I as rich in having such a jewel
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.
Forgive me that I do not dream on thee, 172
Because thou see'st me dote upon my love.
My foolish rival, that her father likes
Only for his possessions are so huge,
Is gone with her along; and I must after,
For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.
Pro. But she loves you?
Val. Ay, and we are betroth'd: nay, more, our marriage-hour, 179
With all the cunning manner of our flight,
Determin'd of; how I must climb her window,
The ladder made of cords, and all the means
Plotted and 'greed on for my happiness.
Good Proteus, go with me to my chamber,
In these affairs to aid me with thy counsel.
Pro. Go on before; I shall inquire you forth:
I must unto the road,[1] to disembark
Some necessaries that I needs must use,
And then I'll presently attend on you.
Val. Will you make haste? 190
Pro. I will. [*Exit Valentine.*
Even as one heat another heat expels,
Or as one nail by strength drives out another,
So the remembrance of my former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.
Is it mine eye, or Valentino's praise,
Her true perfection, or my false transgression,
That makes me reasonless to reason thus?
She is fair; and so is Julia that I love—
That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd;
Which, like a waxen image 'gainst a fire, 201
Bears no impression of the thing it was.
Methinks my zeal to Valentine is cold,
And that I love him not as I was wont.
O, but I love his lady too-too much,
And that's the reason I love him so little.
How shall I dote on her with more advice,[2]
That thus without advice begin to love her!
'T is but her picture I have yet beheld,
And that hath dazzled[3] my reason's light; 210
But when I look on her perfections,
There is no reason but I shall be blind.
If I can check my erring love, I will;
If not, to compass her I'll use my skill. [*Exit.*

[1] *Road*, harbour.

Scene V. *The same. A street.*

Enter Speed *and* Launce *severally.*

Speed. Launce! by mine honesty, welcome to Milan!
Launce. Forswear not thyself, sweet youth, for I am not welcome. I reckon this always, that a man is never undone till he be hang'd, nor never welcome to a place till some certain shot be paid, and the hostess say "Welcome!"
Speed. Come on, you madcap, I'll to the alehouse with you presently; where, for one shot of five pence, thou shalt have five thousand welcomes. But, sirrah, how did thy master part with Madam Julia? 12
Launce. Marry, after they clos'd in earnest, they parted very fairly in jest.
Speed. But shall she marry him?
Launce. No.
Speed. How then? shall he marry her?

[2] *With more advice*, on further knowledge.
[3] *Dazzled*, anciently written *dazeled*, pronounced as trisyllable.

Launce. No, neither.

Speed. What, are they broken? 19

Launce. No, they are both as whole as a fish.

[*Speed.* Why, then, how stands the matter with them?

Launce. Marry, thus; when it stands well with him, it stands well with her.

Launce. Thou shalt never get such a secret from me but by a parable.

Speed. What an ass art thou! I understand thee not.

Launce. What a block art thou, that thou canst not! My staff understands me.

Speed. What thou say'st? 29

Launce. Ay, and what I do too: look thee, I'll but lean, and my staff understands me.

Speed. It stands under thee, indeed.

Launce. Why, stand-under and under-stand is all one.]

Speed. But tell me true, will't be a match?

Launce. Ask my dog: if he say ay, it will; if he say, no, it will; if he shake his tail and say nothing, it will.

Speed. The conclusion is then that it will.

Launce. Thou shalt never get such a secret from me but by a parable.[1] 41

Speed. 'T is well that I get it so. But, Launce, how say'st thou, that my master is become a notable lover?

Launce. I never knew him otherwise.

Speed. Than how?

Launce. A notable lubber, as thou reportest him to be.

[*Speed.* Why, thou whoreson ass, thou mistakest me. 50

Launce. Why, fool, I meant not thee; I meant thy master.

Speed. I tell thee, my master is become a hot lover.

Launce. Why, I tell thee, I care not though he burn himself in love.] If thou wilt, go with me to the alehouse; if not, thou art an Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of a Christian.

Speed. Why? 60

Launce. Because thou hast not so much charity in thee as to go to the ale with a Christian. Wilt thou go?

Speed. At thy service. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *The same. A room in the Duke's palace.*

Enter PROTEUS.

Pro. To leave my Julia, shall I be forsworn;
To love fair Silvia, shall I be forsworn;
To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworn;
And ev'n that power, which gave me first my oath,
Provokes me to this threefold perjury;
Love bade me swear, and Love bids me forswear.
O sweet-suggesting[2] Love, if thou hast sinn'd,[3]
Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it!
At first I did adore a twinkling star,
But now I worship a celestial sun. 10

[1] *By a parable*, indirectly.
[2] *Sweet-suggesting*, sweetly tempting.
[3] *Sinn'd*, influenced me to sin.

eedful vows may heedfully be broken,
e wants wit that wants resolved will
n his wit to exchange the bad for better.
, unreverent tongue! to call her bad,
sovereignty so oft thou hast preferr'd
wenty thousand soul-confirming oaths.
ot leave to love, and yet I do;
ere I leave to love where I should love.]
[lose, and Valentine I lose:
eep them, I needs must lose myself; 20
se them, thus find I by their loss
alentine, myself, for Julia, Silvia.
yself am dearer than a friend,
ve is still most precious in itself;
Silvia—witness Heaven, that made her
ir!—
Julia but a swarthy Ethiope.
forget that Julia is alive,
ub'ring that my love to her is dead;
'alentine I 'll hold an enemy,
g at Silvia as a sweeter friend. 30
ot now prove constant to myself,
ut some treachery us'd to Valentine.
ight he meaneth with a corded ladder
ub celestial Silvia's chamber-window,
' in counsel his competitor:[1]
resently I 'll give her father notice
ir disguising and pretended[2] flight;
ll enrag'd, will banish Valentine;
urio, he intends, shall wed his daughter;
'alentine being gone, I 'll quickly cross,
ne sly trick, blunt Thurio's dull proceeding.
lend me wings to make my purpose
rift,
u hast lent me wit to plot this drift! 43
[*Exit.*

ENE VII. *Verona. Julia's house.*

Enter JULIA *and* LUCETTA.

Counsel, Lucetta; gentle girl, assist me;
v'n in kind love, I do cónjure thee,
rt the table wherein all my thoughts
sibly charácter'd and engrav'd,
on me; and tell me some good mean,
with my honour, I may undertake
ney to my loving Proteus

Luc. Alas, the way is wearisome and long!
Jul. A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary
To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps; 10
Much less shall she that hath Love's wings to fly,
And when the flight is made to one so dear,
Of such divine perfection, as Sir Proteus.
Luc. Better forbear till Proteus make return.
Jul. O, know'st thou not his looks are my soul's food?
Pity the dearth that I have pined in,
By longing for that food so long a time.
Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou wouldst as soon go kindle fire with snow
As seek to quench the fire of love with words. 20
Luc. I do not seek to quench your love's hot fire,
But qualify the fire's[3] extreme rage,
Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.
Jul. The more thou damm'st it up, the more it burns.
The current that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage;
But when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet music with th' enamell'd stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage, 30
And so by many winding nooks he strays
With willing sport, to the wild ocean.
Then let me go, and hinder not my course:
I 'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
And make a pastime of each weary step,
Till the last step have brought me to my love;
And there I 'll rest, as, after much turmoil,
A blessed soul doth in Elysium.
Luc. But in what habit will you go along?
Jul. Not like a woman; for I would prevent 40
The loose encounters of lascivious men:
Gentle Lucetta, fit me with such weeds
As may beseem some well-reputed page.
Luc. Why, then, your ladyship must cut your hair.

[1] *etitor*, confederate. [2] *Pretended*, proposed.

[3] *Fire's*, a dissyllable here.

Jul. No, girl; I'll knit it up in silken strings 45
With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots.
To be fantastic may become a youth
Of greater time than I shall show to be.
[*Luc.* What fashion, madam, shall I make your breeches?
Jul. That fits as well as—"Tell me, good my lord, 50
What compass will you wear your farthingale?"
Why ev'n what fashion thou best lik'st, Lucetta.
Luc. You must needs have them with a codpiece, madam.
Jul. Out, out, Lucetta! that will be ill-favour'd.
Luc. A round hose, madam, now's not worth a pin,
Unless you have a codpiece to stick pins on.
Jul. Lucetta, as thou lov'st me, let me have
What thou think'st meet and is most mannerly.]
But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me
For undertaking so unstaid a journey? 60
I fear me, it will make me scandaliz'd.
Luc. If you think so, then stay at home and go not.
Jul. Nay, that I will not.
Luc. Then never dream on infamy, but go.
If Proteus like your journey when you come,
No matter who's displeas'd when you are gone:
I fear me, he will scarce be pleas'd withal.
Jul. That is the least, Lucetta, of my fear:
A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears,
And instances of infinite[1] of love, 70
Warrant me welcome to my Proteus.
Luc. All these are servants to deceitful men.
Jul. Base men, that use them to so base effect!
But truer stars did govern Proteus' birth;
His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles,
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;
His tears pure messengers sent from his heart,
His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth.
Luc. Pray heaven he prove so, when you come to him!
Jul. Now, as thou lov'st me, do him not that wrong 80
To bear a hard opinion of his truth:
Only deserve my love by loving him;
And presently go with me to my chamber,
To take a note of what I stand in need of,
To furnish me upon my longing journey.
All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,
My goods, my lands, my reputation;
Only, in lieu thereof, dispatch me hence.
Come, answer not, but to it presently!
I am impatient of my tarriance. [*Exeunt.* 90

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Milan. An ante-room in the Duke's palace.*

Enter DUKE, THURIO, *and* PROTEUS.

Duke. Sir Thurio, give us leave, I pray, awhile;
We have some secrets to confer about.
[*Exit Thurio.*
Now, tell me, Proteus, what's your will with me?
Pro. My gracious lord, that which I would discover
The law of friendship bids me to conceal;
But when I call to mind your gracious favours
Done to me, undeserving as I am,
My duty pricks me on to utter that
Which else no worldly good should draw from me.
Know, worthy prince, Sir Valentine, my friend, 10
This night intends to steal away your daughter:
Myself am one made privy to the plot.
I know you have determin'd to bestow her
On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates;
And should she thus be stol'n away from you,
It would be much vexation to your age.

---

[1] *Infinite*, infinity.

Thus, for my duty's sake, I rather chose
To cross my friend in his intended drift
Than, by concealing it, heap on your head
A pack of sorrows which would press you down,
Being unprevented, to your timeless grave.
Duke. Proteus, I thank thee for thine honest care;
Which to requite, command me while I live.
This love of theirs myself have often seen,
Haply when they have judg'd me fast asleep;
And oftentimes have purpos'd to forbid
Sir Valentine her company and my court:
But fearing lest my jealous aim[1] might err,
And so unworthily disgrace the man,—
A rashness that I ever yet have shunn'd,—
I gave him gentle looks; thereby to find
That which thyself hast now disclos'd to me.
And, that thou mayst perceive my fear of this,
Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested,[2]
I nightly lodge her in an upper tower,
The key whereof myself have ever kept;
And thence she cannot be convey'd away.
Pro. Know, noble lord, they have devis'd a mean
How he her chamber-window will ascend,
And with a corded ladder fetch her down;
For which the youthful lover now is gone,
And this way comes he with it presently;
Where, if it please you, you may intercept him.
But, good my lord, do it so cunningly
That my discovery be not aimed[3] at;
For love of you, not hate unto my friend,
Hath made me publisher of this pretence.
Duke. Upon mine honour, he shall never know
That I had any light from thee of this.
Pro. Adieu, my lord; Sir Valentine is coming. [*Exit.*

Enter VALENTINE.

Duke. Sir Valentine, whither away so fast?
Val. Please it your grace, there is a messenger
That stays to bear my letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliver them.
Duke. Be they of much import?
Val. The tenour of them doth but signify
My health, and happy being at your court.
Duke. Nay then, no matter; stay with me awhile;
I am to break with thee of some affairs

Pro. My gracious lord, that which I would discover
The law of friendship bids me to conceal.

That touch me near, wherein thou must be secret.
'T is not unknown to thee that I have sought
To match my friend Sir Thurio to my daughter.
Val. I know it well, my lord; and, sure, the match
Were rich and honourable; besides, the gentleman
Is full of virtue, bounty, worth and qualities
Beseeming such a wife as your fair daughter:
Cannot your grace win her to fancy him?
Duke. No, trust me; she is peevish, sullen, froward,
Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty;
Neither regarding that she is my child,
Nor fearing me as if I were her father;
And, may I say to thee, this pride of hers,
Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her;

[1] *Aim*, guess. [2] *Suggested*, tempted. [3] *Aimed*, guessed.

And, where[1] I thought the remnant of mine age
Should have been cherish'd by her child-like duty,
I now am full resolv'd to take a wife,
And turn her out to who will take her in:
Then let her beauty be her wedding-dower;
For me and my possessions she esteems not.
Val. What would your grace have me to do in this? 80
Duke. There is a lady in Milano here
Whom I affect; but she is nice and coy
And nought esteems my aged eloquence:
Now therefore would I have thee to my tutor—
For long agone I have forgot to court;
Besides, the fashion of the time is chang'd—
How, and which way, I may bestow myself,
To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.
Val. Win her with gifts, if she respect not words:
Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind, 90
More than quick words, do move a woman's mind.
Duke. But she did scorn a present that I sent her.
Val. A woman sometimes scorns what best contents her.
Send her another; never give her o'er;
For scorn at first makes after-love the more.
If she do frown, 't is not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more love in you:
If she do chide, 't is not to have you gone;
For why,[2] the fools are mad, if left alone.
Take no repulse, whatever she doth say; 100
For "get you gone," she doth not mean "away!"
Flatter and praise, commend, extol their graces;
Though ne'er so black, say they have angels' faces.
That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.
Duke. But she I mean is promis'd by her friends
Unto a youthful gentleman of worth;
And kept severely from resort of men,
That no man hath access by day to her.
Val. Why, then, I would resort to her by night. 110
Duke. Ay, but the doors be lock'd, and keys kept safe, 111
That no man hath recourse to her by night.
Val. What lets[3] but one may enter at her window?
Duke. Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground,
And built so shelving, that one cannot climb it
Without apparent hazard of his life.
Val. Why then, a ladder, quaintly made of cords,
To cast up, with a pair of anchoring hooks,
Would serve to scale another Hero's tower,
So bold Leander would adventure it. 120
Duke. Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,
Advise me where I may have such a ladder.
Val. When would you use it? pray, sir, tell me that.
Duke. This very night; for Love is like a child,
That longs for every thing that he can come by.
Val. By seven o'clock I 'll get you such a ladder.
Duke. But, hark thee; I will go to her alone:
How shall I best convey the ladder thither?
Val. It will be light, my lord, that you may bear it
Under a cloak that is of any length. 130
Duke. A cloak as long as thine will serve the turn?
Val. Ay, my good lord.
Duke. Then let me see thy cloak:
I 'll get me one of such another length.
Val. Why, any cloak will serve the turn, my lord.
Duke. How shall I fashion me to wear a cloak?—
I pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me.—
What letter is this same? What 's here? "To Silvia!"
And here an engine fit for my proceeding.
I 'll be so bold to break the seal for once.
[*Reads.*
"My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly, 140
And slaves they are to me that send them flying:
O, could their master come and go as lightly,

[1] *Where*, whereas. [2] *For why*, because. [3] *Lets*, hinders.

f would lodge where senseless they are
;! 143
d thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them;
I, their king, that hither them impórtune,
the grace that with such grace hath bless'd
',
e myself do want my servants' fortune:
ıyself, for they are sent by me,
y should harbour where their lord would
What's here? 150
"Silvia, this night I will enfranchise thee."
'Tis so; and here's the ladder for the purpose.
Why, Phaethon,—for thou art Merops' son,—
Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car,
And with thy daring folly burn the world?
Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on thee?

Duke. Go, base intruder! overweening slave!
Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates.

ɜ intruder! overweening slave!
thy fawning smiles on equal mates;
nk my patience, more than thy desert,
lege for thy departure hence: 160
me for this more than for all the fa-
ırs
all too much, I have bestowed on thee.
hou linger in my territories
than swiftest expedition
ɜe thee time to leave our royal court,
ven! my wrath shall far exceed the
e
ɔore my daughter or thyself.
:! I will not hear thy vain excuse;
But, as thou lov'st thy life, make speed from hence. [*Exit.*
Val. And why not death rather than living torment? 170
To die is to be banish'd from myself;
And Silvia is myself: banish'd from her
Is self from self: a deadly banishment!
What light is light, if Silvia be not seen?
What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by?
Unless it be to think that she is by,
And feed upon the shadow of perfection.
Except I be by Silvia in the night,
There is no music in the nightingale;
Unless I look on Silvia in the day, 180

There is no day for me to look upon; 181
She is my essence, and I leave[1] to be,
If I be not by her fair influence
Foster'd, illumin'd, cherish'd, kept alive.
I fly not death, to fly[2] his deadly doom:
Tarry I here, I but attend on death:
But, fly I hence, I fly away from life.

Enter PROTEUS *and* LAUNCE.

Pro. Run, boy, run, run, and seek him out.
Launce. Soho, soho!
Pro. What see'st thou? 190
Launce. Him we go to find: there's not a hair on's head but 't is a Valentine.
Pro. [Valentine?
Val. No.
Pro. Who then? his spirit?
Val. Neither.
Pro. What then?
Val. Nothing.
Launce. Can nothing speak? Master, shall I strike?
Pro. Who wouldst thou strike? 200
Launce. Nothing.
Pro. Villain, forbear.
Launce. Why, sir, I 'll strike nothing I pray you,—
Pro. Sirrah, I say, forbear.] Friend Valentine, a word.
Val. My ears are stopt, and cannot hear good news,
So much of bad already hath possess'd them.
Pro. Then in dumb silence will I bury mine,
For they are harsh, untuneable, and bad.
Val. Is Silvia dead?
Pro. No, Valentine. 210
Val. No Valentine, indeed, for sacred Silvia!—
Hath she forsworn me?
Pro. No, Valentine.
Val. No Valentine, if Silvia have forsworn me!—
What is your news?
Launce. Sir, there is a proclamation that you are vanished.
Pro. That thou art banished—O, that 's the news!—
From hence, from Silvia, and from me thy friend.
Val. O, I have fed upon this woe already,
And now excess of it will make me surfeit. 220
Doth Silvia know that I am banished?
Pro. Ay, ay; and she hath offer'd to the doom—
Which, unrevers'd, stands in effectual force—
A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears:
Those at her father's churlish feet she tender'd;
With them, upon her knees, her humble self;
Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became them
As if but now they waxed pale for woe:
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears, 230
Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire;
But Valentine, if he be ta'en, must die.
Besides, her intercession chaf'd him so,
When she for thy repeal was suppliant,
That to close prison he commanded her,
With many bitter threats of biding there.
Val. No more; unless the next word that thou speak'st
Have some malignant power upon my life:
If so, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear,
As ending anthem of my endless dolour. 240
Pro. Cease to lament for that thou canst not help,
And study help for that which thou lament'st.
Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.
Here if thou stay, thou canst not see thy love;
Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life.
Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that,
And manage it against despairing thoughts.
Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence;
Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd
Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love. 250
The time now serves not to expostulate:
Come, I 'll convey thee through the city-gate;
And, ere I part with thee, confer at large
Of all that may concern thy love-affairs.
As thou lov'st Silvia, though not for thyself,
Regard thy danger, and along[3] with me!

[1] *Leave*, cease. [2] *To fly*, *i.e.* by flying. [3] *Along*, *i.e.* come along.

Val. I pray thee, Launce, an if thou seest my boy,
Bid him make haste and meet me at the North-gate.

Pro. Go, sirrah, find him out. Come, Valentine. 259

Val. O my dear Silvia! Hapless Valentine!
[*Exeunt Valentine and Proteus.*

Launce. I am but a fool, look you; and yet I have the wit to think my master is a kind of a knave: but that 's all one, if he be but one knave. He lives not now that knows me to be in love; yet I am in love; but a team of horse shall not pluck that from me; nor who 'tis I love; and yet 'tis a woman; but what woman, I will not tell myself; and yet 'tis a milkmaid; yet 'tis not a maid, for she hath had gossips; yet 'tis a maid, for she is her master's maid, and serves for wages. She hath more qualities than a water-spaniel; which is much in a bare Christian. [*Pulling out a paper*] Here is the cate-log[1] of her conditions.[2]

"Imprimis: She can fetch and carry."

Why, a horse can do no more: nay, a horse cannot fetch, but only carry; therefore is she better than a jade.

"Item: She can milk:"

look you, a sweet virtue in a maid with clean hands.

Enter SPEED.

Speed. How now, Signior Launce! what news with your mastership? 280

Launce. With my master's ship? why, it is at sea.

Speed. Well, your old vice still; mistake the word. What news, then, in your paper?

Launce. The black'st news that ever thou heard'st.

Speed. Why, man, how black?

Launce. Why, as black as ink.

Speed. Let me read them.

Launce. Fie on thee, jolt-head! thou canst not read. 290

Speed. Thou liest; I can.

Launce. I will try thee. Tell me this: who begot thee?

Speed. Marry, the son of my grandfather.

Launce. O illiterate loiterer! it was the son of thy grandmother: this proves that thou canst not read.

Speed. Come, fool, come; try me in thy paper.

Launce. There; and Saint Nicholas be thy speed! 301

Speed. [*Reads*] "Imprimis: She can milk."

Launce. Ay, that she can.

Speed. "Item: She brews good ale."

Launce. And thereof comes the proverb: "Blessing of your heart, you brew good ale."

Speed. "Item: She can sew."

Launce. That 's as much as to say, Can she so?

Speed. "Item: She can knit." 310

Launce. What need a man care for a stock with a wench, when she can knit him a stock?

Speed. "Item: She can wash and scour."

Launce. A special virtue; for then she need not be wash'd and scour'd.

Speed. "Item: She can spin."

Launce. Then may I set the world on wheels, when she can spin for her living. 319

[*Speed.* "Item: She hath many nameless virtues."

Launce. That 's as much as to say, bastard virtues; that, indeed, know not their fathers, and therefore have no names.

Speed. "Here follow her vices."

Launce. Close at the heels of her virtues.

Speed. "Item: She is not to be kissed fasting, in respect of her breath."

Launce. Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfast. Read on.

Speed. "Item: She hath a sweet mouth." 330

Launce. That makes amends for her sour breath.]

Speed. "Item: She doth talk in her sleep."

Launce. It 's no matter for that, so she sleep not in her talk.

Speed. "Item: She is slow in words."

Launce. O villain, that set this down among her vices! To be slow in words is a woman's only virtue: I pray thee, out with't, and place it for her chief virtue. 340

Speed. ["Item: She is proud."

Launce. Out with that too; it was Eve's legacy, and cannot be ta'en from her.

Speed. "Item: She hath no teeth."

[1] *Cate-log*, catalogue. [2] *Conditions*, qualities.

Launce. I care not for that neither, because I love crusts.

Speed. "Item: She is curst."[1]

Launce. Well, the best is, she hath no teeth to bite.] 350

Speed. "Item: She will often praise her liquor."

Launce. If her liquor be good, she shall: if she will not, I will; for good things should be praised.

[*Speed.* "Item: She is too liberal."[2]

Launce. Of her tongue she cannot, for that's writ down she is slow of; of her purse she shall not, for that I'll keep shut: now, of another thing she may, and that cannot I help. Well, proceed. 360

Speed. "Item: She hath more hair than wit, and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults."

Launce. Stop there; I'll have her: she was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that last article. Rehearse that once more.

Speed. "Item: She hath more hair than wit,"—

Launce. More hair than wit? It may be; I'll prove it. The cover of the salt hides the salt, and therefore it is more than the salt; the hair that covers the wit is more than the wit, for the greater hides the less. What's next?

Speed. "And more faults than hairs,"—

Launce. That's monstrous: O, that that were out!

Speed. "And more wealth than faults."

Launce. Why, that word makes the faults gracious.] Well, I'll have her: and if it be a match, as nothing is impossible,— 380

Speed. What then?

Launce. Why, then will I tell thee—that thy master stays for thee at the North-gate.

Speed. For me?

Launce. For thee! ay, who art thou? he hath stay'd for a better man than thee.

Speed. And must I go to him?

Launce. Thou must run to him, for thou hast stay'd so long, that going will scarce serve the turn.

Speed. Why didst not tell me sooner? pox of your love-letters! [*Exit.* 391

Launce. Now will he be swing'd[3] for reading my letter; an unmannerly slave, that will thrust himself into secrets! I'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction. [*Exit.*

[1] *Curst*, shrewish. [2] *Liberal*, wanton.
[3] *Swing'd*, whipped.

SCENE II. *The same. A room in the Duke's palace.*

Enter DUKE *and* THURIO.

Duke. Sir Thurio, fear not but that she will love you,
Now Valentine is banish'd from her sight.

Thu. Since his exile she hath despis'd me most,
Forsworn my company, and rail'd at me,
That I am desperate of obtaining her.

Duke. This weak impress of love is as a figure
Trenched[4] in ice, which with an hour's heat
Dissolves to water, and doth lose his form.
A little time will melt her frozen thoughts,
And worthless Valentine shall be forgot. 10

Enter PROTEUS.

How now, Sir Proteus! Is your countryman,
According to our proclamation, gone?

Pro. Gone, my good lord.

Duke. My daughter takes his going grievously.

Pro. A little time, my lord, will kill that grief.

Duke. So I believe; but Thurio thinks not so.
Proteus, the good conceit I hold of thee—
For thou hast shown some sign of good desert—
Makes me the better to confer with thee.

Pro. Longer than I prove loyal to your grace 20
Let me not live to look upon your grace.

Duke. Thou know'st how willingly I would effect
The match between Sir Thurio and my daughter.

Pro. I do, my lord.

Duke. Also, I think, thou art not ignorant
How she opposes her against my will.

Pro. She did, my lord, when Valentine was here.

Duke. Ay, and perversely she persévers so.

[4] *Trenched*, carved.

What might we do to make the girl forget
The love of Valentine, and love Sir Thurio? 30
Pro. The best way is to slander Valentine
With falsehood, cowardice, and poor descent;
Three things that women highly hold in hate.
Duke. Ay, but she'll think that it is spoke in hate.
Pro. Ay, if his enemy deliver it:
Therefore it must with circumstance be spoken
By one whom she esteemeth as his friend.
Duke. Then yóu must undertake to slander him.
Pro. And that, my lord, I shall be loath to do:
'T is an ill office for a gentleman, 40
Especially against his very[1] friend.
Duke. Where your good word cannot advantage him,
Your slander never can endamage him;
Therefore the office is indifferent,
Being entreated to it by your friend.
Pro. You have prevail'd, my lord: if I can do it
By aught that I can speak in his dispraise,
She shall not long continue love to him.
But say this weed her love from Valentine,
It follows not that she will love Sir Thurio. 50
Thu. Therefore, as you unwind her love from him,
Lest it should ravel and be good to none,
You must provide to bottom it on me;
Which must be done by praising me as much
As you in worth dispraise Sir Valentine.
Duke. And, Proteus, we dare trust you in this kind,
Because we know, on Valentine's report,
You are already Love's firm votary,
And cannot soon revolt and change your mind.
Upon this warrant shall you have access 60
Where you with Silvia may confer at large;
For she is lumpish, heavy, melancholy,
And, for your friend's sake, will be glad of you;
Where you may temper her, by your persuasion,
To hate young Valentine and love my friend.
Pro. As much as I can do, I will effect: 66
But you, Sir Thurio, are not sharp enough;
You must lay lime[2] to tangle her desires
By wailful sonnets, whose composed rhymes
Should be full-fraught with serviceable vows.
Duke. Ay, 71
Much is the force of heaven-bred poesy.
Pro. Say that upon the altar of her beauty
You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart:
Write till your ink be dry, and with your tears
Moist it again; and frame some feeling line
That may discover such integrity:
For Orpheus' lute was strung with poets' sinews,
Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,
Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans 80
Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands.
After your dire-lamenting elegies,
Visit by night your lady's chamber-window
With some sweet concert; to their instruments
Tune a deploring dump:[3] the night's dead silence
Will well become such sweet-complaining grievance.
This, or else nothing, will inherit[4] her.
Duke. This discipline shows thou hast been in love.
Thu. And thy advice this night I'll put in practice.
Therefore, sweet Proteus, my direction-giver,
Let us into the city presently 91
To sort[5] some gentlemen well skill'd in music.
I have a sonnet that will serve the turn
To give the onset to thy good advice.
Duke. About it, gentlemen!
Pro. We'll wait upon your grace till after supper,
And afterward determine our proceedings.
Duke. Even now about it! I will pardon you. [*Exeunt.* 98

[1] *Very*, true.

[2] *Lime*, bird-lime.
[3] *Dump*, slow, melancholy tune.
[4] *Inherit*, win.
[5] *Sort*, select, choose out.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A forest between Milan and Mantua.*

Enter certain Outlaws.

First Out. Fellows, stand fast; I see a passenger.
Sec. Out. If there be ten, shrink not, but down with 'em.

Enter VALENTINE *and* SPEED.

Third Out. Stand, sir, and throw us that you have about ye:
If not, we 'll make you sit and rifle you.
Speed. Sir, sir, we are undone; these are the villains 5
That all the travellers do fear so much.

Third Out. Stand, sir, and throw us that you have about ye.

Val. My friends,—
First Out. That 's not so, sir: we are your enemies.
Sec. Out. Peace! we 'll hear him.
Third Out. Ay, by my beard, will we, for he 's a proper[1] man. 10
Val. Then know that I have little wealth to lose:
A man I am cross'd with adversity;
My riches are these poor habiliments,
Of which if you should here disfurnish me,
You take the sum and substance that I have.
Sec. Out. Whither travel you?
Val. To Verona.
First Out. Whence came you?
Val. From Milan. 19
Third Out. Have you long sojourn'd there?
Val. Some sixteen months, and longer might have staid,
If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.
First Out. What, were you banish'd thence?
Val. I was.

[1] *Proper*, well-shaped.

Sec. Out. For what offence? 25
Val. For that which now torments me to rehearse:
I kill'd a man, whose death I much repent;
But yet I slew him manfully in fight,
Without false vantage or base treachery.
First Out. Why, ne'er repent it, if it were done so. 30
But were you banish'd for so small a fault?
Val. I was, and held me glad of such a doom.
Sec. Out. Have you the tongues?[1]
Val. My youthful travel therein made me happy,
Or else I often had been miserable.
Third Out. By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's fat friar,
This fellow were a king for our wild faction!
First Out. We'll have him. Sirs, a word.
Speed. Master, be one of them; it's an honourable kind of thievery. 40
Val. Peace, villain!
Sec. Out. Tell us this: have you anything to take to?
Val. Nothing but my fortune.
Third Out. Know, then, that some of us are gentlemen,
Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth
Thrust from the company of awful men:[2]
Myself was from Verona banished
For practising to steal away a lady,
An heir, and niece[3] allied unto the duke.
Sec. Out. And I from Mantua, for a gentleman, 50
Who, in my mood,[4] I stabb'd unto the heart.
First Out. And I for such like petty crimes as these.
But to the purpose—for we cite our faults,
That they may hold excus'd our lawless lives;
And partly, seing you are beautified
With goodly shape, and by your own report
A linguist, and a man of such perfection
As we do in our quality much want—
Sec. Out. Indeed, because you are a banish'd man,
Therefore, above the rest, we parley to you:
Are you content to be our general? 61
To make a virtue of necessity,
And live, as we do, in this wilderness? 63
Third Out. What say'st thou? wilt thou be of our consórt?[5]
Say ay, and be the captain of us all:
We'll do thee homage and be rul'd by thee,
Love thee as our commander and our king.
First Out. But if thou scorn our courtesy, thou diest.
Sec. Out. Thou shalt not live to brag what we have offer'd.
Val. I take your offer, and will live with you, 70
Provided that you do no outrages
On silly[6] women or poor passengers.
Third Out. No, we detest such vile base practices.
Come, go with us, we'll bring thee to our caves,
And show thee all the treasure we have got;
Which, with ourselves, all rest at thy dispose.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Milan. Outside the Duke's palace, under Silvia's chamber.*

Enter PROTEUS.

Pro. Already I've been false to Valentine,
And now must be unjust to Thurio.
Under the colour of commending him,
I have access my own love to prefer:
But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy,
To be corrupted with my worthless gifts.
When I protest true loyalty to her,
She twits me with my falsehood to my friend;
When to her beauty I commend my vows,
She bids me think how I have been forsworn
In breaking faith with Julia whom I lov'd: 11
And notwithstanding all her sudden quips,[7]
The least whereof would quell a lover's hope,
Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurns my love,
The more it grows, and fawneth on her still.
But here comes Thurio: now must we to her window,
And give some evening music to her ear.

Enter THURIO *and Musicians.*

Thu. How now, Sir Proteus, are you crept before us?

[1] *Have you the tongues?*—are you a linguist?
[2] *Awful men*, men who respect the law.
[3] *Niece*, relation.
[4] *Mood*, anger.
[5] *Consort*, company.
[6] *Silly*, weak, helpless.
[7] *Quips*, reproaches.

Pro. Ay, gentle Thurio: for you know that love
Will creep in service where it cannot go. 20
Thu. Ay, but I hope, sir, that you love not here.
Pro. Sir, but I do; or else I would be hence.
Thu. Who? Silvia?
Pro. Ay, Silvia,—for your sake.
Thu. I thank you for your own.—Now, gentlemen,
Let's tune, and to it lustily awhile.

Enter, at a distance, HOST, *and* JULIA *in boy's clothes.*

Host. Now, my young guest, methinks you're allycholly:[1] I pray you, why is it?
Jul. Marry, mine host, because I cannot be merry. 29
Host. Come, we'll have you merry: I'll bring you where you shall hear music and see the gentleman that you ask'd for.
Jul. But shall I hear him speak?
Host. Ay, that you shall.
Jul. That will be music. [*Music plays.*
Host. Hark, hark!
Jul. Is he among these?
Host. Ay: but, peace, let's hear 'em.

SONG.

Who is Silvia? what is she,
That all our swains commend her? 40
Holy, fair and wise is she;
The heaven such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.

Is she kind as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness.
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness,
And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling; 50
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.

Host. How now! are you sadder than you were before? How do you, man? the music likes you not.
Jul. You mistake; the musician likes me not.
Host. Why, my pretty youth?
Jul. He plays false, father.
Host. How? out of tune on the strings? 60
Jul. Not so; but yet so false that he grieves my very heart-strings.
Host. You have a quick ear.
Jul. Ay, I would I were deaf; it makes me have a slow heart.
Host. I perceive you delight not in music.
Jul. Not a whit, when it jars so.
Host. Hark, what fine change is in the music!
Jul. Ay, that change is the spite.
Host. You would have them always play but one thing? 71
Jul. I would always have one play but one thing.
But, host, doth this Sir Proteus that we talk on
Often resort unto this gentlewoman?
Host. I tell you what Launce, his man, told me: he loved her out of all nick.[2]
Jul. Where is Launce?
Host. Gone to seek his dog; which to-morrow, by his master's command, he must carry for a present to his lady. 80
Jul. Peace! stand aside: the company parts.
Pro. Sir Thurio, fear not you: I will so plead
That you shall say my cunning drift excels.
Thu. Where meet we?
Pro. At Saint Gregory's well.
Thu. Farewell.
[*Exeunt Thurio and Musicians.*

SILVIA *appears above, at her window.*

Pro. Madam, good even to your ladyship.
Sil. I thank you for your music, gentlemen.
Who is that that spake?
Pro. One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth,
You'd quickly learn to know him by his voice.
Sil. Sir Proteus, as I take it. 90
Pro. Sir Proteus, gentle lady, and your servant.
Sil. What's your will?
Pro. That I may compass[3] yours.
Sil. You have your wish; my will is even this,—

[1] *Allycholly*, melancholy.
[2] *Out of all nick*, beyond all reckoning.
[3] *Compass*, accomplish.

That presently you hie you home to bed. 94
Thou subtle, perjur'd, false, disloyal man!
Think'st thou I am so shallow, so conceitless,[1]
To be seduced by thy flattery,
That hast deceiv'd so many with thy vows?
Return, return, and make thy love amends.
For me, by this pale queen of night I swear,
I am so far from granting thy request, 101
That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit,
And by and by intend to chide myself
Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.

Pro. I grant, sweet love, that I did love a lady;
But she is dead.

Jul. [*Aside*] 'T were false, if I should speak it;
For I am sure she is not buried.

Sil. Say that she be; yet Valentine thy friend
Survives; to whom, thyself art witness, 110
I am betroth'd: and art thou not asham'd
To wrong him with thy importúnacy?

Pro. I likewise hear that Valentine is dead.

Sil. And so suppose am I; for in his grave
Assure thyself my love is buried.

Pro. Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth.

Sil. Go to thy lady's grave and call hers thence,
Or, at the least, in hers sepúlchre thine.

Jul. [*Aside*] He heard not that.

Pro. Madam, if your heart be so obdurate,
Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love, 121
The picture that is hanging in your chamber;
To that I 'll speak, to that I 'll sigh and weep:
For since the substance of your perfect self
Is else[2] devoted, I am but a shadow;
And to your shadow will I make true love.

Jul. [*Aside*] If 't were a substance, you would, sure, deceive it,
And make it but a shadow, as I am.

Sil. I am very loath to be your idol, sir;
But since your falsehood shall become you well
To worship shadows and adore false shapes, 131
Send to me in the morning, and I 'll send it:
And so, good rest.

Pro. As wretches have o'ernight
That wait for execution in the morn.

[*Exeunt Proteus and Silvia, severally.*

Jul. Host, will you go? 134

Host. By my halidom, I was fast asleep.

Jul. Pray you, where lies Sir Proteus?

Host. Marry, at my house. Trust me, I think 't is almost day.

Jul. Not so; but it hath been the longest night
That e'er I watch'd, and the most heaviest. 141

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same.*

Enter EGLAMOUR.

Egl. This is the hour that Madam Silvia
Entreated me to call and know her mind:
There 's some great matter she 'd employ me in.
Madam!

SILVIA *re-appears above, at her window.*

Sil. Who calls?

Egl. Your servant and your friend;
One that attends your ladyship's command.

Sil. Sir Eglamour, a thousand times good morrow.

Egl. As many, worthy lady, to yourself:
According to your ladyship's impose,[3]
I am thus early come to know what service
It is your pleasure to command me in. 10

Sil. O Eglamour, thou art a gentleman—
Think not I flatter, for I swear I do not—
One valiant, wise, remorseful,[4] well-accomplish'd:
Thou art not ignorant what dear good will
I bear unto the banish'd Valentine,
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vain Thurio, whom my very soul abhor'd.
Thyself hast lov'd; and I have heard thee say
No grief did ever come so near thy heart
As when thy lady and thy true love died, 20
Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.
Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine,
To Mantua, where I hear he makes abode;
And, for the ways are dangerous to pass,
I do desire thy worthy company,
Upon whose faith and honour I repose.
Urge not my father's anger, Eglamour,
But think upon my grief, a lady's grief,
And on the justice of my flying hence,

[1] *Conceitless*, unintelligent. [2] *Else*, elsewhere.

[3] *Impose*, injunction. [4] *Remorseful*, pitiful.

To keep me from a most unholy match, 30
Which heaven and fortune still rewards with plagues.
I do desire thee, even from a heart
As full of sorrows as the sea of sands,
To bear me company and go with me:
If not, to hide what I have said to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.

Launce. "Friend," quoth I, "you mean to whip the dog?" "Ay, marry, do I," quoth he.

Egl. Madam, I pity much your grievances;[1]
Which since I know they virtuously are plac'd,
I give consent to go along with you,
Recking[2] as little what betideth me 40
As much I wish all good befortune you.
When will you go?

Sil. This coming evening.

Egl. Where shall I meet you?

Sil. At Friar Patrick's cell,
Where I intend holy confession.

Egl. I will not fail your ladyship. Good morrow, gentle lady.

Sil. Good morrow, kind Sir Eglamour. 47

[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE IV. *The same.*

Enter LAUNCE, *with his dog.*

Launce. When a man's servant shall play the cur with him, look you, it goes hard: one that I brought up of a puppy; one that I sav'd from drowning, when three or four of his blind brothers and sisters went to it. I have taught him—even as one would say precisely, "thus I would teach a dog." I was sent to deliver him as a present to Mistress Silvia from my master; and I came no sooner into the dining-chamber, but he steps me to her trencher, and steals her capon's leg: O, 't is a foul thing when a cur cannot keep himself in all companies! [I would have, as one should say, one that takes upon him to be a dog indeed, to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more wit than he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I think verily he had been hang'd for 't; sure as I live, he had suffer'd for 't: you shall judge. He thrusts me himself into the company of three or four gentlemanlike dogs, under the duke's table: he had not been there—bless the mark!—a pissing while, but all the chamber smell him. "Out with the dog!" says one: "What cur is that?" says another: "Whip him out," says the third: "Hang him up" says the duke. I, having been acquainted with the smell before, knew it was Crab, and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogs: "Friend," quoth I, "you mean to whip the dog?" "Ay, marry, do I," quoth he. "You do him the more wrong," quoth I; "'t was I did the thing you wot of." He makes me no more ado, but whips me out of the chamber. How many masters would do this for his servant? Nay,] I 'll be sworn, I have sat in the stocks for puddings he hath stolen, otherwise he had been executed; I have stood on the pillory for geese he hath kill'd, otherwise he had suffer'd for 't—Thou think'st not of this now. [Nay, I remember

[1] *Your grievances*, the causes of your grief.
[2] *Recking*, caring for.

you serv'd me when I took my leave
n Silvia: did not I bid thee still mark
lo as I do? when didst thou see me
my leg and make water against a
man's farthingale? didst thou ever
o such a trick?] 43

Enter PROTEUS *and* JULIA.

ebastian is thy name? I like thee
,
employ thee in some service pres-
y.
ı what you please: I'll do, sir, what
ı.
hope thou wilt. [*To Launce*] How
, you whoreson peasant!
ıave you been these two days loiter-

:. Marry, sir, I carried Mistress Sil-
og you bade me. 50
ınd what says she to my little jewel?
:. Marry, she says your dog was a
tells you currish thanks is good
or such a present.
But she receiv'd my dog?
:. No, indeed, did she not: here have
t him back again.
What, didst thou offer her this cur
ı me? 59
:. Ay, sir; the other squirrel was
om me by the hangman boys in the
place: and then I offer'd her mine
o is a dog as big as ten of yours, and
: the gift the greater.
Go get thee hence, and find my dog
n,
return again into my sight.
say! stay'st thou to vex me here?
[*Exit Launce.*
that still an end[1] turns me to shame!
ı, I have entertained thee,
ıat I have need of such a youth, 69
with some discretion do my business;
no trusting to yond foolish lout;
fly for thy face and thy behaviour,
f my augury deceive me not,
good bringing up, fortune, and truth:
e know thou, for this I entertain thee.
Go presently and take this ring with thee,
Deliver it to Madam Silvia:
She lov'd me well deliver'd it to me.
Jul. It seems you lov'd not her, to leave[2] her
token.
She is dead, belike?
Pro. Not so; I think she lives. 80
Jul. Alas!
Pro. Why dost thou cry "alas?"
Jul. I cannot choose
But pity her.
Pro. Wherefore shouldst thou pity her?
Jul. Because methinks that she lov'd you
as well
As you do love your lady Silvia:
She dreams on him that has forgot her love;
You dote on her that cares not for your love.
'T is pity love should be so contrary;
And thinking on it makes me cry "alas!"
Pro. Well, well, give her that ring, and
therewithal 90
This letter. That's her chamber. Tell my
lady
I claim the promise for her heavenly picture.
Your message done, hie home unto my cham-
ber,
Where thou shalt find me, sad and solitary.
[*Exit.*
Jul. How many women would do such a
message?
Alas, poor Proteus! thou hast entertain'd
A fox to be the shepherd of thy lambs.
Alas, poor fool! why do I pity him
That with his very heart despiseth me?
Because he loves her, he despiseth me; 100
Because I love him, I must pity him.
This ring I gave him when he parted from
me,
To bind him to remember my good will;
And now am I, unhappy messenger,
To plead for that which I would not obtain,
To carry that which I would have refus'd,
To praise his faith which I would have dis-
prais'd.
I am my master's true-confirmed love;
But cannot be true servant to my master,
Unless I prove false traitor to myself. 110
Yet will I woo for him, but yet so coldly

[1] *Still an end*, commonly.

[2] *To leave*, to part with.

As, heaven it knows, I would not have him speed. 112

Enter SILVIA, *attended.*

Gentlewoman, good day! I pray you, be my mean
To bring me where to speak with Madam Silvia.
Sil. What would you with her, if that I be she?
Jul. If you be she, I do entreat your patience
To hear me speak the message I am sent on.
Sil. From whom?
Jul. From my master, Sir Proteus, madam.
Sil. O, he sends you for a picture. 120
Jul. Ay, madam.
Sil. Ursula, bring my picture there.
[*The picture is brought by an attendant.*
Go give your master this: tell him from me,
One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget,
Would better fit his chamber than this shadow.
Jul. Madam, if 't please you, to peruse this letter.—
[*Giving her a letter.*
Pardon me, madam; I have unadvis'd
Deliver'd you a paper that I should not:
This is the letter to your ladyship. 129
[*Giving another letter.*
Sil. I pray thee, let me look on that again.
Jul. It may not be; good madam, pardon me.
Sil. There, hold!
[*Giving back the first letter.*
I will not look upon your master's lines:
I know they are stuff'd with protestations,
And full of new-found oaths; which he will break
As easily as I do tear his paper.
[*Tears the second letter.*
Jul. Madam, he sends your ladyship this ring.
Sil. The more shame for him that he sends it me;
For I have heard him say a thousand times
His Julia gave it him at his departure. 140
Though his false finger have profan'd the ring,
Mine shall not do his Julia so much wrong.
Jul. [*with emotion*] She thanks you.
Sil. What say'st thou?
Jul. [*recovering her self-control*] I thank you, madam, that you tender her.[1] 14
Poor gentlewoman! my master wrongs her much.
Sil. Dost thou know her?
Jul. Almost as well as I do know myself:
To think upon her woes I do protest
That I have wept a hundred several times. 15
Sil. Belike she thinks that Proteus hath forsook her.
Jul. I think she doth; and that 's her cause of sorrow.
Sil. Is she not passing fair?
Jul. She hath been fairer, madam, than she is:
When she did think my master lov'd her well,
She, in my judgement, was as fair as you;
But since she did neglect her looking-glass,
And threw her sun-expelling mask away,
The air hath starv'd the roses in her cheeks,
And pinch'd the lily-tincture of her face, 160
That now she is become as black as I.
Sil. How tall was she?
Jul. About my stature; for at Pentecost,
When all our pageants of delight were play'd,
Our youth got me to play the woman's part,
And I was trimm'd in Madam Julia's gown,
Which served me as fit, by all men's judgments,
As if the garment had been made for me:
Therefore I know she is about my height.
And at that time I made her weep agood,[2] 170
For I did play a lamentable part:
Madam, 't was Ariadne, passioning[3]
For Theseus' perjury and unjust flight;
Which I so lively acted with my tears,
That my poor mistress, moved therewithal,
Wept bitterly; and would I might be dead,
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow!
Sil. She is beholding to thee, gentle youth.
Alas, poor lady, desolate and left!
I weep myself to think upon thy words. 180
Here, youth, there is my purse; I give thee this
For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou lov'st her.
Farewell. [*Exit Silvia with attendants.*

[1] *Tender her*, compassionate her.
[2] *Agood*, in good earnest.
[3] *Passioning*, passionately grieving.

Jul. O thou senseless form,
Thou shalt be worshipp'd, kiss'd, lov'd and ador'd!

Jul. And she shall thank you for 't, if e'er you know her. 184
A virtuous gentlewoman, mild and beautiful!
I hope my master's suit will be but cold,
Since she respects my mistress' love so much.
Alas, how love can trifle with itself!
Here is her picture: let me see; I think,
If I had such a tire, this face of mine 190
Were full as lovely as is this of hers:
And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,
Unless I flatter with myself too much.
Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow:
If that be all the difference in his love,
I'll get me such a colour'd periwig.
Her eyes are as gray as glass, and so are mine:
Ay, but her forehead's low, and mine 's as high.
What should it be that he respects in her,
But I can make respective[1] in myself, 200
If this fond Love were not a blinded god?
Come, shadow, come, and take this shadow up,
For 't is thy rival. O thou senseless form,
Thou shalt be worshipp'd, kiss'd, lov'd and ador'd!
And, were there sense in his idolatry,
My substance should be statue in thy stead.
I 'll use thee kindly for thy mistress' sake,
That us'd me so; or else, by Jove I vow,
I should have scratch'd out your unseeing eyes,
To make my master out of love with thee! 210
[*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Milan. An abbey.*

Enter EGLAMOUR.

Egl. The sun begins to gild the western sky;
And now it is about the very hour
Silvia, at Friar Patrick's cell, should meet me.
She will not fail, for lovers break not hours,
Unless it be to come before their time;
So much they spur their expedition.
See where she comes.

Enter SILVIA, *masked.*

Lady, a happy evening!
Sil. Amen, amen! Go on, good Eglamour,
Out at the postern by the abbey wall:
I fear I am attended by some spies.
Egl. Fear not: the forest is not three leagues off;
If we recover that, we are sure[2] enough. 12
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. A room in the Duke's palace.*

Enter THURIO, PROTEUS, *and* JULIA.

Thu. Sir Proteus, what says Silvia to my suit?

---

1 *Respective*, worthy of respect. 2 *Sure*, safe.

Pro. O, sir, I find her milder than she was;
And yet she takes exceptions at your person.
Thu. What, that my leg is too long?
Pro. No; that it is too little.
Thu. I 'll wear a boot, to make it somewhat rounder.
Jul. [*Aside*] But love will not be spurr'd to what it loathes.
Thu. What says she to my face?
Pro. She says it is a fair one.
Thu. Nay then, the wanton lies; my face is black. 10
Pro. But pearls are fair; and the old saying is,
Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes.
Jul. [*Aside*] 'T is true; such pearls as put out ladies' eyes;
For I had rather wink than look on them.
Thu. How likes she my discourse?
Pro. Ill, when you talk of war.
Thu. But well, when I discourse of love and peace?
Jul. [*Aside*] But better, indeed, when you hold your peace.
Thu. What says she to my valour?
Pro. O, sir, she makes no doubt of that. 20
Jul. [*Aside*] She needs not, when she knows it cowardice.
Thu. What says she to my birth?
Pro. That you are well deriv'd.
Jul. [*Aside*] True; from a gentleman to a fool.
Thu. Considers she my possessions?
Pro. O, ay; and pities them.
Thu. Wherefore?
Jul. [*Aside*] That such an ass should owe[1] them.
Pro. That they are out by lease.
Jul. Here comes the duke. 30

Enter DUKE.

Duke. How now, Sir Proteus! how now, Thurio!
Which of you saw Sir Eglamour of late?
Thu. Not I.
Pro. Nor I.
Duke. Saw you my daughter?
Pro. Neither.

[1] *Owe*, own.

Duke. Why then, 34
She 's fled unto that peasant Valentine;
And Eglamour is in her company.
'T is true; for Friar Laurence met them both,
As he in penance wander'd through the forest;
Him he knew well; and guess'd that it was she,
But, being mask'd, he was not sure of it: 40
Besides, she did intend confession
At Patrick's cell this even; and there she was not;
These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence.
Therefore, I pray you, stand not to discourse,
But mount you presently; and meet with me
Upon the rising of the mountain-foot
That leads toward Mantua, whither they are fled:
Dispatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me.
[*Exit.*
Thu. Why, this it is to be a peevish girl,
That flies her fortune when it follows her. 50
I 'll after, more to be reveng'd on Eglamour
Than for the love of reckless Silvia. [*Exit.*
Pro. And I will follow, more for Silvia's love
Than hate of Eglamour, that goes with her.
[*Exit.*
Jul. And I will follow, more to cross that love
Than hate for Silvia, that is gone for love.
[*Exit.*

SCENE III. *The forest between Milan and Mantua.*

Enter Outlaws with SILVIA.

First Out. Come, come;
Be patient; we must bring you to our captain.
Sil. A thousand more mischances than this one
Have learn'd me how to brook this patiently.
Sec. Out. Come, bring her away.
First Out. Where is the gentleman that was with her?
Third Out. Being nimble-footed, he hath outrun us,
But Moyses and Valerius follow him.
Go thou with her to the west end of the wood;
There is our captain: we 'll follow him that 's fled; 10

Gordon Browne

N4

thicket is beset; he cannot scape. 11
eunt all except the first Outlaw and Silvia.
irst Out. Come, I must bring you to our
captain's cave:
r not; he bears an honourable mind,
l will not use a woman lawlessly.
il. O Valentine, this I endure for thee!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Another part of the forest.*

Enter VALENTINE.

al. How use doth breed a habit in a man!
se shadowy, desert, unfrequented woods,
etter brook than flourishing peopled towns:
e can I sit alone, unseen of any,
l to the nightingale's complaining notes
e my distresses and record my woes.
hou that dost inhabit in my breast,
ve not the mansion so long tenantless,
t, growing ruinous, the building fall
l leave no memory of what it was! 10
air me with thy presence, Silvia;
u gentle nymph, cherish thy fórlorn
swain!— [*Noise within.*
at halloing and what stir is this to-day!
se are my mates, that make their wills
their law,
e some unhappy passenger in chase.
y love me well; yet I have much to do
keep them from uncivil outrages.—
hdraw thee, Valentine: who's this comes
here! [*Retires.*

Enter PROTEUS, SILVIA, *and* JULIA.

ro. Madam, this service I have done for
you,—
ugh you respect not aught your servant
doth,—
hazard life and rescue you from him 21
t would have forc'd your honour and your
love;
tchsafe me, for my meed, but one fair look;
maller boon than this I cannot beg,
l less than this, I am sure, you cannot give.
al. [*Aside*] How like a dream is this I see
and hear!
e, lend me patience to forbear awhile.
il. O miserable, unhappy that I am!
ro. Unhappy were you, madam, ere I came;
But by my coming I have made you happy. 30
Sil. By thy approach thou mak'st me most
unhappy.
Jul. [*Aside*] And me, when he approacheth
to your presence.
Sil. Had I been seized by a hungry lion,
I would have been a breakfast to the beast,
Rather than have false Proteus rescue me.
O, Heaven be judge how I love Valentine,
Whose life's as tender to me as my soul!
And full as much—for more there cannot
be—
I do detest false perjur'd Proteus.
Therefore be gone; solicit me no more. 40
Pro. What dangerous action, stood it next
to death,
Would I not undergo for one calm look!
O, 'tis the curse in love, and still approv'd,
When women cannot love where they're
belov'd!
Sil. When Proteus cannot love where he's
belov'd.
Read over Julia's heart, thy first best love,
For whose dear sake thou didst then rend thy
faith
Into a thousand oaths; and all those oaths
Descended into perjury, to love me.
Thou hast no faith left now, unless thou'dst
two; 50
And that's far worse than none; better have
none
Than plural faith, which is too much by one:
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend!
Pro. In love
Who respects friend?
Sil. All men but Proteus.
Pro. Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving
words
Can no way change you to a milder form,
I'll woo you like a soldier, at arms' end,
And love you 'gainst the nature of love,—
force ye.
Sil. O heaven!
Pro. I'll force thee yield to my desire.
Val. [*Coming forward*] Ruffian, let go that
rude uncivil touch, 60
Thou friend of an ill fashion!
Pro. Valentine!
Val. Thou common friend, that's without
faith or love,

For such is a friend now; thou treacherous man! 63
Thou hast beguil'd my hopes; nought but mine eye
Could have persuaded me: now I dare not say
I have one friend alive; thou wouldst disprove me.
Who should be trusted, when one's own right hand
Is perjured to the bosom? Proteus,
I am sorry I must never trust thee more,
But count the world a stranger for thy sake. 70
The private wound is deepest: O time most accurst,
'Mongst all foes that a friend should be the worst!

Pro. My shame and guilt confounds me.
Forgive me, Valentine: if hearty sorrow
Be a sufficient ransom for offence,
I tender 't here; I do as truly suffer
As e'er I did commit.[1]

Val. Then I am paid;
And once again I do receive thee honest.
Who by repentance is not satisfied
Is nor of heaven nor earth, for these are pleas'd; 80
By penitence th' Eternal's wrath's appeas'd:
And, that my love may appear plain and free,
All that was mine in Silvia I give thee.

Jul. O me unhappy! [*Swoons.*

Pro. Look to the boy.

Val. Why, boy! why, wag! how now! what 's the matter? Look up; speak.

Jul. O good sir, my master charg'd me to deliver a ring to Madam Silvia, which, out of my neglect, was never done. 90

Pro. Where is that ring, boy?

Jul. Here 't is; this is it. [*Giving a ring.*

Pro. How! let me see:
Why, this is the ring I gave to Julia.

Jul. O, cry you mercy, sir, I have mistook:
This is the ring you sent to Silvia. [*Showing another ring.*

Pro. But how cam'st thou by this ring?
At my depart I gave this unto Julia.

Jul. And Julia herself did give it me;
And Julia herself hath brought it hither.

Pro. How! Julia! 100

Jul. Behold her that gave aim to all thy oaths,
And entertain'd 'em deeply in her heart.
How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the root![2]
O Proteus, let this habit make thee blush!
Be thou asham'd that I have took upon me
Such an immodest raiment, if shame live
In a disguise of love:
It is the lesser blot, modésty finds,
Women to change their shapes than men their minds.

Pro. Than men their minds! 't is true. O heaven! were man 110
But constant, he were perfect. That one error
Fills him with faults; makes him run through all th' sins:
Inconstancy falls off ere it begins.
What is in Silvia's face, but I may spy
More fresh in Julia's with a constant eye?

Val. Come, come, a hand from either:
Let me be blest to make this happy close;
'Twere pity two such friends should be long foes.

Pro. Bear witness, Heaven, I have my wish for ever.

Jul. And I mine. 120

Enter Outlaws, with Duke *and* Thurio.

Outlaws. A prize, a prize, a prize!

Val. Forbear, forbear, I say! it is my lord the duke.
Your grace is welcome to a man disgrac'd,
Banished Valentine.

Duke. Sir Valentine!

Thu. Yonder is Silvia; and Silvia 's mine.

Val. Thurio, give back, or else embrace thy death;
Come not within the measure of my wrath;
Do not name Silvia thine; if once again,
Milano shall not hold thee. Here she stands:
Take but possession of her with a touch: 130
I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.

Thu. Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I:
I hold him but a fool that will endanger
His body for a girl that loves him not:
I claim her not, and therefore she is thine.

[1] *Commit*, sin.

[2] *Cleft the root*, of her heart.

Duke. The more degenerate and base art thou,
To make such means for her[1] as thou hast done
And leave her on such slight conditions.—
Now, by the honour of my ancestry,
I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine, 140
And think thee worthy of an empress' love:
Know then, I here forget all former griefs,
Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again.—
Plead[2] a new state in thy unrival'd merit,
To which I thus subscribe: Sir Valentine,
Thou art a gentleman and well deriv'd;
Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserv'd her.

Val. I thank your grace; the gift hath made me happy.
I now beseech you, for your daughter's sake,
To grant one boon that I shall ask of you. 150

Duke. I grant it, for thine own, whate'er it be.

Val. These banish'd men that I have kept withal,
Are men endu'd with worthy qualities:
Forgive them what they have committed here,
And let them be recall'd from their exile:
They are reformed, civil, full of good,
And fit for great employment, worthy lord.

Duke. Thou hast prevail'd; I pardon them and thee:
Dispose of them as thou know'st their deserts.
Come, let us go: we will include all jars 160
With triumphs,[3] mirth, and rare solemnity.

Val. And, as we walk along, I dare be bold
With our discourse to make your grace to smile.—
What think you of this page, my lord?

Duke. I think the boy hath grace in him; he blushes.

Val. I warrant you, my lord, more grace than boy.

Duke. What mean you by that saying?

Val. Please you, I'll tell you as we pass along,
That you will wonder what hath fortuned.—
Come, Proteus; 't is your penance but to hear
The story of your loves discovered: 171
That done, our day of marriage shall be yours;
One feast, one house, one mutual happiness.

[*Exeunt.*

[1] *To make such means for her,* to take such pains to win her.

[2] *Plead, i.e.* plead thou.

[3] *Triumphs,* masques, revels.

MAP TO ILLUSTRATE THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

NOTES TO THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

Note on Time of Action.

As to the first interval (see note 89) I cannot think that Valentine's statement (iv. 1. 21), that he had been "sixteen months" at Milan, is to be taken as a fact. The distance between Verona and Milan, in a straight line, is about ninety miles. We must allow, then, a week or so for the journey; and another week, or perhaps a fortnight, for Valentine to be at Milan, before he sends news as to how he is getting on at Court; and a week for the messenger to arrive at Verona. Antonio has been "hammering on" the question of sending Proteus abroad for a month past (i. 3. 13). The second and fourth intervals we may estimate at about a week each. The only remaining question is whether there should not be an interval of at least twelve hours between sc. 2 and sc. 3 of act v. (see note 120).

ACT I. Scene 1.

1. Line 2: *Home keeping youth have ever homely wits.* Compare Milton's Comus:

> It is for *homely* features to keep *home*,
> They had their name thence.

Homely means what belongs to *home*, *i.e.* what is plain and unpretending.

2. Line 7: *Than, living dully sluggardiz'd at home.* — The construction here is somewhat obscure as the passage stands; *living* should agree with *I* (Valentine), the nominative of the sentence; whereas it refers to Proteus. After *than*, we must understand *see thee*, or *have thee*.

3. Line 8: SHAPELESS *idleness. Shapeless* may here mean "without shape or form;" so *irregular;* or, perhaps *purposeless*. Compare Hamlet, v. 2. 10, 11:

> There's a divinity that *shapes* our ends,
> Rough-hew them how we will.

4. Line 18: *For I will be thy* BEADSMAN, *Valentine.*—*Bead*, in Anglo-Saxon, means "a prayer;" hence the beads used by Roman Catholics in their prayers, especially in the devotion of the Rosary, had their name. *Beadsman* is a man who says his *beads*, or prays for others; and as those, who benefited by any charitable bequest, were supposed to pray for their benefactor, *beadsman* or *bedesman* came to mean a resident in an almshouse (*bede-house*), or some other charitable institution. Compare the following passage in Calisto and Melibœa (1520):

> Fair maiden, for the mercy thou hast done to us
> This knight and I both thy *beadfolks* shall be.
> —Dodsley, vol. i. p. 85.

A letter from Elis Price, temp. Henry VIII., is given in Halliwell's Dict. (vol. ii. last page), which is signed "Youre *bedman* and dayelye orator by dutie." The writer was a commissary-general of the diocese of St. Asaph.

5. Line 19: *And on a* LOVE-BOOK *pray for my success.*—A love-book is supposed, in this case, to be a substitute for a prayer-book. It is the custom of Roman Catholics, in repeating the Rosary, to place the beads on the prayer-book, and to count the beads with the prayers; only referring to the book when their memory fails, or for the purpose of reading the meditation given with each decade of the Rosary. The use of the preposition *on* may there-

fore have here a special meaning. But compare Hamlet, iii. 1, 44:—"Read *on* this book," &c.

6. Line 24: *over shoes in love.*—This expression occurs in Grim the Collier of Croydon, "so that poor Grim, that before was *over shoes* in love, &c." (Dodsley, vol. viii. p. 409). The expression "*over boots* in love," which occurs in the next line, is evidently employed in order to lead up to the pun in line 27.

7. Line 27: *give me not the boots.*—Cotgrave explains "bailler foin en corne" as "*to give one the boots*, to sell him a bargaine." There may also be an implied reference to the torture of *the boot* or *boots;* but, in any case, it seems to me the expression *to give one the boots* requires a more detailed explanation; as, in the sense of "playing a trick on one," it must have originated from some well-known incident. Steevens, in his note on this passage, mentions "a sport the country people in Warwickshire use at their harvest-home, where one sits as judge to try misdemeanours committed in harvest, and the punishment for the men is to be laid on a bench, and slapped on the breech with a pair of boots. This they call *giving them the boots.*" In Webster's Northward Hoe (iv. 1) there occurs a curious instance of this expression. *Mayberry*, who is described in a previous stage direction as entering *booted*, says to *Bellamont*, "Let your man *give you the boots* presently" (Works, vol. i. p. 234), by which he would naturally mean no more than that Bellamont's servant should bring him his riding-boots; but it is evident some play upon the words is here intended. Later on in the same scene *Mayberry* says, "Come, *boots*, boy!" (p. 236).

8. Line 28:

> Val. *I will not, for it boots thee not.*
> Pro. *No!—what!*

The reading of Ff. is:

> *Val.* No, I will not; for it boots thee not.
> *Pro.* What?

For the alteration in the text I am responsible; it makes the line harmonious, which it certainly is not in the Folios. The meaning of Proteus is, "No? it boots me not? What boots me not?"

9. Line 30: *Coy looks with heart-sore sighs; one moment's mirth.*—Ff. read, "*one* fading *moment's mirth.*" *Fading* is apparently an interpolation; following Hanmer's example, we have omitted it.

10. Line 36: *So, by* YOUR CIRCUMSTANCE, *you call me fool.*—Circumstance is defined in Worcester "an adjunct of a fact;" here *your circumstance* seems to mean "the illustration of your thesis." Love is "but a folly bought with wit," therefore I am a fool for being in love. In the next line the word *circumstance* is generally explained as meaning "conduct;" it might perhaps be better explained as "condition."

11. Line 102: *a lac'd mutton.*—This expression for a courtezan is frequently used in old English plays. But why *lac'd?* Does it refer to the tight *lacing* of the boddice, or to the ornament of *lace?*

12. Line 117: *But what said she?* (Speed nods) *Did she nod?*—These last words were added first by Theobald to explain the miserable pun which follows. Speed's words (line 122), "you ask me if *she did nod*," seem to require some such an insertion.

13. Line 129: *very orderly.*—Staunton's conjecture, *moderly* = "motherly," seems to me most happy and probable. *Orderly* has no sense here; but, as Staunton points out, the context is full of allusions to child-bearing, on which subject Speed makes several puns; so that *moderly* or "motherly" would seem much more consistent with the sense of the passage.

14. Lines 157, 158:

> *Which cannot perish having thee aboard,*
> *Being destin'd to a drier death on shore.*

Compare Tempest, i. 1. 30–32;

> *Gon.* I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows.

And other like allusions in the same scene. The proverb is, "He that is born to be hanged shall never be drowned."

ACT I. Scene 2.

15. Line 1.—This scene is a very weak forerunner of the charming scene between Portia and Nerissa in The Merchant of Venice. In order to give some idea of the transition state which characterizes this play, in metre, as well as in construction, poetical feeling, treatment of character, &c., I give an analysis of the metre and rhythm of this scene:

Lines 1–9.—Blank verse. Line 3 has two syllables too much; if we omit *Madam* it would be a perfect line.

Lines 10–21.—Rhymed decasyllabics.

Lines 22–26.—Blank verse with one imperfect line (22).

Lines 27–32.—Rhymed decasyllabics; the first two (27, 28) having double endings, and 31, 32 having *triple* rhyming endings.

Lines 33–37.—Six syllables, unrhymed, with three accents each.

Lines 38–40.—Long trochaics (cataleptic), the latter two rhyming.

Lines 41–47.—Blank verse.

Lines 48, 49.—Rhymed decasyllabics.

Lines 50–140.—Blank verse, with thirteen imperfect lines—one with triple ending (82); 88 has one syllable supplied by pause.

16. Line 5: *with* PARLE *encounter me.*—See note 176 Love's Labour's Lost (v. 2, 122).

17. Line 9: *the fair Sir Eglamour.*—A different person evidently from Sir Eglamour, the devoted friend of Silvia, subsequently introduced (iv. 3).

18. Line 70: *What is't that you took up so gingerly?*—In the Story of Felismena this incident is thus narrated, "But when, with a slower pace (then I desired) the wished day was come, the discreet and subtle Rosina came into my chamber to helpe me to make me readie, in dooing whereof, of purpose she let the letter closely fall,

which, when I perceiued, what is that that fell downe? (saide I): what! moone me not, or else tell me what it is. Good Lord, Mistresse (saide she), why will you see it: it is the letter I would haue giuen you yesterday. Nay, that it is not (saide I), wherefore shewe it me, that I may see if you lie or no. I had no sooner said so but she put it into my handes." (Hazlitt's Shak. Lib. part i. vol. i. p. 281.) In the story, Felismena refuses angrily to receive the letter, and remains the whole night, tortured with curiosity to know what the letter contained. Shakespeare, very wisely, does not keep Julia so long waiting.

19. Line 81: *your ladyship can* SET, *i.e.* "can *set* to music;" but there is perhaps a play upon the words here; for one meaning of *to set* given in Halliwell's Dict. is, "to win the game." Shakespeare only uses "*to set*," in this sense, in one other passage; namely in The Tempest, i. 2. 84, 85:

> *set* all hearts i' the state
> To what tune pleas'd his ear.

where it is used figuratively.

20. Line 83: *Best sing it to the tune of "Light o' Love."* —This tune is alluded to again in Much Ado, iii. 4. 44: *Marg.* "Clap 's into *Light o' Love;* that goes *without a burden*," which directly contradicts what is said here by Lucetta (85, 86):

> *Jul.* Heavy! belike it *has some burden* then?
> *Luc.* Ay; and melodious were it, would you sing it.

But the play upon words is so laboured and so incessant in this scene, that one must not give to any passage too literal an interpretation.

21. Line 94: *And mar the concord with too harsh a* DESCANT.—*Descant* is described by Nares as what we now call "variation in music;" but Staunton quotes a passage from Morley's Plain and Easy Introduction to Practical Music (1597), which says the word is used by musicians in different senses. "Last of all, they take it for singing a part extempore upon a plain song, in which sense we commonly use it." In the text it is evidently used in the sense of what is described (*sub voce*), in Imperial Dictionary, as "*Figurative* or *florid descant*,—that part of an air in which some discords are concerned."

22. Line 97: I BID THE BASE *for Proteus.*—Lucetta here plays upon the words *bass* and *base;* the latter meaning the game of *base*, "prison base," or "prisoner's base," as it was called in my school days. What is the precise meaning of the phrase, *bid the base*, does not seem quite so clear. I believe Malone is right in explaining it as "to challenge an encounter." As the game used to be played, some thirty-five years ago, when a "prisoner" had been taken, he had to stand at a point a certain distance from both "homes," or grounds of the respective sides; one of the players on the prisoner's side starts to try and touch his hand, and so rescue him; at the same time, one of the opposite side starts to try and catch the rescuer. It is to this part of the game that the expression *bidding the base* probably refers. This explains the passage in Venus and Adonis, lines 303, 304.

> To *bid* the wind *a base* he now prepares,
> And whether he run or fly they know not whether.

i.e. he prepares to challenge the wind to a race. Compare also Peele's Edward I.:

> Think, as I promis'd him to brave thee here,
> So shall I *bid* John Baliol '*base* from thee.
> —Works, p. 405.

23. Line 99: *Here is a* COIL *with protestation!*—This seems to mean "Here is an end of protestation." The exact meaning of *coil* is very uncertain. In Shelton's translation of Don Quixote (p. 3) I find "Rozinante kept *a coile* to goe to his Stable," which seems to mean "Rozinante was impatient to go to his stable." The meaning of *coil*, in most passages, is "noise," "tumult," "difficulty," no one of which seems exactly appropriate here.

24. Line 106, 107.

> *Injurious wasps, to feed on such sweet honey,*
> *And kill the bees that yield it with your stings!*

Shakespeare is quite correct in implying that wasps steal the honey stored by bees. See Kirby and Spence's Entomology (ed. 1818), p. 165. "The former (*i.e.* wasps) frequently take possession of a hive, having either destroyed or driven away its inhabitants, and consume all the honey it contains." The weapon they use, however, is not their *stings*, but their powerful mandibles or jaws. They "often seize and devour them (bees), sometimes ripping open the body to come at the honey, and at others carrying off that part in which it is situated" (ut supra, p. 164).

25. Line 121: *Unto a ragged, fearful-hanging rock.*—Compare III. Henry VI. (v. 4. 27):

> And Richard but a *ragged* fatal rock.

26. Line 137: *I see you have* A MONTH'S MIND *to them.*—The expression, *a month's mind*, is usually explained as referring to the Roman Catholic custom of commemorating the monthly anniversary of a person's death, by offering up prayers for the repose of his or her soul. The prayers for the dead, given in most Catholic books of devotion, contain a prayer for the third, seventh, or *thirtieth* day after burial. The last anniversary is that called here "*the month's mind.*"

The following passage, quoted by Richardson in his dictionary, *sub voce* "month," is apparently decisive: "At whiche tyme of burying and also the *monethis mynde*, I wil that myn executrice doo cause to be caried from London xii. newe torches, there beyng redy made, to burn in the tymes of the saide burying and *monethes mynde.*—*Fabyan. His will.*"

Were it not for the decisive evidence of the passage above quoted, and the extracts from Strype's Memorials of the Reformation (Var. Ed. vol. iv. p. 26), I should be inclined to think this expression had its origin in the violent longing for particular articles of food, &c. shown by pregnant women, more especially in the last *month* of their pregnancy; a meaning decidedly adopted by Dr. Schmidt in his Lexicon (*sub voce* month). As regards this passage Johnson remarks: "A *month's mind*, in the ritual sense, signifies not desire or inclination, but remembrance; yet I suppose this is the true original of the expression" (see Var. Ed. vol. iv. p. 27). From this it is plain he felt the same difficulty in accepting the usual explanation of this phrase.

ACT I. Scene 3.

27. Line 9: *Some to discover islands far away* – This is a passage on which conjectures as to the exact date of this play have been built, but without sufficient grounds. It was a very common thing, in Shakespeare's time, for young men of the best families to go on voyages of discovery, and many islands were as yet undiscovered. There are several such expeditions to which this line might refer.

28. Line 18: *Whereon this month I have been* HAMMERING.—This sense of the word *to hammer* is peculiar to this passage. In II. Henry VI. (i. 2. 47) we find:

> And wilt thou still be *hammering* treachery?

but there it is used in a less metaphorical sense. Here the verb is used in the same way as we use it nowadays, *e.g.* "to keep *hammering on*, or *at*, the same idea."

29. Line 27: *Attends the emperor.*—Steevens' note (Var. Ed. vol. iv. p. 29) is worth consulting on this passage. Johnson mentions, as an instance of the ignorance or negligence of the author, his placing the emperor at Milan. But the emperor of Germany, Charles V., did frequently reside at Milan, and hold his court there.

30. Line 32: *And be* IN EYE *of every exercise.*—No commentator seems to have any remark on this peculiar expression, of which I do not remember to have found another instance. It means, doubtless, "be within sight of."

31. Line 44: *And,-* IN GOOD TIME:—*now will we break with him.*—The construction here is elliptical. Antonio means to say, "Here he (Proteus) comes *in good time*," *i.e.* "apropos," "just at the right moment."

32. Line 67: *With Valentino.*—This is the reading of F. 2, F. 3, F. 4; and seems preferable to the Latin form of the name, *Valentinus*, which we find in F. 1.

33. Line 69: *Like* EXHIBITION *thou shalt have from me.*—The use of this word, as meaning a certain sum allowed for the expenses of any person's support, still exists at schools and colleges where are given *exhibitions*, that is, annual sums, in aid of maintenance, to be gained by scholars in competition. Compare:

> I crave fit disposition for my wife,
> Due reference of place and *exhibition*,
> —Othello, i. 3. 237, 238.

ACT II. Scene 1.

34. Line 26: *to speak puling, like a beggar at Hallowmas.*—According to Tollet it was the custom on All Saints Day (that is on the eve of All Souls Day, Nov. 2nd) "for the poor people in Staffordshire to go from parish to parish *a souling, i.e.* begging and *puling* for *soul-cakes*." The custom was, doubtless, a remnant of the religious observance of that day (All Souls Day), on which the Catholic Church offers up all masses, and enjoins special devotions, on behalf of departed souls.

35. Line 79: YOU CHID AT *Sir Proteus for going ungarter'd.*—This construction of the verb *to chide* with *at* occurs in five other places in Shakespeare. It is generally used as a transitive verb. Compare:

> O, what a beast was I to *chide at him*,
> —Rom. and Jul. iii. 2. 95.

The *going ungartered* is one of the signs of love given by Rosalind (As You Like It, iii. 2. 398); which passage may be compared with Speed's speech above (19–27).

36. Line 84: *cannot see to put on your hose.*—There is, doubtless, as Staunton says, either some omission here; or the allusion, whatever it was, which gave point to the quibble, has escaped detection.

37. Line 100: *O excellent* MOTION! . . . *Now will he* INTERPRET *to her.*—It seems doubtful, in spite of the two instances adduced by Staunton, whether *motion* was ever used for a single puppet. The person who managed the puppets, and spoke the dialogue for them, was called the *interpreter*.

38. Line 114: *it* CAME *hardly* OFF.—To *come off* is used in the sense of "to acquit one's self" by Shakespeare in one or two places—generally with the idea of success. The same expression is used in slang nowadays, *e.g.* "I tried a volley, but it did not *come off*." Compare with the passage in the text:

> This *comes off* well; here's a wise officer.
> —Meas. for Meas. ii. 1. 57.

ACT II. Scene 2.

39. Line 7: *And seal the bargain with a holy* KISS.—This was the formal mode of betrothal; the exchange of rings, and the *kiss* of troth which, according to Douce, sometimes was given in the church with great solemnity; "and the service on this occasion is preserved in some of the old rituals." It is to this formal ceremony of betrothal that the Priest alludes, in the following passage from Twelfth Night:

> A contract of eternal bond of love,
> Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
> Attested by the *holy close of lips*,
> Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings;
> And all the ceremony of this compact
> Seal'd in my function, by my testimony.—v. 1. 159-164.

ACT II. Scene 3.

40. Lines 29, 30: *O, that* SHE *could speak now like a* WOOD *woman!—Wood*, in the sense of "wild," "distracted," is frequently used by Chaucer and other old English writers. Hanmer, whom Dyce follows, altered the first part of this line to "O that *the shoe could speak*;" but surely this is unnecessary. Launce has made one of the shoes represent his mother, and naturally uses *she* instead of *it*.

41. Line 42: *it is the unkindest* TIED.—This play on the words *tied* and *tide* might have been copied from Lilly's Endimion, iv. 2:

> *Epi.* Why? you know it is said, the *tyde* tarrieth no man.
> *Sam.* True.
> *Epi.* A monstrous lie; for I was *tide* two houres, and tarried for one to unlose mee. —Works, vol. i. p. 51.

ACT II. Scene 4.

42. Line 18: *And how* QUOTE *you my folly?*—To *quote* here means "to observe." Compare:

> I am sorry that with better heed and judgment
> I had not *quoted* him. —Hamlet, iii. 1. 111, 112.

43. Line 34: *Know ye Don Antonio?* [illegible] is an Italian title of *Don* which seems [illegible] but we find in a previous passage [illegible] Sir *Don* Alphonso, where *Alphonso* seems intended for the Italian name *Alfonso*. Certainly we are not to write *Don* as Knowles proposes, the title [illegible] often as a general one, but [illegible] the corrupted form of *Don* to Capulet being derived from *Dominus*, it was originally applied to persons of the upper ranks of life, and later it came to be employed in a flattering sense as [illegible] a fine fellow."

44. Line 72: *complete in* FEATURE—[illegible] "perfectly good looking." *Feature*, [illegible], has the sense of "handsomeness," sometimes in some passages. Compare:

> [illegible]
> —*Ibid.* III. [illegible]

But I doubt if this is any more than an elliptical expression. *feature* is generally used in old English writers not for the parts of the face, but for the whole form and shape of the body, and so it came to be used sometimes for handsomeness, the epithet "beautiful" or "good" being understood.

45. Line 86: [THURIO *retires angrily to back of stage.*] This stage-direction indicates what is required by the "business" of the scene. It would seem from Silvia's words which follow, *Have done, have done*, that a quarrel was imminent, or that she thought Valentine was carrying his chaff of Thurio too far. Some editors insert here [*Exit* THURIO]; but I think wrongly: he probably remains, at back of stage, in a huff at the manner in which he has been treated, till Silvia calls him to go with her (line 171, see note 47.

46. Line 114: *I'll* DIE ON HIM *that says so but yourself.* This expression occurs in Look About You:

> *Rich.* [illegible] for do you think
> My brother John deceiv'd you of a chain.
> *Lov.* He is: I will deliver it with this hand.
> *John.* I'll die upon the venture.
> —Dodsley, vol. vi. p. 442.

It means, "I will challenge him to mortal combat."

47. Line 116: *Madam, my lord your father would speak with you.* This line is wrongly assigned to Thurio in Ff. Theobald was the first to correct the obvious error. It is evident that Silvia does not address the whole of her next speech to Thurio; but that, after answering the servant who brings the message from her father, she turns to him where he has been standing sulkily, at the back of the scene, while the introduction of Proteus took place. By asking him to accompany her, she means to console him for the snubs he has received from Valentine.

48. Line 130: WHOSE *high* IMPERIOUS *thoughts have punish'd me.* This line presents many difficulties. Johnson first proposed to substitute *those* for *whose*, an alteration which Lettsom says "The context imperiously commands" [Walker's Crit. Exam. vol. i. p. 39 (note)], quoted by Dyce with approval. The chief point is whether the *high imperious thoughts* are those of Love or of Valentine. If we read *whose*, the use of *thoughts* for "disposition of the mind," as Schmidt explains it in this passage, is certainly unusual. On the other hand, if we read *those*, the expression *have punish'd me* would have to be taken as equivalent to "have brought the punishment upon me," which is a very awkward construction. Proteus goes on to say that Love in revenge of his contempt, has chased sleep from his eyes, &c.; so that it is more probable from the context that the reading of the Ff. is right. It is worth noting that Malone, in suggesting the reading of the Ff., says that "*Imperious* which in our author's time generally signified imperial, is an epithet very frequently applied to love by Shakespeare and his contemporaries." I have examined all the passages where the word occurs in Shakespeare, and *not* in a *single* one, except this passage in our text, is it so applied; nor is it generally used in any sense but the one which it bears in Macbeth. I believe with Staunton that the misprint, if any, is in the word *thoughts*.

49. Line 132: *Yet let her be a* PRINCIPALITY.—Steevens very aptly quotes St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans viii. 38: "Nor angels, nor *principalities*." Milton uses the word in the same sense—that of one of the orders of the angels—in Paradise Lost, book vi.:

> He ceas'd; and the assembly bow'd at his word
> Numerous of *principalities* the prime.

It is evident from the context that the word is used in that sense here. See the passage from Scot's Discoverie of Witchcraft (quoted by Staunton), whence it appears that *principalities* were the seventh of the nine orders of angels.

50. Lines 159, 160:

> *lest the base earth*
> *Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss.*

Compare Richard the Second's words to Bolingbroke (iii. 3. 190, 191):

> Fair cousin, you debase your princely knee
> To make the base earth proud with *kissing* it.

51. Line 162: SUMMER-SWELLING *flower.*—The same expression, according to Steevens, occurs in the translation of Lucan by Sir Arthur Gorges, 1614, book viii. p. 354, where he renders "ripasque *æstate tumentes*" by "that *summer-swelling* shore."

52. Line 196: *Is it* MINE EYE *or* VALENTINO'S *praise?*

F. 1 reads:

> It is mine, or Valentine's praise?

F. 2, F. 3, F. 4:

> Is it mine *then*, or *Valentineans* praise?

The reading in the text is Theobald's conjecture, which, on the whole, seems preferable to the ingenious conjecture of Blakeway, adopted by Malone:

> Is it *her mien*, or *Valentinus'* praise?

Mien having been originally written *mine*, being derived from the French *mine*. The conjecture of Hanmer, *mine eyne*, is very probable, but questionable on account of the cacophony; although *thine eyne* occurs in Midsummer Night's Dream (iii. 2. 138). *Valentine's* is altered to *Valentino's* in preference to *Valentinus'*, though perhaps Malone is right, and no alteration is really necessary; for undoubtedly *Valentine's* could be pronounced as a quadrisyllable.

53. Line 201: *a waxen image 'gainst a fire.*—This is an allusion to the practice attributed to witches, of making a wax figure of those against whom they had a spite;

ves they gradually melted before the fire, which persons whom they represented to waste away; uck pins into them, thereby inflicting on the the figure so treated very sharp and grievous amusing account of such a wax figure, and of practices to which it was subjected, may be ie Ingoldsby Legends, vol. i., in the story called h of Folkestone."

210: *And that hath* DAZZLED *my reason's light.* e unnecessarily inserts *so* after *dazzled*, thinking been required by the metre. Malone quotes ton the following instance of *dazzling* used as a :

> A diadem once *dazzling* the eye,
> The day too darke to see affinitie.

ACT. II. SCENE 5.

58: *thou art an Hebrew, a Jew.*—It would in Shakespeare's time it was popularly held was some difference, if only of degree, between d *Jew*. Falstaff, when wishing to be emphatic, ese two titles, "You rogue, they were bound, of them; or I am a *Jew* else, an *Ebrew Jew.*" IV. ii. 4. 198.

62: *to go to the* ALE *with a Christian.*—It is held that Launce here refers to one of those ivities called *Ales*, which were held in the century. They were of several kinds, *Leet-ale*, *Bride-ale*, *Clerk-ale*, *Church-ale*, and *Whitsun*ese the *Church-ale*, at least, was common in re's time. Drake, in his Illustrations of Shake-l. i. pp. 175–180), gives a very long and interest-t of these *ales*. They were so called because e, where they were given, undertook to brew so n the occasion, to the expense of which all the ters contributed. *Church-ales* were held, mainly rpose of getting funds for the repairing or f the churches. It may be doubted whether eans anything more here than the *ale-house*. is Edition of Greene, has a note on the follow-e in The Looking Glass for London and Eng-v. I am the spirit of the dead man that was y company when we were drunk together *at* He maintains that "It is plain that in the our text, as well as in that . . . from . . Two of Verona," *i.e.* the one in our text, "*the ale* the ale-house" (Works, p. 138). But there is why *the ale* should not mean one of the festi-led, in both passages.

ACT II. SCENE 6.

26: *Shows Julia but a swarthy* ETHIOPE.—Com-

> Thou for whom great Jove would swear
> Juno but an *Ethiope* were.
> —Love's Labour's Lost, iv. 3. 117, 118.

35: *Myself in counsel his* COMPETITOR.—See ove's Labour's Lost, ii. 1. 82.

ACT II. SCENE 7.

59. Line 54: OUT, OUT, *Lucetta!*—The expression *Out, out!* is used by Ben Jonson in Every Man out of his Humour, ii. 2:

> *Out, out!* unworthy to speak where he breatheth.
> —Works, vol. ii. p. 86.

Also by Chapman in his Homer's Iliad, book xiii. Dr. Percy says it is still used in the north, and has the same force as the Latin, *apage!*

60. Line 70.—The whole of this scene is very interesting as a specimen of Shakespeare's more poetic style at this time. It contains some beautiful lines; but the reader will notice, if he read them aloud, that they are wanting in variety of rhythm, owing to nearly every line having a stop at the end of it. If, after reading this scene, we turn to one of his later comedies, such as As You Like It, or Twelfth Night, we see at once how very crude and, comparatively, unskilful Shakespeare's management of verse was at this period.

ACT III. SCENE 1.

61. Line 81:

> *There is a lady in* MILANO *here.*

Ff. read:

> *There is a lady in* VERONA *here.*

An evident oversight, of which this is not the only instance in this play. The emendation in our text is the one made by Collier's MS. and adopted by Dyce; it renders the line complete, and consistent with the fact that the scene is here undoubtedly in Milan, without doing much violence to the original text.

62. Line 89: *Win her with* GIFTS, *if she respect not words.*—A very similar sentiment is found in Marlowe's Hero and Leander (The Second Sestiad):

> 'Tis wisdom to give much; a *gift* prevails
> When deep-persuading oratory fails.
> —Works, p. 287.

The allusions to that poem in this play can scarcely be accidental. See i. 1. 22 and lines 119, 120 of this scene. It is probable that the poem was fresh in Shakespeare's memory when he was writing this play. The first edition bears date 1598, but it had been entered on the Stationers' books 20th September, 1593, and was probably circulated in manuscript, more or less privately, before that date.

63. Line 144: *My herald thoughts in thy pure* BOSOM *rest them.*—This is an allusion to the fashion prevalent amongst ladies, in Shakespeare's time, of carrying letters, miniatures, and other love tokens, as well as "money and needlework" (according to Drake), in a pocket made in the fore-part of their stays. In this same scene (lines 249, 250) *Proteus* tells *Valentine* that his letter

> shall be deliver'd
> Even in the *milk-white bosom* of thy love.

It is this custom which explains the phrase in Hamlet, ii. 2. 113:

> "In her *excellent white bosom*, these," &c.

Many other allusions to this fashion may be found in the poetical writings of this period. In comparatively recent times, on the stage and sometimes off it, ladies made the

same use of the convenient cavity alluded to in the passage quoted; although the fashion of placing a pocket there went out with the long-bodied stays.

64. Line 153: *Why, Phaethon,—for thou art Merops' son.*—This is one of the passages which has been cited, as helping to decide the date of this play. In the old play of King John (1591) occurs the following passage:

> as sometimes *Phaeton*,
> Mistrusting silly *Merop* for his Sire.
> —Hazlitt's Shak. Lib. vol. i. part ii. p. 234.

which some commentators suppose to have suggested the line in the text. Shakespeare might surely have gained thus much mythological knowledge elsewhere. *Phaethon* was, according to Smith's Classical Dictionary "a son of Helios by the Oceanid Clymene, the wife of *Merops*." There seems to have been some difference of opinion, however, among the authorities as to his parentage.

65. Lines 163-169: *But if thou linger, &c.*—Compare Lear, i. 1. 176-182:

> Five days we do allot thee, for provision
> To shield thee from diseases of the world;
> And on the sixth to turn thy hated back
> Upon our kingdom: if, on the tenth day following,
> Thy banish'd trunk be found in our dominions,
> The moment is thy death. Away! by Jupiter,
> This shall not be revoked.

66. Lines 172-187: *banish'd from her, &c.*—It is strange that no critic, apparently, should have noticed the strong resemblance between this passage and those in Romeo and Juliet (iii. 3. 19-21):

> Hence banished is banish'd from the world,
> And world's exile is death:—then banished
> Is death mis-term'd.

and (iii. 3. 29-43)

> *Rom.* 'Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven is here,
> Where Juliet lives; and every cat and dog,
> And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
> Live here in heaven, and may look on her;
> But Romeo may not:—more validity,
> More honourable state, more courtship lives
> In carrion-flies than Romeo: they may seize
> On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
> And steal immortal blessing from her lips;
> Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,
> Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin;
> But Romeo may not; he is banished:
> Flies may do this, but I from this must fly:
> They are free men, but I am banished.
> And say'st thou yet that exile is not death?

The latter passage seems to be an expansion of the speech of Valentine, adapted to the different circumstances of the situation.

67. Line 200: WHO *wouldst thou strike?*—Malone gives an example of a similar misuse of the nominative of the relative pronoun for the other cases:

> *Iago.* He's married.
> *Cas.* *To who?*
> —Othello, i. 2. 52.

and

> he hath a court
> He little cares for, and a daughter *who*
> He not respects at all.
> —Cymbeline, i. 6. 153-155.

The substitution of *whom* for *who*, in such passages, is needless.

68. Line 220: *And now excess of it will make me surfeit.*—Compare Twelfth Night, i. 1. 1-3:

> If music be the food of love, play on;
> Give me *excess* of it, that, *surfeiting*,
> The appetite may sicken, and so die.

69. Lines 222-240.—This poetical description by Proteus of Silvia's grief is very pretty; but, as the Duke only went out before Valentine's soliloquy, there was remarkably little time for the scene he describes to have taken place. This is one of the many instances of the defective construction of this play. Pope had some reason for ending the scene after Valentine's soliloquy, and commencing a new one with the entrance of Proteus and Launce.

70. Line 263: *if he be but* ONE KNAVE.—Various emendations of this passage have been proposed. Hanmer, "if he be but *one kind of* knave;" Warburton, "if he be but *one kind;*" Staunton suggests, "*if he be but one* in love." The meaning may very well be, "if he be but a knave in *one respect*;" or, as Johnson explains it, a *single* knave and not a *double* one. "Double" is used in an intensive sense in the expression, "double villain," which occurs in Cymbeline, iv. 2. 88, "thou double villain." To speak of a man as "two knaves" instead of "one knave" seems to have been an accepted phrase. In Damon and Pythias, by Richard Edwards (1571), we find:

> *Aristippus.* . . . You lose money by him, if you sell him for *one knave*, for he serves for *twain*.—Dodsley, vol. iv. p. 20.

Again in Like for Like by Ulpian Fulwell (1568):

> *Newfangle.* Thus thou may'st be called a knave in grain;
> And where knaves are scant, thou shalt go for *twain*.
> —Dodsley, vol. iii. p. 325.

71. Lines 265, 266: *but a team of horse shall not pluck that from me.*—Compare the modern idiomatic expression, "Wild horses shall not drag it out of me."

72. Lines 271, 272: *She hath more qualities than a water-spaniel.*—In that curious old work, Dr. Caius' Treatise of English Dogs, translated by Abraham Fleming (1576), the author, in describing the Water Spaniel or Finder, after speaking of their use in taking "waterfowls," says, "with these dogs also, we fetch out of the water such fowl as be stung to death by any venomous worm. We use them also to bring us our bolts and arrows out of the water, missing our mark whereat we directed our level," &c. But it would almost seem that Launce was confusing "the Spaniel gentle," or "the Comforter," with the Water Spaniel; the qualities of the former, according to Dr. Caius, were indeed numerous and curious. (See vol. iii. Arber's English Garner, pp. 244-245 and 247-249.)

73. Line 274: *of her conditions.*—F. 1, F. 2, F. 3 read *condition;* but the sense of "character," "temper," in which Shakespeare uses *condition*, hardly suits the context. F. 4 reads *conditions*, a correction adopted by Dyce, Staunton, &c. Compare the following passage:

> *Claudio.* Nay, but I know who loves him.
> *Don Pedro.* That would I know too: I warrant, one that knows him not.
> *Claudio.* Yes, and his ill *conditions*.
> —Much Ado, iii. 2. 65-68.

74. Line 281: *With my master's ship?*—So Theobald's emendation; Ff. read *mastership*.

75. Line 300: *Saint Nicholas be thy speed!* – Saint Nicholas was the patron of clerks and scholars.

76. Line 302: "*Imprimis: She can milk.*"—This is an oversight; as in her *cate-log* above (line 275) Launce has said:

> "*Imprimis:* She can fetch and carry."

Such an oversight is scarcely worth correcting at the cost of altering the text. Speed may have taken up the list of *conditions* or qualities where Launce left off, and substituted *Imprimis* for *Item* on his own responsibility, as it was the first one he had to read.

77. Line 306: "*Blessing of your heart, you brew good ale.*"—This proverb is alluded to in Ben Jonson's Masque of Augurs, in the ballad sung by John Urson:

> Our ale's o' the best,
> And each good guest
> Prays for their souls that brew it.
> —Works, vol. vii p. 435.

78. Line 318: *Then may I set the world on wheels.*—Compare Antony and Cleopatra, ii. 7. 96–98:

> *Eno.* 'A bears the third part of the world, man; see st not?
> *Men.* The third part, then, is drunk: would it were all,
> That it might *go on wheels!*

Rolfe says, in his note on this passage (p. 190), that the title of one of Taylor the Water-Poet's pamphlets was, "*The World goes on wheels.*"

79. Line 326: "*She is not to be* KISSED *fasting.*"—Rowe supplied the word *kissed* omitted in Ff.: perhaps the omission was intentional, the word to be supplied being left to the discretion, or indiscretion, of the actor.

80. Line 330: "*She hath a* SWEET MOUTH."—This may mean only, "a sweet tooth," as we say nowadays; perhaps it is meant in a wanton sense.

81. Line 361: "*She hath more hair than wit*"—Steevens, very aptly, quotes from Dekker's Satiromastix:

> *Haire!* It's the basest stubble; in scorne of it,
> This Proverbe sprung, *he has more haire than wit.*
> —Works, vol. i. p. 239.

82. Line 368: *The cover of the salt hides the salt.*—This alludes to the old salt-cellar, which was a large ornamental piece of plate, with a cover to keep the salt clean. There was but one on the table, which stood always near the head; hence the expression, "to sit below the salt," *i.e.* to occupy an inferior position at table.

83. Line 377: *that word makes the faults* GRACIOUS.—I see no necessity for insisting, as Steevens does, that *gracious* here means *graceful;* surely it means, "acceptable," "pleasing." Malone quotes very aptly:

> O, what a world of vile ill-favoured *faults*
> Looks *handsome* in three hundred pounds a-year!
> —Merry Wives, iii. 4. 37, 33.

ACT III. Scene 2.

84. Line 41: *against his* VERY *friend.*—*Very* has here a somewhat more emphatic sense than "true," or "real;" it almost has the force of a superlative. Shakespeare uses the same expression in the following passage:

> This gentleman, the prince's near ally,
> My *very friend,* has got his mortal hurt.
> —Rom. and Jul. iii. 1. 114, 115.

85. Line 49: *But say this* WEED *her love from Valentine.*—Rowe suggested *wean* in place of *weed,* but was anticipated, it appears, by the Old Corrector of Mr. Collier. Certainly *weed* is not a satisfactory reading here; for we should expect, if that word were used in its ordinary sense—whether literal or metaphorical—of rooting out, or otherwise removing a noxious growth, that the sentence would run "*weed* Valentine from her love." The verb to *wean* is only used, in its metaphorical sense, in two passages by Shakespeare: in III. Henry VI. iv. 4. 17:

> And I the rather *wean* me from despair,

where in F. 1, F. 2 it is spelt *waine,* and in F. 3, F. 4 *wain;* and in Titus Andronicus, i. 1. 210, 211:

> I will restore to thee
> The people's hearts, and *wean* them from themselves,

where in F. 1 it is spelt *weane.* It may be that *weed* is the true reading; but, in the two other passages where Shakespeare uses this verb with the preposition *from,* it is employed much more appropriately than in the passage in our text:

> To *weed* this wormwood *from* your fruitful brain.
> —Love's Labour 's Lost, v. 2. 857;

and,

> Each word thou hast spoke hath *weeded from* my heart
> A root of ancient envy. —Coriol. iv. 5. 108, 109.

It must be admitted that, in both these instances, the original sense of the word is preserved in the metaphor. I should be inclined to suggest that *wind* might be the true meaning, more especially as Thurio says, in the next line but one:

> Therefore, as you *unwind* her love from him,

Certainly the process, by which Proteus undertook to try and detach Silvia's affection from Valentine, would be more suitably expressed by the word *wind,* than by *weed;* it was a tortuous, not a direct process.

86. Lines 72–73:

> *Say that upon the altar of her beauty*
> *You sacrifice your tears.*

This passage has been, consciously or unconsciously, imitated by Cyril Tourneur in his Atheist's Tragedy, iii. 1, where Castabella, mourning over the supposed death of Charlemont, says:

> be not displeas'd if on
> The altar of his Tombe I sacrifice
> My teares. They are the iewels of my loue
> Dissolued into griefe, &c.
> —Works, vol. i. p. 79.

87. Lines 78–81:

> *For Orpheus' lute was strung with poets' sinews,*
> *Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,*
> *Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans*
> *Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands.*

This description would seem to be taken from some picture of Orpheus charming the beasts. I have seen an old inlaid cabinet of the time of Charles V., one side of which has a representation of this subject, in which the musical magician is surrounded by a *posse comitatus* of most remarkable monsters.

ACT IV. Scene 1.

88. Line 5: SIR, SIR, *we are undone; these are the villains,* &c.—Ff. read "*Sir,* we are undone," &c. Capell inserts *O,* before *Sir,* as the verse requires an additional

syllable. The line is printed most decidedly as verse in the Folios; we have ventured to repeat the word *Sir*, as being the most probable emendation.

89. Line 21: *Some sixteen months.*—This statement of Valentine's must be taken as on a par, for veracity, with his subsequent one that he was banished for having "killed a man," &c. It is extremely unlikely that Valentine had been any long time in Milan, before Proteus set out to join him. If we accept this statement as true, it necessitates our imagining an interval of over fourteen months to have elapsed between scenes 1 and 2 of act i.

90. Line 36: *Robin Hood's fat friar, i e.* Friar Tuck.—What these Italian outlaws could have known about Robin Hood, or Friar Tuck, it is not easy to imagine. This is one of the many instances of Shakespeare's *anglicising*, so to speak, his localities and his characters; one of his faults, if it be a fault, which certainly did not detract from his popularity.

91. Line 49: *An heir, and* NIECE *allied unto the Duke.*—So F. 3, F. 4. The reading of F. 1, F. 2 is *And heir, and* NEECE *allide*, &c. Theobald's emendation, *An heir, and* NEAR *allied*, &c., is generally adopted; but in Greene's Alphonsus, King of Arragon, we find *niece* used twice for the vague relationship of *cousin*, first in the following passage (act ii), where Venus, speaking of Alphonsus, says:

> Seeking about the troops of Arragon,
> For to encounter with his traitorous *niece*.
> —Works, p. 229.

referring to Flaminius, who was *cousin* to Carinus, the father of Alphonsus, and therefore, at most, only the latter's *second cousin*. The same word is used again in act iii. of the same play, where Fausta, the wife of Amurack, calls Belinus "my most friendly *niece*," (Works, p. 236)—Amurack having previously addressed him thus, "Welcome, Belinus, to thy *cousin's* court." From these passages it is evident that, in spite of Malone's dogmatic and arrogant contradiction of Steevens, *niece* was used (in addition to its ordinary sense) not only as granddaughter, but also to signify any relationship, even a distant one. For this reason we prefer the reading of the two later Folios to Theobald's conjecture.

92. Lines 71, 72:

> *Provided that you do no outrages*
> *On silly women or poor passengers.*

These were the conditions enjoined by Robin Hood on his "merry men." He anticipated Claude du Val in his respect for the weaker sex, and his compassion for the poor.

93. Line 74: *we'll bring thee to our* CAVES.—F. 1, F. 2, F. 3 read *crewes*: F. 4 *crews*. But there does not seem much sense in *crews*. Possibly *crew* may be the right reading. Collier's MS. Corrector reads *cave;* Singer *caves*, which seems the most probable emendation. In v. 3. 12 the *First Outlaw* says:

> Come, I must bring you to our captain's *cave*.

Most bands of robbers or outlaws had more than one cave.

ACT IV. SCENE 2.

94. Lines 19, 20:

> *for you know that lore*
> *Will creep in service where it cannot go.*

In Kelly's Collection of Scotch Proverbs is to be found, according to Reed, the proverb, "Kindness will *creep* where it cannot *gang*."

95. Line 27: *allycholly.*—This perverted form of *melancholy* is used by Mrs. Quickly in Merry Wives, i. 4. 164: . . . "But indeed she is given too much to *allicholy* and musing." It is probable that Shakespeare had heard some rustic person make this blunder; I cannot find the word in any of the old dramatists, or in any other of the writers of this period, or in any dictionary of slang.

96. Line 61: *Not so; but yet so false, &c.*—The incident of Felismena overhearing the serenade of Don Felix is thus described, in Yong's translation of Montemayor's novel: "The great ioy that I felt in hearing him cannot be imagined, for (me thought) I heard him nowe, as in that happie and passed time of our loves. But after the deceit of this imagination was discovered, seeing with mine eies, and hearing with mine eares, that this musick was bestowed upon another, and not on me, God knowes what a bitter death it was unto my soule. And with a greeuous sigh, that carried almost my life away with it. I asked mine host if he knew what the Ladie was for whose sake the musicke was made? He answered me, that he could not imagine on whom it was bestowed, bicause in that streete dwelled manie noble and faire Ladies" (Hazlitt's Shak. Lib. part i. vol. i. pp. 286, 287).

97. Lines 130, 131:

> *But since your falsehood shall become you well*
> *To worship shadows and adore false shapes.*

The construction of this passage is undoubtedly difficult; Johnson proposed to read, *since* you're false, *it shall become*, &c.; but no alteration is necessary. Douce's explanation that *become* in this passage "answers to the Latin *convenire*, and is used according to its genuine A. Saxon meaning," which he explains to be "adapt, or render you fit," is entirely misleading. *Convenire* never has that meaning; nor can I find a single instance of *become* being used in such a sense. The infinitive, "*to worship and adore*," has, I believe, here the sense of, "*in your worshipping and adoring*," which, though it makes a clumsy sentence, is not incomprehensible (compare v. 4. 49. See note 121). If any alteration of the text were made, we might read the first line thus:

> But since *it shall become your falsehood well*,

which is probably what Shakespeare, had he revised the passage, would have written.

ACT IV. SCENE 3.

98. Line 4:

> Egl. *Madam!*
> Sil. *Who calls?*
> Egl. *Your servant and your friend.*

Ff. print *Madam, madam!* Hanmer very properly cut out the second *madam*, which makes the line too long and is quite unnecessary; it was, probably, an interpola-

tion of the actor. The use of the word *servant* here, applied by Eglamour to himself, should settle the question as to whether Valentine, in asking Silvia to entertain Proteus as "fellow-*servant*" (ii. 4. 106), intended her to receive him on the footing of a lover. *Servant*, in this sense, meant nothing more than one who enrolled himself among the courteous admirers of a beauty, ready at all times to do her any service, but not necessarily a suitor for her hand or heart.

99. Line 13: ONE *valiant, wise, remorseful, well-accomplish'd.*—For the insertion of *one* we are responsible. Most commentators remark on the awkwardness of the line, as it stands in Ff.—

Valiant, wise, remorseful, well accomplish'd.

Pope reads *valiant* AND *wise*, &c., and an anonymous conjecture (quoted by Cambridge Edd.) would read *Wise, valiant*, &c., transposing the two words.

100. Line 17: *whom my very soul* ABHOR'D. So Ff.—Hanmer, unnecessarily, I think, would read *abhors*, in which he is followed by nearly all the editors. But surely the past tense is admissible; and does not necessarily infer that Silvia does not still abhor Thurio as much, at the time of speaking these words, as she did when he was first proposed by her father as a husband.

101. Line 21: *Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.*—Steevens says: "It was common in former ages for widowers and widows to make vows of chastity in honour of their deceased wives or husbands." He refers to Dugdale's Antiquities of Warwickshire, p. 1013, where there is "the form of a commission by the bishop of the diocese for taking a vow of chastity made by a widow." No instance of such a form in the case of a widower is given. But it was not unusual, at any rate in the earlier period of Christianity, even for married persons to take vows of chastity in the lifetime of their wives or husbands.

102. Lines 37, 38:

Madam, I pity much your GRIEVANCES;
Which since I know they virtuously are plac'd.

Between these two lines Collier's MS. Corrector coolly inserted another line:

And the most true afflictions that you bear.

Grievances is explained in the footnote as meaning "the causes of your grief;" and Eglamour, far from intending to express any opinion on Silvia's attachment to Valentine, merely means that he pities Silvia's cause for grief in being pressed by her father to marry Thurio; and that the foundation for her grief is a virtuous and proper one: in fact he confirms Silvia's own words (lines 28–30):

But think upon my *grief*, a lady's *grief*,
And on the justice of my flying hence,
To keep me from a most unholy match.

ACT IV. SCENE 4.

103. Line 29: *the fellow that whips the dogs.*—It is a most curious fact that, in Mucedorus (1598),—a drama once attributed to Shakespeare—we find the following passage:

Mucedorus. . . . I pray you, what office might you bear in the court?
Clown. Marry, sir, I am a *rusher* of the stable.
Mucedorus. O, usher of the table.
Clown. Nay, I say *rusher*, and I'll prove my office good. For look, sir, when any comes from under the sea or so, and a dog chance to, . . . then *with a whip I give him the good time of the day*, and straw rushes presently. Therefore I am a *rusher;* a high office, I promise ye. —Dodsley, vol. vii. 240.

Steevens quotes a portion of this passage, but destroys half the significance of it by suppressing the phrase "*rusher* of the stable," which indicates the renewal of the rushes that strewed the floor, after such a catastrophe as Launce's dog had occasioned, as being part of this official's duty.

104. Line 58: *What, didst thou offer her this* CUR *from me?*—Collier's MS. Corrector inserted *cur*, which, certainly, seems required both by sense and metre.

105. Line 60: *the other* SQUIRREL *was stolen from me.*—Hanmer prints *Squirrel*, making it the name of the dog; while other commentators suppose Launce's expression refers to the size of the dog. But in Lilly's Endimion (ii. 2), is the following passage:

Sir Tophas. . . . What is that the gentlewoman carrieth in a chaine?
Epi. Why, it is a *squirrill.*
Sir Tophas. A *squirrill!* O gods what things are made for money. —Works, vol. i. p. 27.

In a note (18) the editor (F. W. Fairholt) says: "In the series of Tapestries published by M. Jubinal is one copied from "the Tapestry of Nancy," which curiously illustrates this passage. In it is a lady of rank seated with a favourite squirrel secured to her wrist by a chain. This tapestry was found lining the tent of Charles the Bold, after he was killed at the siege of Nancy, in 1476." It is to this curious fancy of ladies for tame *squirrels* that Launce doubtless alludes, as well as to the small size of the dog. There is a dialectic meaning of the word *squirrel*, given in Halliwell's Dict. that points to a *double entendre* which may have been intended by Launce. Compare a passage in Captain Underwit, ii. 2 (Bullen's Old Plays, vol. ii. p. 340).

106. Line 61: *hangman boys.* F. 1 reads *Hangmans boyes.* F. 2, F. 3, F. 4, *hangmans boy.*—The reading in the text, generally adopted, was first given by Singer, from a copy of F. 2 in his possession; and is probably the right one. Shakespeare, in Much Ado (iii. 2. 11), calls Cupid "the little *hangman;*" but that passage is not much to the point. In Heywood's 1st Part of Edward IV. (v. 3) we find:

How doth Ned? quoth he,
That honest, merry *hangman*, how doth he?
—Works, vol. i. p. 80.

This is the only passage I can find where the word is used in any other sense than that of an executioner: it seems to be equivalent to "rascal," used in a good-natured sense. In the text it is used as an adjective, probably equivalent to "mischievous" or "rascally."

107. Line 79: *It seems you lov'd not her,* TO LEAVE *her token.* F. 1 reads, by a manifest printer's error, *not leave*; corrected in F. 2. This use of *to leave*, in the sense of "to part with," is well illustrated by two passages in The Merchant of Venice, one of which it is sufficient to quote:

I gave my love a ring and made him swear
Never to part with it; and here he stands;
I dare be sworn for him he would not *leave* it
—v. 1. 170–172.

Bassanio uses the word in the same sense further on in that same scene (line 126)

108. Line 126: *Madam, IF 'T please you.* Ff read *Madam, please you, &c.*, making a very awkward and imperfect line. There are various emendations; for the *if 't*, which we have ventured to insert, it may be said that the *ft* of the line above might easily have caused confusion, and made the printer omit the *if 't* just below it.

109. Line 160, 161:

And PINCH'D *the lily-tincture of her face,*
That now she is become as black as I.

Johnson has a note on this passage, "the colour of a part *pinched* is livid, as it is commonly termed, *black and blue.* The weather may therefore be justly said to *pinch* when it produces the same visible effect."

110. Line 187: *Since she respects* MY *mistress' love so much.*—Hanmer, very unnecessarily, altered *my* to *his;* but the touch of Julia's speaking, as if the character she had assumed were her real one, is a very dramatic one. She had spoken above of Julia (herself) as *my poor mistress;* and she now keeps up the pretence for a moment, though she is alone. The next line in the text:

Alas, how love can trifle with itself!

shows that the assumption was intentional, as if she was *trifling* with her own sorrow; and gives the actress a grand opportunity for the expression of subtle pathos in the delivery of the former line.

111. Line 197: *Her eyes are* GRAY AS GLASS.—Douce quotes two instances of the expression *gray as glass* from the old Romances; and Theobald quotes, from Chaucer's description of the Prioress:

hire eyen *gray as glas.*
—Prologue, Canterbury Tales, line 152.

112. Line 198: *her forehead's low, and mine's as high.*—It seems that a *high forehead* was, in Shakespeare's time, accounted a beauty in a woman. We have all of us seen how much the fashion varies in this respect. One year women brush their hair off their head; another, they plaster, or train it down nearly to their eyebrows.

113. Line 206: *My substance should be* STATUE *in thy stead. Statue* was used for a *picture*, as well as for a *statue;* here it is equivalent to "an inanimate image" at least; if it is not to be interpreted as simply meaning "a picture." Compare the following passage in Massinger's City Madam, v. 3:

Sir John. Your nieces, ere they put to sea, crave humbly
Though absent in their bodies, they may take leave
Of their late suitors' *statues.*
Luke. There they *hang.* —Works, p. 455.

In this scene the *statues* are represented by living men, but it is plain from the context they were meant to be *pictures* and not *statues.*

ACT V. Scene 1.

114. Line 3: *Silvia, at Friar Patrick's cell, should meet me.* Ff. read THAT *Silvia, &c.* Pope omitted *That:* Steevens omitted *Friar.* It is most probable that the word *that* was inadvertently left in by Shakespeare.

115. Line 7: *Enter* SILVIA, *masked.*—For the justification of this addition to the stage-direction, see lines 39, 40 of the next scene:

—and guess'd that it was she,
But, being *mask'd*, he was not sure of it.

ACT V. Scene 2.

116. Line 7: Jul. [aside] *But love will not be spurr'd to what it loathes.*—This line is given by mistake in the Ff. to Proteus. By a similar error, lines 13, 14 were given to Thurio in Ff.

117. Line 29: *That they are* OUT BY LEASE.—It is generally explained, on the strength of an extract from the "Edinburgh Magazine, Nov. 1786," given by Steevens, that Proteus refers to "the mental endowments of Thurio," which are *out by lease, i.e.* are enjoyed by some one else not the owner. It seems to me this is rather a weak explanation; and we should expect the preposition *on* rather than *by* if such were the meaning. Probably there is some double meaning in *possessions* which has not yet been discovered.

ACT V. Scene 3.

118. Line 7: *Being nimble-footed, he hath outrun us.*—If any proof were wanted of the carelessness with which this last act is constructed, this line would afford it. Sir Eglamour, who has hitherto been represented as a chivalrous gentleman, basely deserts the lady whom he has undertaken to escort, without making any attempt to defend her. The author seems to have forgotten what he had previously written; or to have adopted the first device that came into his head for getting rid of one of his characters.

ACT V. Scene 4.

119. Line 2:

These shadowy, desert, unfrequented woods.

Ff. read:

This shadowy desert, *unfrequented woods.*

The reading in the text is from Collier's MS., a most excellent emendation. *Desert* here means simply *deserted*, or, perhaps, *uncultivated.* I can make no sense of the line as it stands in the original text.

120. Line 19.—The progress of events is certainly very rapid in this act. Silvia meets Eglamour, goes with him "three leagues" into the forest; meanwhile, the Duke meets Friar Laurence (v. 2. 37), who tells him that he had seen Silvia, masked, with Eglamour: the Duke, Proteus, Julia (disguised), and Thurio go in pursuit; the outlaws capture Silvia; Eglamour having taken to his heels: Proteus rescues Silvia. If all these events take place between sunset and night of the same day, as Mr. Daniel in his Time Analysis suggests, they must have followed one another with marvellous rapidity. Most probably we should suppose a day to elapse between scenes 1 and 2, and scene 3. But this act is constructed in a very slipshod manner, and bears signs of having been compressed by the author, out of deference to the requirements of the stage.

WORDS PECULIAR TO TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

121. Lines 48, 49:

and all those oaths
Descended into perjury, TO LOVE ME.

To love me here = *in loving me.* See note 97, iv. 2. 131.

122. Line 71: *The private wound is deepest: Oh time most accurst.*—Most editors have made this line scan according to the usual rules of metre, by omitting *most* and printing *deepest, deep'st;* or by reading *curst* for *accurst.* But here is an instance of a dramatic force given to a line by the employment of two extra syllables. The actor pauses after "*The private wound is deepest*"—*deep'st* would have no force in such a sentence—then he resumes with strong emotion, *Oh time most accurst,* dwelling on the *Oh.* The extra syllables do not jar upon the ear, while they increase the dramatic force of the line. Again, at line 73, Proteus is so overcome with shame that he cannot speak at first; he tries to do so, but the words "stick in his throat;" therefore we have a short imperfect line far more expressive than any complete one could be:

. . . *My shame and guilt confounds me.*

123. Lines 82, 83:

And, that my love may appear plain and free,
All that was mine in Silvia I give thee.

Any attempt to explain these two lines, so as to reconcile them to common sense and the ordinary ideas of loyalty in love, is misplaced. As it has been already pointed out, in the Introduction to this play, they are closely akin in sentiment to one or two of the Sonnets, in which Shakespeare resigns his mistress to his friend "W. H."—who has, apparently on his part, anticipated the conveyance of his friend's vested interests in the young woman—with no less romantic generosity.

124. Line 129: MILANO *shall not hold thee.*—Ff. read *Verona,* an evident slip, similar to others which have occurred in this play. We have adopted Collier's emendation.

WORDS OCCURRING ONLY IN TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

NOTE.—The addition of sub., adj., verb, adv. in brackets immediately after a word indicates that the word is used as a substantive, adjective, verb, or adverb only in the passage or passages cited.

Those compound words marked with an asterisk are printed as *two* separate words in F. 1.

	Act	Sc.	Line
Agood	iv.	4	170
Baa[1]	i.	1	98
Babble[2] (sub.)	i.	2	98
Bottom (verb)	iii.	2	53
Braggardism	ii.	4	164
Churlishly	i.	2	60
Conceitless	iv.	2	93
Contemptuously	i.	2	112
Corded	ii.	6	33
	iii.	1	40
Cruel-hearted	ii.	3	10
Direction-giver	iii.	2	90
Dire-lamenting	iii.	2	82
Disability	ii.	4	109
Fellow-servant	ii.	4	105
Fodder	i.	1	92
*Full-fraught	iii.	2	70
Gingerly	i.	2	70
Heart-sore	i.	1	30
	ii.	4	132
Heaven-bred	iii.	2	72
Home-keeping	i.	1	2
Illiterate[3]	iii.	1	296
Impose (sub.)	iv.	3	8
Inscrutable	ii.	1	141
Lawlessly	v.	3	14
Lily-tincture	iv.	4	160
Love-affairs	iii.	1	254
Love-book	i.	1	19
Love-discourse	ii.	4	127
*Love-wounded	i.	2	113
Lumpish	iii.	2	62
Metamorphosed	i.	1	66
	ii.	1	32
*Mountain-foot	v.	2	46
Movingly	ii.	1	134
New-found[4]	iv.	4	134
Nick[5] (sub.)	iv.	2	76
*Nimble-footed	v.	3	7
Noddy	i.	1	119
	i.	1	131
Note-worthy	i.	1	13
Odd-conceited	ii.	7	46
O'erslips[6] (sub.)	ii.	2	9
Parable	ii.	5	41
Penitential	ii.	4	131
Perversely	iii.	2	28
Pound[7]	i.	1	114
Principality[8]	ii.	4	152
Proffer er	i.	2	56
Publisher[9]	iii.	1	47
Rifle[10]	iv.	1	4
Robin-redbreast	ii.	1	21
Shelving	iii.	1	115
Silver-shedding	iii.	1	230
Sluggardized	i.	1	7
Soul-confirming	ii.	6	16
*Sourest-natur'd	ii.	3	6
Spaniel-like	iv.	2	14
Spokesman	ii.	1	152
Summer-swelling	ii.	4	102
Sun-bright	iii.	1	88
Sun-expelling	iv.	4	158
Swarthy	ii.	6	26
*Sweet-complaining	iii.	2	86
Sweet-suggesting	ii.	6	7
Tarriance[11]	ii.	7	90
Testerned	i.	1	153
Tournaments	i.	3	30
*True-confirmed	iv.	4	108
True-devoted	ii.	7	9
Turmoil	ii.	7	37
Uncompassionate	iii.	1	231
Undeserving[12]	iii.	1	7
Unheedfully	i.	2	3
Unmellowed	ii.	4	70
Unprevented	iii.	1	21
Unreversed	iii.	1	223
Unrivaled	v.	4	144
Unseeing[13]	iv.	4	209
Visibly	ii.	7	4
Wailful	iii.	2	60
Water-spaniel	iii.	1	271
*Well-reputed	ii.	7	43

[1] The cry of a sheep. The verb "*to ba*" is used in Much Ado, iii. 1. 75, and in Coriolanus, ii. 1. 12. *Ba,* as an exclamation, occurs in Love's Labour's Lost, v. 1. 52, 53.

[2] *Bibble babble* occurs in Twelfth Night, iv. 2. 105, and in the form of *pibble pabble*) in Henry V. iv. 1. 71.

[3] Occurs in Lucrece, line 810.

[4] Occurs in Sonnet lxxvi. line 4.

[5] In Othello, v. 2. 317, Q. 1 reads *nicke* instead of *interim* (Ff.). The verb *to nick* occurs in Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 13. 8, and Comedy of Errors, v. 1. 175.

[6] *Overslipp'd* occurs in Lucrece, line 1576.

[7] In the sense of a pinfold.

[8] See note 49. *Principalities* (in the ordinary sense) occurs in Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 13. 19.

[9] Occurs in Lucrece, line 33.

[10] Occurs with *of* in Lucrece, lines 692, 1050.

[11] Occurs in Pilgrim, line 74.

[12] Occurs in Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 356, where Schmidt and others take it to be a sub.

[13] Occurs in Sonnet xliii. line 8.

EMENDATIONS ON TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

ORIGINAL EMENDATIONS ADOPTED.

Note

8. i. 1. 28. Val. *I will not, for it boots thee not.*
Pro. No?—*what!*

88. iv. 1. 5. *Sir,* SIR, *we are undone.*

90. iv. 3. 13. ONE *valiant, wise, remorseful, well-accomplish'd.*

108. iv. 4. 126. *Madam,* IF'T *please you.*

ORIGINAL EMENDATIONS SUGGESTED.

85. iii. 2. 49. *But say this* WIND *her love from Valentine.*

97. iv. 2. 130. *But since* IT shall become your falsehood *well.*

ROMEO AND JULIET.

NOTES AND INTRODUCTION

BY

F. A. MARSHALL.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ESCALUS,[1] Prince of Verona.
PARIS, a young nobleman, kinsman to the Prince.
MONTAGUE, } heads of two houses at variance with each other.
CAPULET, }
AN OLD MAN,[2] kinsman to Capulet.
ROMEO, son to Montague.
MERCUTIO, kinsman to the Prince, and friend to Romeo.
BENVOLIO, nephew to Montague, and friend to Romeo.
TYBALT, nephew to Lady Capulet.
FRIAR LAURENCE, } Franciscans.
FRIAR JOHN, }
BALTHASAR, servant to Romeo.
SAMPSON, } servants to Capulet.
GREGORY, }
PETER, servant to Juliet's nurse.
ABRAHAM, servant to Montague.
AN APOTHECARY.
THREE MUSICIANS.
PAGE to Paris.
FIRST CITIZEN.[3]

LADY MONTAGUE, wife to Montague.
LADY CAPULET, wife to Capulet.
JULIET, daughter to Capulet.
NURSE to Juliet.

Citizens of Verona; several Men and Women, relations to both houses; Maskers, Guards, Watchmen, and Attendants.

Chorus.

SCENE: VERONA: MANTUA.

HISTORICAL PERIOD: early part of the fourteenth century.

TIME OF ACTION.

Six consecutive days, commencing on the morning of the first, and ending early in the morning of the sixth.[4]

Day 1 (Sunday): Act I. and Act II., Scenes 1 and 2.
Day 2 (Monday): Act II., Scenes 3, 4, 5, 6; Act III., Scenes 1, 2, 3, 4.
Day 3 (Tuesday): Act III., Scene 5; Act IV., Scenes 1, 2, 3, 4.
Day 4 (Wednesday): Act IV., Scene 5.
Day 5 (Thursday): Act V.
Day 6 (Friday): End of Act V., Scene 3.

[1] Evidently a corruption of *la Scala*, the real name of the prince who governed Verona at the time when the tragedy was supposed to take place.
[2] Called Uncle in the list of invited guests, act i. 2. 71.
[3] Called First Officer in Cambridge.
[4] This is Mr. P. A. Daniel's calculation, and seems to be correct.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

INTRODUCTION.

LITERARY HISTORY.

ROMEO AND JULIET is one of the plays which certainly has a literary history, and a very interesting one. It was first published, in Quarto, in 1597 (Q. 1). This edition differs much from the subsequent ones, and probably represents, more or less accurately, the play as originally written by Shakespeare, before the revisions and additions which appear in the next Quarto. On the title-page it is stated that this tragedy has "been often (with great applause) plaid publiquely by the right Honourable the L. of Hunsdon his Seruants." Lord Hunsdon died while holding the office of Lord Chamberlain, on 22nd July, 1596. It was not until 17th April, 1597, that Lord Hunsdon's successor was appointed Lord Chamberlain. In the interim the Company, whose proper title was "The Lord Chamberlain's men," were called simply "Lord Hunsdon's servants." It follows that this tragedy must have been played between the dates mentioned above; but that Shakespeare had, at least, commenced it at a much earlier period is tolerably certain. The date of 1591 has been fixed upon, because of the allusion to the earthquake made by the Nurse (i. 3. 23):

> "'T is since the earthquake now *eleven years*,"

which is supposed to refer to the earthquake of 1580. As Stokes points out, in his Chronological Order of Shakespeare's Plays (p. 21), the Nurse repeats this statement (i. 3. 35):

> "And since that time it is *eleven years*;"

but I do not think that this point is at all decisive as to the date of the play. It is quite possible that Shakespeare never meant to refer to the earthquake of 1580 at all. Hunter supposes that the allusion is to an earthquake which occurred in the neighbourhood of Verona in 1570. But, putting aside this trivial detail, we may be tolerably sure that Romeo and Juliet was one of Shakespeare's youthful works. He commenced it at a very early period of his career; he revised it, and added to it, at different periods between 1592 and 1599, when the Second Quarto appeared (Q. 2). In 1609 the next edition (Q. 3) was published: this differs very little from Q. 2, except in a few corrections and additional lines. The next edition (Q. 4) has no date, and was evidently printed from Q. 3. The author's name appears for the first time on the title-page of this edition. It was printed "*for John Smethwicke*," but the printer's name is not given. The next edition in point of time is that of the First Folio (F. 1), 1623, taken apparently from the text of Q. 3. Yet another Quarto Edition (Q. 5), "substantially identical with Q. 4," according to the Cambridge Edd., was published in 1637. Of these texts, Q. 2 is, perhaps, the best authority; but Q. 1 has furnished many readings which have been almost universally preferred to those of the later editions. Again I must dissent from the depreciation of the First Folio, which is probably the nearest to an accurate copy of the play as represented in Shakespeare's own theatre.

As to the source from which this play was derived, volumes have been written, and probably will yet be written. There can be little doubt as to the work which furnished the main foundation of Shakespeare's tragedy. This was "The Tragicall Historye of Romeus and Juliet, written first in Italian by Bandell, and nowe in Englishe by Ar. Br. (*i.e.* Arthur Brooke), 1562." I will give as briefly as possible the genealogy of this poem. In the second century Xenophon of Ephesus wrote a romance called Ephesiaca, in which a young woman, who

is "separated by a series of misfortunes from her husband," in order to avoid being forced into a bigamous marriage, swallows what she believes to be poison, but which turns out to be only a sleeping draught. In 1303 the main incidents of the Tragedy of Romeo and Juliet are said really to have occurred at Verona during the government of Bartolomeo della Scala. In 1476, in a collection of tales (Le Cinquante Novelle, &c.), was published a *novellino*, by Massuccio of Salerno, relating the adventures of Mariotto Mignanelli and Gianozza Saraceni of Siena, which bears a very striking resemblance to the story of Romeo and Juliet. In 1530 Luigi Da Porto published his history of Two Noble Lovers, &c., considered by some to have been founded on the historical tradition of Romeo and Juliet, by others on Massuccio's story. In 1553 Gabriel Giolito published in Venice a poem supposed to have been written by Clitia, *nobile Veronese*, which is virtually the same story as that of Da Porto; and in 1554 Matteo Bandello, in his collection of novels published at Lucca, gives his story of Romeo e Julietta. This story was translated into French in 1559 by Pierre Boaistuau, or Boisteau, surnamed Launay; his version contains several variations from the Italian story; *e.g.* he first introduces the scene with the poor Apothecary from whom Romeo buys the poison. It was from this French translation that Brooke produced his metrical version of the story, amplifying it and adding to the details; he introduced some new incidents which have been adopted by Shakespeare, and are not found in any other known version of the story. In 1567 William Painter, in the second volume of his Palace of Pleasure, produced "The goodly Hystory of the true and constant Loue between Rhomeo and Julietta, the one of whom died of Poyson, and the other of sorrow and heaviness: wherein be comprysed many adventures of Loue, and other devises touchinge the same." Painter's version is a pretty close, but not very intelligent translation of Boaistuau's novel. Lastly, in 1578 (the date of the dedication to his drama), the blind poet and actor, Luigi Groto, surnamed il Cieco d'Hadria, produced his tragedy, La Hadriana. Although this tragedy is cast in a severely classical form, and is tedious to a degree only reached, perhaps, by the Italian tragedy of the sixteenth century, its story is mainly that of Romeo and Juliet; it contains some beautiful passages and very touching scenes. I have not space here to enter into the question: Had Shakespeare ever seen this tragedy, or any translation of it? A careful examination of the passages from which Shakespeare is said to have borrowed some of his ideas, convinces me there is no foundation for such a statement; that mention of the nightingale is made, in the scene of the parting of the two lovers, is not a remarkable coincidence; while, in no case, can I find that any of the characteristic expressions of Groto have been copied by Shakespeare. There is only one detail peculiar to Groto's story, which Shakespeare also introduces; that is, when the father is lamenting the supposed death of his daughter, one of his ministers offers to him consolation, just as Friar Lawrence recommends resignation to Capulet, when lamenting the death of Juliet; but there seem to be no expressions or ideas common to the two passages.[1]

Two other plays may be mentioned which are on the same subject; one by Lope de Vega called Castelvines y Montéses, of which a very interesting abstract is given in Grey's Notes on Shakespeare (edn. 1754), vol. ii. pp. 249–262. It ends happily, and though its main incidents are evidently founded on the story of Romeo and Juliet (who become in the Spanish comedy Roselo and Julia respectively), there is not much resemblance between Lope de Vega's play and that of Shakespeare. Hunter, in his New Illustrations of Shakespeare, vol. ii. pp. 130–134, gives an account with extracts of the fragment of a Latin play discovered by him in the Sloane Collection of MSS. (No. 1775) in the British Museum, in which the story of Romeo and Juliet is followed pretty closely as far as it goes. Hunter suggests that this may have been the previous

[1] For the above account of the sources whence this play is taken I am indebted to Mr. P. A. Daniel's admirable introduction to the volume published for the New Shakspere Society, being No. 1, Series III. (Trübner and Co. 1875).

dramatized version alluded to by Brooke in his preface.

To conclude, then, we may say that Shakespeare worked out his tragedy from Brooke's poem; but that, perhaps, he had either seen or read in MS. an earlier tragedy on the same subject, to which Brooke refers in his address to the reader.

STAGE HISTORY.

This play was, as we gather from the title-page of the first edition, popular on the stage before 1597, though there is no evidence to prove when it was first produced. Curious to say it is not mentioned in Henslowe's Diary. Up to 1599, it must have been chiefly acted by the Lord Chamberlain's servants. In the edition of 1609, it is said to have been "sundrie times publiquely Acted, by the KINGS Maiesties Seruants at the Globe." Pepys mentions it under the date of 1st March, 1661–62, as an opera. It would appear, however, from Genest's account that, on this date, Romeo and Juliet was revived at Lincoln's Inn Fields, when Betterton played Mercutio. The cast contains a character "Count Paris' wife—played by Mrs. Holden"—who she was does not appear. The play was "altered by James Howard so as to preserve Romeo alive and to end happily—it was played alternately as a Tragedy one day, and as a Tragi-Comedy another, for several times together." It does not appear to have been revived again till 11th September, 1744; when Theophilus Cibber's version, partly founded upon Otway's Caius Marius (about half of which was taken from Romeo and Juliet) was presented, with Theophilus Cibber as Romeo, and his sister Jenny as Juliet. Genest gives a very interesting abstract of this alteration; but it does not appear that the disfigurements introduced were so great as to neutralize the merit, which Theophilus Cibber may fairly claim, of having restored to the stage, though in an imperfect form, one of the most beautiful of Shakespeare's plays which had been laid on the shelf for over eighty years. This revival appears to have been very successful; but before long that monument of obstructive fussiness, the Lord Chamberlain, had interfered. On 1st November Cibber was obliged to announce the play thus: "At Cibber's Academy in the Haymarket will be performed a Concert, after which will be exhibited (*Gratis*) a Rehearsal, in the form of a play called Romeo and Juliet." It appears that, but for this intelligent interference, a number of Shakespeare's plays might have been revived. We learn, from Mrs. Charke's memoirs, that Cymbeline was actually presented on 8th November, 1744; and that her brother played Posthumus; the version being not D'Urfey's mutilation, but Shakespeare's original play. By 2nd January, 1745, Theophilus Cibber was engaged at Covent Garden; leaving his sister, the eccentric Charlotte Charke, to manage the company at the Haymarket theatre, and to baffle, as best she could, the edicts of the Lord Chamberlain. We now come to an important event in the stage history of this play. In 1748, for the first time at Drury Lane, Romeo and Juliet, as altered by Garrick, was produced, with Barry as Romeo: a part in which he has, perhaps, never been surpassed by any other actor either before or after him. The chief alteration seems to have been in the last act, in which Juliet is made to awaken before Romeo is dead; and a number of indifferent and tawdry lines, taken partly from Otway and partly from Congreve's Mourning Bride, were added. On this occasion it was acted nineteen times. It is probable that Barry's remarkable success as Romeo was the main cause of his secession to Covent Garden; where, on 28th September, 1750, he made his first appearance at that theatre in the part of Romeo, to the Juliet of Mrs. Cibber, who likewise had seceded from Garrick's troupe. On this occasion Barry spoke a prologue, attacking Garrick; and Shakespeare's play was further disfigured by the addition of the funeral procession of Juliet and a dismal dirge. On the same evening (28th September), at Drury Lane, Garrick appeared, for the first time, as Romeo; and for twelve nights, till 11th October, this play continued to be acted at both theatres; much to the annoyance of regular theatre-goers, who were very discontented at the long continuance of such monotonous fare. It would appear that Garrick excelled in the scene with the Friar in the third

act, and in the scene with the Apothecary in the last act; but in all the tender and more romantic passages Barry seems completely to have eclipsed him.[1] From this time forward Romeo and Juliet continued to hold the stage; being indeed, with the sole exception perhaps of Hamlet, the most popular of Shakespeare's plays. Space would not allow us to record even the most remarkable among these numerous representations. Suffice it to say that such essentially dissimilar actors as Wroughton, Elliston, Edmund Kean, Charles Kemble, Macready, &c., have played Romeo. As Juliet such distinct actresses as Mrs. Siddons, Mrs. Jordan, Miss O'Neil, &c., have rendered themselves famous. It is to be hoped that the so-called alterations of, and additions to this play, which self-complacent authors deemed to be improvements, have been for ever banished from our English stage.

CRITICAL REMARKS.

There is little doubt that this play, with the sole exception perhaps of Hamlet, affords us a greater insight into Shakespeare's method of working than any other of his known works. Commenced at an early age, it was produced first in a somewhat crude form. It may be safely said that the editions of this play, published in 1597, and 1599 respectively, differ almost as much in merit as the two first Quarto editions of Hamlet. The alterations and additions, in both cases, are most important, and show not only how much the subject was endeared to the author, but also how much pains he took in revising each of these favourite children of his brain. It need scarcely be said that, as far as both intellectual and dramatic power go, Romeo and Juliet can scarcely be compared with Hamlet: but, in both cases, we see how truly artistic Shakespeare's mind was, and to what a remarkable degree he possessed that distinction of great poets—the indisposition to "rest and be thankful" when once he had given form to the creation of his brain; we see how carefully and lovingly he elaborated and beautified the ideas which sprang from his fertile imagination. Romeo and Juliet is an extremely unequal work. It contains in a marked degree many of the blemishes of Shakespeare's early style. To say nothing of the unskilled form of the verse; of the many sonnet-like and rhyming lines, deficient in that variety of cadence which his dramatic experience gradually taught him to acquire, it is full of elaborate conceits; we find even outrages on good taste, occurring in the midst of the most beautiful passages, and with an obtrusive incongruity which absolutely makes one shudder. Perhaps the worst line that Shakespeare, or any other poet ever wrote, is contained in Romeo and Juliet; I mean that dreadful line when Romeo, in the very height of his passionate despair, says:

"*Flies* may do this, but I from this must *fly*."

It is not too much to say that this line is worthy of modern burlesque. There are other passages to which it is unnecessary to allude at length, for they can only be qualified as obscene. This play is also remarkable as being almost entirely *sensuous* in its main subject. That it is not *sensual* is due to the fact, that it was written by a man whose innate purity of heart was one of his most remarkable characteristics. Neither Romeo nor Juliet is, when critically considered, a very interesting person. When we first see him, Romeo is moping under the effects of an unrequited love for Rosaline; a love which he would have us believe is the greater part of his life. Rosaline is cold; she does not respond to the fervour of his passion. He professes himself, and indeed his friends also consider him to be, quite crushed by this disappointment. He goes to a masked ball, and at once falls violently in love with a young girl, a perfect stranger. He forgets all about Rosaline; and transfers to his new love, with compound interest, all the ardour which had been expended in vain on the pursuit of his first. Juliet, a young girl just blooming into womanhood, conceives an equally strong passion for this young man, whom she has only seen upon

[1] It is a remarkable circumstance that all the actors of the greatest tragic power, who have played Romeo, have been said to excel in the scene with the Apothecary, and in the last scene at the tomb; however great their defects may have been in the more tender portions of the play.

e occasion. It is indeed a case of love t sight, violent in its beginning, and as most such affections do, either to die ı equally sudden as its birth, or to linger ough an unhappy existence. The fact ıese two are hereditary enemies lends itional romance to their irrational pas- So far we have the promise of a tra- an interesting tragedy, and one which ı to the most wide-spread sympathies of :xes. In less worthy hands the tragedy have taken the ordinary course of an e, perhaps of a secret marriage with a ɜsult to one or both of the lovers. But : is that Shakespeare's genius asserts The balcony scene, as it is called, in and Juliet is, without any exception, st beautiful love scene ever written. It fely be said that only one man could ave conceived or executed such a mas- e of dramatic poetry. Let us try and e what this exquisitely delicate scene have become, in the hands of such dra- ı as Marston, or Chapman, or Heywood, ssinger, or any one of Shakespeare's poraries; to say nothing of his prede- or successors. Let us see what it be- in Shakespeare's hands. Can anything e perfect than the subtle blending of ıce and passion which characterizes ı declaration of her love? She is alone, ɔelieves, with nothing but the moon and rs, and the delightfully scented orange- as witnesses of her confession. We hat Romeo is there, but she does not. ɜl at once what may be called the tra- : opportunity; we feel that this young tle more than a child, might go back virgin bed and bedew her pillow with ate tears; and that in a few weeks, or s days, she might be ready to marry ın whom her parents had arbitrarily for her. But an improbable and un- ɜd opportunity comes. Romeo has been by an irresistible impulse to the place enshrines the object of his new-born on. He is there, unseen, to receive ıfession which tells him that his love rned. This scene is one which may tir the coldest nature, and quicken the pulsation of the most world-hardened heart.

There is not, from the beginning to the end of this master-piece of passionate love-making, one indelicate thought or impure sentence. As the moonlight softens all the most rugged outlines; shedding upon the gnarled trunks, and on the hardest, thorniest foliage the silver bloom of her softening light; giving to each petty vista of the formal garden the mysterious majesty of a forest avenue; even so the exquisite bloom of innocence refines and purifies the unrestrained outbursts of Juliet's passionate nature; giving to what might so easily wear the forbidding shape of lust, or the lurid glare of sensuality, the delicate charm, the tender light of an ideal love. The abandonment of all restraint, checked with such exquisite self-recollection, just when it is trembling on the brink of shamelessness; the lovely maiden blush which bepaints her cheek, though she may be unconscious of it; the innate chastity which excites the reverence of her lover, even in the height of his passion, which forbids him to attempt any nearer approach to the object of his adoration; these are touches that none but a true poet, who had preserved, amidst all the corrupting influences of the world, that reverence for purity which is the crown of manly genius, could have produced. That one most beautiful line:

> "What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?"

uttered, as it is, in the simplest innocence, and answered, as it is, without the slightest taint of licentiousness, is the key to this most perfect scene.

How skilful is the contrast of the Nurse's sordid and impure nature, of Mercutio's scoffing cynicism, with the fragrant innocence of Juliet, and the romantic enthusiasm of her lover! In the scene with the Friar, when Romeo, like a spoilt child, throws himself on the ground in a paroxysm of thwarted self-indulgence, he is at his worst; but note how both his and Juliet's natures are purified and strengthened by adversity. As the tragic gloom of the play deepens, the spoilt child becomes a resolute man; Juliet, who, at one moment perhaps, has been in danger of yield-

ing to the overpowering force of her passion, becomes a self-contained and heroic woman. She does not scruple to face death rather than the dishonour of being unfaithful to her exiled husband. The terror, with which her almost brutal parents inspire her, is powerless in face of her deep and loyal love. He too when he finds, as he believes, that Death has snatched his bride from him, with fierce determination arms himself with the merciless poison; and goes to take his last farewell of the body of his love, to whom the same Death that had stolen her from him shall soon reunite him.

It may be said that this is the first of Shakespeare's plays in which his genius really asserts itself. As a master-piece of comic characterization, of subtle humour, and of deep insight into human nature, the Nurse may almost rank, side by side, with Falstaff. Mercutio, again, is such a marvellous creation of high comedy, that Shakespeare is said to have killed him off, lest he, by his attractive vivacity, should have, morally speaking, killed the hero. None of the characters, even slight sketches as some of them may be, can be said to be uninteresting. All the very best features of dramatic composition and poetry are to be found in this play. The interest is absorbing; the pathos most deeply touching; while the humorous element, never too prominent, affords that contrast so essential to a really great drama. The character of Friar Lawrence is well worthy study. Shakespeare has thoroughly entered into the affectionate relations which existed between a young man, like Romeo, and his spiritual director. Few English actors of Romeo have succeeded in grasping the idea of such a relationship; and therefore fail in conveying that mixture of filial love, and implicit reliance on his advice, which marks Romeo's attitude towards the Friar. Nothing proves more strongly Shakespeare's immense mental superiority than his utter freedom from bigotry, in an age when writers, otherwise liberal-minded, thought that no opportunity should be missed of abusing the Roman Catholic religion and everything connected with it. Fortunate, indeed, for posterity is it that Shakespeare could make use of Brooke's poem, without being contaminated by the narrow-minded virulence which distinguishes the latter's "address to the reader."[1] Had Shakespeare written his tragedy in the spirit of these high-minded observations, I fear we should have had a very different work, and a worse than indifferent dramatic poem.

There is little throughout this play that is superficial. It would be easy to select detached scenes, the language of which would have made the reputation and fortune of any dramatist. What faults the play has I have ventured fearlessly to point out. It is quite possible to recognize them in the fulness of their imperfection, without lessening one jot of that heart-stirring admiration, which this beautiful work must always excite in those who are not dead to the noblest passions of our nature, or blind to the greatest beauties poetry can create.

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[1] "And to this ende (good Reader) is this tragicall matter written, to describe vnto thee a coople of vnfortunate louers, thralling themselves to vnhonest desire, neglecting the authoritie and aduise of parents and frendes, conferring their principall counsels with dronken gossyppes, and superstitious friers (the naturally fitte instrumentes of unchastitie) attemptyng all aduentures of peryll, for thattaynyng of their wished lust, vsyng auriculer confession (the kay of whoredome, and treason) for furtheraunce of theyr purpose, abusyng the honorable name of lawefull mariage, to cloke the shame of stolne contractes, finallye, by all meanes of vnhonest lyfe, hastyng to most vnhappye deathe."

ROMEO AND JULIET.

PROLOGUE.

Two households, both alike in dignity,
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes
A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;
Whose misadventur'd piteous overthrows
Do, with their death, bury their parents' strife.
The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,
And the continuance of their parents' rage,
Which, but their children's end, nought could remove,
Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage;
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Verona. The market place.*

Enter SAMPSON *and* GREGORY, *of the house of Capulet, armed with swords and bucklers.*

Sam. Gregory, o' my word, we'll not carry coals.[1]

Gre. No, for then we should be colliers.

Sam. I mean, an we be in choler, we'll draw.

Gre. Ay, while you live, draw your neck out o' the collar.

Sam. I strike quickly, being mov'd.

Gre. But thou art not quickly mov'd to strike.

Sam. A dog of the house of Montague moves me. 10

Gre. [To move is to stir; and to be valiant is to stand: therefore, if thou art moved, thou runn'st away.

Sam. A dog of that house shall move me to

[1] *Will not carry coals,* will not bear injuries.

stand: I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.

Gre. That shows thee a weak slave; for the weakest goes to the wall. 18

Sam. True; and therefore women, being the weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall: therefore I will push Montague's men from the wall, and thrust his maids to the wall.

Gre. The quarrel is between our masters and us their men. 24

Sam. 'T is all one, I will show myself a tyrant: when I have fought with the men, I

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

will be cruel with the maids, and cut off their heads.

Gre. The heads of the maids? 29

Sam. Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maidenheads; take it in what sense thou wilt.

Gre. They must take it in sense that feel it.

Sam. Me they shall feel while I am able to stand: and 't is known I am a pretty piece of flesh.

Gre. 'T is well thou art not fish; if thou hadst, thou hadst been poor John.[1] Draw thy tool;] here comes two of the house of the Montagues.

Sam. My naked weapon is out: quarrel, I will back thee. 40

Gre. How? turn thy back, and run?

Sam. Fear me not.

Gre. No, marry:—I fear thee!

Sam. Let us take the law of our sides; let them begin.

Gre. I will frown, as I pass by, and let them take it as they list.

Sam. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them; which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it. 50

Enter ABRAHAM *and* BALTHASAR.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sam. I do bite my thumb, sir.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

[1] *Poor John*, hake fish, dried and salted.

Sam. [*Aside to Gregory*] Is the law of our side, if I say ay? 54

Gre. [*Aside to Sampson*] No.

Sam. No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir; but I bite my thumb, sir.

Gre. Do you quarrel, sir?

Abr. Quarrel, sir? no, sir. 60

Sam. If you do, sir, I am for you: I serve as good a man as you.

Abr. No better.

Sam. Well, sir.

Gre. Say—better [*Aside to Sampson, seeing Tybalt at a distance*]; here comes one of my master's kinsmen.

Sam. Yes, better, sir.

Abr. You lie.

Enter BENVOLIO.

Sam. Draw, if you be men.—Gregory, remember thy swashing[1] blow. [*They fight.* 70

Ben. Part, fools!
Put up your swords; you know not what you do. [*Beats down their weapons.*

Enter TYBALT.

Tyb. What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?
Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

Ben. I do but keep the peace; put up thy sword,
Or manage it to part these men with me.

Tyb. What, drawn, and talk of peace? I hate the word,
As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee:
Have at thee, coward! [*They fight.*

Enter several persons of both houses, who join the fray: then enter Citizens and Peace Officers with clubs and partisans.

First Cit. Clubs, bills, and partisans! strike! beat them down! 80
Down with the Capulets! down with the Montagues!

Enter CAPULET *in his gown, and* LADY CAPULET.

Cap. What noise is this? Give me my long sword, ho!

La. Cap. A crutch, a crutch! why call you for a sword? 83

Cap. My sword, I say!—Old Montague is come,
And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

Enter MONTAGUE *and* LADY MONTAGUE.

Mon. Thou villain Capulet,—Hold me not, let me go.

La. Mon. Thou shalt not stir one foot to seek a foe.

Enter PRINCE, *with his train.*

Prin. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel,—
[Will they not hear?—What, ho! you men, you beasts, 90
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
With purple fountains issuing from your veins,—]
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your mistemper'd weapons to the ground,
And hear the sentence of your moved prince.
Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets,
And made Verona's ancient citizens
Cast by their grave beseeming ornaments, 100
To wield old partisans, in hands as old,
Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate:
If ever you disturb our streets again,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.—
For this time, all the rest depart away:—
You, Capulet, shall go along with me;
And, Montague, come you this afternoon,
To know our further pleasure in this case,
To old Free-town, our common judgment-place. 109
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.
[*Exeunt all but Montague, Lady Montague, and Benvolio.*

Mon. Who set this ancient quarrel new abroach?
Speak, nephew, were you by, when it began?

Ben. Here were the servants of your adversary,
And yours, close fighting ere I did approach:

[1] *Swashing*, making a loud noise against the shield—strong, violent.

I drew to part them; in the instant came
The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepar'd,
[Which, as he breath'd defiance to my ears,
He swung about his head, and cut the winds,
Who, nothing hurt withal, hiss'd him in scorn:]
While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
Till the prince came, who parted either part.

La. Mon. O! where is Romeo? saw you him to-day?
Right glad I am, he was not at this fray.

Ben. Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun
Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,
A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad;
Where, underneath the grove of sycamore,
That westward rooteth from the city's side,
So early walking did I see your son:
Towards him I made; but he was ware of me,
And stole into the covert of the wood:
[I, measuring his affections by my own,
That most are busied when they're most alone,
Pursu'd my humour not pursuing his,
And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.]

Mon. Many a morning hath he there been seen,
With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs:
[But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
Should, in the furthest east, begin to draw
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
Away from light steals home my heavy son,
And private in his chamber pens himself;
Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out,
And makes himself an artificial night:]
Black and portentous must this humour prove,
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

Ben. My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

Mon. I neither know it, nor can learn of him.

Ben. Have you impórtun'd him by any means?

Mon. Both by myself, and many other friends:
But he, his own affections' counsellor,
Is to himself—I will not say how true—
But to himself so secret and so close,
So far from sounding and discovery,
As is the bud bit with an envious worm,
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.
Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,
We would as willingly give cure as know.]

Enter Romeo.

Ben. See, where he comes. So please you, step aside;
I'll know his grievance, or be much deni'd.

Mon. I would thou wert so happy by thy stay,
To hear true shrift. Come, madam, let's away.
[*Exeunt Montague and Lady Montague.*

Ben. Good morrow, cousin.

Rom. Is the day so young?

Ben. But new struck nine.

Rom. Ay me! sad hours seem long.
Was that my father that went hence so fast?

Ben. It was. What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?

Rom. Not having that, which, having, makes them short.

Ben. In love?

Rom. Out—

Ben. Of love?

Rom. Out of her favour, where I am in love.

Ben. Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!

Rom. Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,
Should, without eyes, see pathways to his will!
Where shall we dine?—O me!—What fray was here?
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.
Here's much to do with hate, but more with love.
Why, then, O brawling love! O loving hate!
O any thing, of nothing first create!
O heavy lightness! serious vanity!
Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms!
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!
Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!

This love feel I, that feel no love in this.
Dost thou not laugh?
Ben. No, coz, I rather weep. 189
Rom. Good heart, at what?
Ben. At thy good heart's oppression.
Rom. Why, such, Benvolio, is love's transgression.
Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast;
Which thou wilt propagate, to have it prest
With more of thine: this love that thou hast shown
Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.
[Love is a smoke rais'd with the fume of sighs;
Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;
Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears:
What is it else? a madness most discreet,
A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.] 200
Farewell, my coz.
Ben. Soft! I will go along;
An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.
Rom. Tut, I have lost myself; I am not here;
This is not Romeo, he 's some other where.
Ben. Tell me in sadness,[1] who 't is that you love.
Rom. [What, shall I groan and tell thee?
Ben. Groan! why, no;
But sadly tell me who.
Rom. Bid a sick man in sadness make his will:
Ah, word ill urg'd to one that is so ill!]
In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman. 210
Ben. I aim'd so near, when I suppos'd you lov'd.
Rom. A right good mark-man! And she 's fair I love.
Ben. A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.
Rom. Well, in that hit, you miss: she 'll not be hit
With Cupid's arrow; she hath Dian's wit;
And, in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,
From love's weak childish bow she lives unharm'd.
[She will not stay the siege of loving terms,
Nor bide th' encounter of assailing eyes,
Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold:] 220

[1] *In sadness*, seriously.

O, she is rich in beauty; only poor, 221
That, when she dies, with her dies beauty's store.
[*Ben.* Then she hath sworn that she will still live chaste?
Rom. She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste;
For beauty, starv'd with her severity,

Ben. Be rul'd by me, forget to think of her.

Cuts beauty off from all posterity.
She is too fair, too wise, wisely too fair,
To merit bliss by making me despair:
She hath forsworn to love; and in that vow
Do I live dead that live to tell it now.] 230
Ben. Be rul'd by me, forget to think of her.
Rom. O, teach me how I should forget to think.
Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes;
Examine other beauties.
Rom. 'T is the way

To call hers, exquisite, in question[1] more: 235
These happy masks, that kiss fair ladies' brows,
Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair;
He, that is strucken blind, cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost.
Show me a mistress that is passing fair, 240
What doth her beauty serve, but as a note
Where I may read who pass'd that passing fair?
Farewell; thou canst not teach me to forget.
Ben. I'll pay that doctrine,[2] or else die in debt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A street.*

Enter CAPULET, PARIS, *and Servant.*

Cap. But Montague is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike; and 't is not hard, I think,
For men so old as we to keep the peace.
Par. Of honourable reckoning[3] are you both;
And pity 't is you liv'd at odds so long.
But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?
Cap. But saying o'er what I have said before:
My child is yet a stranger in the world;
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years;
Let two more summers wither in their pride,
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride. 11
Par. Younger than she are happy mothers made.
Cap. And too soon marr'd are those so early made.
The earth hath swallowed all my hopes but she,
She is the hopeful lady of my earth:
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,
My will to her consent is but a part;
[An she agree, within her scope of choice
Lies my consent and fair according voice.]
This night I hold an old accustom'd feast, 20
Whereto I have invited many a guest,
Such as I love; and you, among the store,
One more, most welcome, makes my number more.
[At my poor house, look to behold this night
Earth-treading stars, that make dark heaven light: 25
Such comfort, as do lusty young men feel
When well-apparell'd April on the heel
Of limping winter treads, even such delight
Among fresh female buds shall you this night
Inherit[4] at my house; hear all, all see, 30
And like her most whose merit most shall be:
Which,[5] on more view, of many mine,[6] being one,
May stand in number, though in reckoning none.]
Come, go with me.—
[*To Servant, giving a paper*]
Go, sirrah, trudge about
Through fair Verona; find those persons out
Whose names are written there, and to them say,
My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.
[*Exeunt Capulet and Paris.*
Serv. Find them out, whose names are written here! [It is written, that the shoemaker should meddle with his yard, and the tailor with his last, the fisher with his pencil, and the painter with his nets; but] I am sent to find those persons whose names are here writ, and can never find what names the writing person hath here writ. I must to the learned.—In good time.

Enter BENVOLIO *and* ROMEO.

Ben. Tut, man! one fire burns out another's burning,
One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish;
Turn giddy, and be holp by backward turning;
One desperate grief cures with another's languish:
Take thou some new infection to thy eye, 50
And the rank poison of the old will die.
Rom. Your plaintain-leaf is excellent for that.
Ben. For what, I pray thee?
Rom. For your broken shin.
Ben. Why, Romeo, art thou mad?
Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a madman is;
Shut up in prison, kept without my food,

[1] *To call in question,* to call into remembrance; to make the subject of conversation.
[2] *I'll pay that doctrine, i.e.* I'll give that teaching.
[3] *Reckoning,* estimation.
[4] *Inherit,* possess.
[5] *Which, i.e.* the one of most merit.
[6] *Mine,* my daughter.

Whipp'd and tormented, and—Good-den,[1] good fellow.

Serv. God gi'[2] good-den. I pray, sir, can you read? 59

Rom. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

Serv. Perhaps you have learn'd it without book: but, I pray, can you read any thing you see?

Rom. Ay, if I know the letters, and the language.

Serv. Ye say honestly; rest you merry!

Rom. Stay, fellow; I can read. [*Reads.*

"Signior Martino, and his wife and daughters;
County Anselmo, and his beauteous sisters;
The lady widow of Vitruvio;
Signior Placentio, and his lovely nieces;
Mercutio, and his brother Valentine;
Mine uncle Capulet, his wife, and daughters;
My fair niece Rosaline; and Livia;
Signior Valentio, and his cousin Tybalt;
Lucio, and the lively Helena." [*Giving back the paper.*

A fair assembly; whither should they come?

Serv. Up.

Rom. Whither?

Serv. To supper; to our house.

Rom. Whose house?

Serv. My master's. 80

Rom. Indeed, I should have ask'd you that before.

Serv. Now I'll tell you without asking: my master is the great rich Capulet; and if you be not of the house of Montagues, I pray, come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merry! [*Exit.*

Ben. At this same ancient feast of Capulet's
Sups the fair Rosaline, whom thou so lov'st,
With all th' admired beauties of Verona.
Go thither; and, with unattainted eye, 90
Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fire!
And these,[3]—who, often drown'd, could never die,—
Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars!
One fairer than my love! the all-seeing sun
Ne'er saw her match since first the world begun.

Ben. Tut, you saw her fair, none else being by,
Herself pois'd with herself in either eye: 100
But in that crystal scales, let there be weigh'd
Your lady-love against some other maid
That I will show you, shining at this feast,
And she shall scant show well, that now shows best.

Rom. I'll go along, no such sight to be shown,
But to rejoice in splendour of mine own.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A room in Capulet's house.*

Enter LADY CAPULET *and* NURSE.

La. Cap. Nurse, where's my daughter? call her forth to me.

Nurse. [Now, by my maidenhead at twelve years old,
I bade her come. What, lamb! what, lady-bird!
God forbid!] Where's this girl? What, Juliet!

Enter JULIET.

Jul. How now! who calls?

Nurse. Your mother.

Jul. Madam, I am here. What is your will?

La. Cap. This is the matter:—Nurse, give leave awhile, we must talk in secret:—Nurse, come back again; I have remember'd me, thou shalt hear our counsel. Thou know'st my daughter's of a pretty age. 10

Nurse. Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

[*La. Cap.* She's not fourteen.

Nurse. I'll lay fourteen of my teeth,—and yet, to my teen[4] be it spoken, I have but four,—she is not fourteen.] How long is it now to Lammas-tide?[5]

La. Cap. A fortnight and odd days.

Nurse. [Even or odd, of all days in the year, come Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen.] Susan and she—God rest all Christian souls!—were of an age: well, Susan is with God; she was too good for me:—[but,

[1] *Good-den*, good evening. [2] *God gi'*, God give ye.
[3] *And these*, *i.e.* his eyes.
[4] *To my teen*, to my sorrow.
[5] *Lammas-tide*, the first of August.

as I said, on Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen; that shall she, marry; I remember it well. 'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years; and she was wean'd,—I never shall forget it,—of all the days of the year, upon that day: for I had then laid wormwood to my dug,] sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall; my lord and you were then at Mantua:—[nay, I do bear a brain:[1]—but, as I said, when it did taste the wormwood on the nipple of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool, to see it tetchy,[2] and fall out with the

Enter JULIET.

dug! "Shake," quoth the dove-house: 't was no need, I trow, to bid me trudge:] and since that time it is eleven years; for then she could stand high-lone;[3] nay, by the rood, she could have run and waddled all about; for even the day before, she broke her brow: [and then my husband—God be with his soul! a' was a merry man—took up the child: "Yea," quoth he, "dost thou fall upon thy face? Thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit; wilt thou not, Jule?" and, by my holy-dam, the pretty wretch left crying, and said "Ay." To see, now, how a jest shall come about! I warrant, an I should live a thousand years, I never should forget it: "Wilt thou not, Jule?" quoth he; and, pretty fool, it stinted[4] and said "Ay."] 48

La. Cap. Enough of this; I pray thee, hold thy peace.

Nurse. Yes, madam;—[yet I cannot choose but laugh, to think it should leave crying, and say "Ay." And yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow a bump as big as a young cockerel's stone; a parlous knock; and it cried bitterly: "Yea," quoth my husband, "fall'st thou upon thy face? Thou wilt fall backward when

[1] *Bear a brain*, I have a perfect remembrance.
[2] *Tetchy*, ill-tempered.
[3] *High-lone*, quite alone.
[4] *Stinted*, stopped crying.

thou com'st to age; wilt thou not, Jule?" it stinted, and said "Ay."

Jul. And stint thou too, I pray thee, nurse, say I.

Nurse. Peace, I have done. God mark thee to his grace!] Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nurs'd: an I might live to see thee married once, I have my wish.

La. Cap. Marry, that "marry" is the very theme
I came to talk of. Tell me, daughter Juliet,
How stands your disposition to be married?

Jul. It is an honour that I dream not of.

[*Nurse.* An honour! were not I thine only nurse, I would say thou hadst suck'd wisdom from thy teat.]

La. Cap. Well, think of marriage now; younger than you,
Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,
Are made already mothers: by my count,
I was your mother much upon these years
That you are now a maid. Thus then in brief;—
The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

Nurse. A man, young lady! lady, such a man as all the world—why, he's a man of wax.[1]

La. Cap. Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

Nurse. Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very flower.

La. Cap. What say you? can you love the gentleman?
This night you shall behold him at our feast;
Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen;
Examine every married lineament,
And see how one another[2] lends content,
And what obscur'd in this fair volume lies,
Find written in the margent of his eyes.
[This precious book of love, this unbound lover,
To beautify him, only lacks a cover:
The fish lives in the sea; and 't is much pride
For fair without the fair within to hide:
That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,
That in gold clasps locks in the golden story;
So shall you share all that he doth possess,
By having him, making yourself no less.

Nurse. No less! nay, bigger; women grow by men.

La. Cap.] Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love?

Jul. I'll look to like, if looking liking move:
But no more deep will I endart mine eye,
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, the guests are come, supper served up, you called, my young lady ask'd for, the nurse curs'd in the pantry, and every thing in extremity. I must hence to wait; I beseech you, follow straight.

La. Cap. We follow thee. [*Exit Servant.* Juliet, the county stays.

Nurse. Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *A street.*

Enter ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, *with five or six Maskers, Torch-bearers, and others.*

Rom. What, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse?
Or shall we on without apology?

Ben. The date is out of such prolixity:
[We'll have no Cupid hoodwink'd with a scarf,
Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,
Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper;[3]
Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke
After the prompter, for our entrance:[4]
But let them measure us by what they will;]
We'll measure them a measure,[5] and be gone.

Rom. Give me a torch,—I am not for this ambling;
Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

Mer. Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

Rom. Not I, believe me: you have dancing shoes
With nimble soles: I have a soul of lead,

[1] *A man of wax, i.e.* a well-formed, well-modelled man.
[2] *One another,* one to the other.
[3] *Crow-keeper,* scarecrow.
[4] *Entrance,* pronounce as *en-ter-ance.*
[5] *Measure,* dance.

So stakes me to the ground, I cannot move.
Mer. You are a lover; borrow Cupid's wings,
And soar with them above a common bound.
Rom. I am too sore enpierced with his shaft, 19
To soar with his light feathers; and so bound,
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe:
Under love's heavy burden do I sink.
Mer. [And, to sink in it, should you burden love;
Too great oppression for a tender thing.
Rom. Is love a tender thing? it is too rough,
Too rude, too boisterous, and it pricks like thorn.
Mer. If love be rough with you, be rough with love;
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.—]
Give me a case to put my visage in:
A visor for a visor!—what care I 30
What curious eye doth quote[1] deformities?
Here are the beetle brows shall blush for me.
Ben. Come, knock and enter; and no sooner in,
But every man betake him to his legs.
Rom. A torch for me: let wantons, light of heart,
Tickle the senseless rushes[2] with their heels,
For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase,—
I'll be a candle-holder, and look on.
[The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.]
Mer. [Tut, dun's the mouse, the constable's own word: 40
If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire
Of this sir-reverence love, wherein thou stick'st
Up to the ears.—] Come, we burn daylight, ho!
Rom. Nay, that's not so.
Mer. I mean, sir, in delay
We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day.
Take our good meaning, for our judgment sits
Five times in that, ere once in our five wits.
Rom. And we mean well in going to this mask;
But 't is no wit to go.
Mer. Why, may one ask?

[1] *Quote*, observe.
[2] *Rushes*, the rushes with which the floor was strewed.

Rom. I dream'd a dream to-night.
Mer. And so did I. 50
Rom. Well, what was yours?
Mer. That dreamers often lie.
Rom. In bed, asleep, while they do dream things true.
Mer. O, then, I see, Queen Mab hath been with you.
She is the fairies' midwife; and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies[3]
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep:
Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs;
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers; 60
The traces, of the smallest spider's web;
The collars, of the moonshine's watery beams:
Her whip of cricket's bone; the lash, of film:
Her waggoner, a small gray-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid:
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut:
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
Time out o' mind the fairies' coach-makers.
And in this state she gallops night by night 70
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;
O'er courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight,
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees,
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream,
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are:
Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit:
And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,
Tickling a parson's nose as a' lies asleep, 80
Then dreams he of another benefice.
Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five-fathom deep; and then anon
Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes;
And being thus frighted, swears a prayer or two,

[3] *Atomies*, atoms.

NY

s again. This is that very Mab
ts the manes of horses in the night,
the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs, 90
e untangled much misfortune bodes:
hag, when maids lie on their backs,
ses them and learns them first to

em women of good carriage:
]—
Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace!
st of nothing.
True, I talk of dreams;
the children of an idle brain,
othing but vain fantasy;
s thin of substance as the air,
inconstant than the wind, who wooes
the frozen bosom of the north, 101
anger'd, puffs away from thence,
is face to the dew-dropping south.
is wind, you talk of, blows us from
ves;
done, and we shall come too late.
fear, too early; for my mind mis-

equence, yet hanging in the stars
rly begin his fearful date
night's revels; and expire the term
sed life, clos'd in my breast, 110
ile forfeit of untimely death.
at hath the steerage of my course,
sail!—On, lusty gentlemen!
rike, drum. [*Exeunt.*

V. *A hall in Capulet's house.*

waiting. Enter Servingmen, with napkins.

Serv. Where's Potpan, that he helps
e away? He shift a trencher! he
encher!
. When good manners shall lie all
two men's hands, and they un-
, 't is a foul thing.
rv. Away with the joint-stools, re-
court-cupboard,[1] look to the plate.
, save me a piece of marchpane;[2]

board, a movable sideboard on which plate
l.
e, a sweet cake, made of almonds, like a

and, as thou lovest me, let the porter let in
Susan Grindstone and Nell. Antony Pot-
pan! 11
Sec. Serv. Ay, boy, ready.
First Serv. You are look'd for and call'd for,
ask'd for and sought for, in the great cham-
ber.
Sec. Serv. We cannot be here and there too.
—Cheerly, boys; be brisk awhile, and the
longer liver take all.]

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, JULIET, TYBALT, *and others of his house, meeting the Guests and Maskers.*

Cap. Welcome, gentlemen! ladies that have
their toes
Unplagu'd with corns will have a bout with
you:—
Ah, ha, my mistresses! which of you all 20
Will now deny to dance? she that makes
dainty,
I 'll swear, hath corns; am I come near ye now?
Welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day
That I have worn a visor, and could tell
A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,
Such as would please;—'t is gone, 't is gone, 't is
gone:

Enter ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, *and others.*

You are welcome, gentlemen! Come, musi-
cians, play.
A hall! a hall! give room, and foot it, girls.
[*Music plays, and they dance.*
More light, ye knaves; and turn the tables up,
And quench the fire, the room is grown too
hot.— 30
Ah, sirrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well.
Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet;
For you and I are past our dancing days:
How long is 't now, since last yourself and I
Were in a mask?
Sec. Cap. By 'r lady, thirty years.
Cap. What, man! 't is not so much, 't is not
so much:
'T is since the nuptial of Lucentio,
Come pentecost as quickly as it will,
Some five and twenty years; and then we
mask'd.

Sec. Cap. 'T is more, 't is more: his son is elder, sir;
His son is thirty.
Cap. Will you tell me that?
His son was but a ward two years ago.
Rom. [*To a Servingman*] What lady 's that, which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder knight?
Serv. I know not, sir.
Rom. O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiope's ear;
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!
So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.
The measure done, I 'll watch her place of stand,
And, touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.
Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight!
For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.
Tyb. This, by his voice, should be a Montague:—
Fetch me my rapier, boy:—What! dares the slave
Come hither, cover'd with an antic face,[1]
To fleer and scorn at our solemnity?
Now, by the stock and honour of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.
Cap. Why, how now, kinsman? wherefore storm you so?
Tyb. Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe,
A villain, that is hither come in spite,
To scorn at our solemnity this night.
Cap. Young Romeo is 't?
Tyb. 'T is he, that villain Romeo.
Cap. Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone;
He bears him like a portly[2] gentleman;
And, to say truth, Verona brags of him
To be a virtuous and well govern'd youth:
I would not for the wealth of all the town,
Here in my house, do him disparagement:
Therefore be patient, take no note of him,—
It is my will; the which if thou respect,
Show a fair presence, and put off these frowns,
An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

[1] *Antic face*, referring to the mask Romeo wears.
[2] *Portly*, dignified, well-bred.

Tyb. It fits, when such a villain is a guest;
I 'll not endure him.
Cap. He shall be endur'd;
What! goodman boy!—I say, he shall:—go to;
Am I the master here, or you? go to.
You 'll not endure him! [God shall mend my soul,
You 'll make a mutiny among my guests!
You will set cock-a-hoop![3] you 'll be the man!
Tyb. Why, uncle, 't is a shame—
Cap. Go to, go to;]
You are a saucy boy: [*To one of the guests who whispers him*] is 't so, indeed?
[*To Tybalt*] This trick may chance to scathe you,—I know what:
You must contrary me! marry, 't is time.
[*To Guests*] Well said, my hearts! [*To Tybalt*] You are a princox:[4] go:
Be quiet, or—More light, more light! For shame!
I 'll make you quiet. [*To Guests*] What!—cheerly, my hearts!
Tyb. Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.
I will withdraw: but this intrusion shall
Now seeming sweet[5] convert to bitter gall.
[*Exit.*
Rom. [*To Juliet*] If I profane with my unworthiest hand
This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this:
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.
Jul. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,
Which mannerly devotion shows in this;
For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,
And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.
Rom. Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?
Jul. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.
Rom. O, then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do;

[3] *Set cock-a-hoop*, play the bully. [4] *Princox*, coxcomb.
[5] *Sweet*, here a substantive, governed by "convert."

They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair. 106

Jul. Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake.

Rom. Then move not, while my prayer's effect I take. [*Kissing her.*

Thus from my lips, by yours, my sin is purg'd.

Jul. Then have my lips the sin that they have took. 110

Rom. Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urg'd!

Give me my sin again.

Jul. You kiss by th' book.

Nurse. Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

Rom. What is her mother?

Nurse. Marry, bachelor!

Her mother is the lady of the house,

And a good lady, and a wise, and virtuous:

I nurs'd her daughter, that you talk'd withal;

I tell you, he that can lay hold of her

Shall have the chinks.[1]

Rom. Is she a Capulet?

O dear account! my life is my foe's debt. 120

Ben. Away, be gone; the sport is at the best.

Rom. Ay, so I fear; the more is my unrest.

Cap. Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;

We have a trifling foolish banquet[2] towards.[3]—

Is it e'en so? Why, then, I thank you all;

I thank you, honest gentlemen; good night.

More torches here! Come on then, let's to bed.

Ah, sirrah, by my fay, it waxes late:

I'll to my rest.

[*Exeunt Capulet and others.*

Jul. Come hither, nurse. What is yond' gentleman? 130

Nurse. The son and heir of old Tiberio.

[*Exit Benvolio.*

Jul. What's he, that now is going out of door?

Nurse. Marry, that, I think, be young Petruchio. [*Exit Mercutio.*

Jul. What's he, that follows there, that would not dance? [*Exit Romeo.*

Nurse. I know not. 135

Jul. Go, ask his name: [*Nurse goes aside and questions one of the guests*] if he be married,

My grave is like to be my wedding-bed.

Nurse. [*Returning*] His name is Romeo, and a Montague;

The only son of your great enemy.

Jul. My only love sprung from my only hate!

Too early seen unknown, and known too late!

Prodigious birth of love it is to me, 142

That I must love a loathed enemy.

Nurse. What's this? what's this?

Jul. A rhyme I learn'd even now

Of one I danc'd withal.

La. Cap. [*Within*] Juliet!

Nurse. Anon, anon:—

Come, let's away; the strangers all are gone.

[*Exeunt.*

[*Enter Chorus.*

Chor. Now old desire doth in his death-bed lie,

And young affection gapes[4] to be his heir;

That fair[5] for which love groan'd for and would die,

With tender Juliet match'd, is now not fair.

Now Romeo is belov'd and loves again,

Alike bewitched by the charm of looks;

But to his foe suppos'd he must complain,

And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks:

Being held a foe, he may not have access

To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear;

And she as much in love, her means much less

To meet her new-beloved any where: 12

But passion lends them power, time means, to meet,

Tempering extremities with extreme sweet.

[*Exit.*]

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[1] *Chinks*, money.

[2] *Banquet*, a dessert of fruit, cakes, and wine.

[3] *Towards*, ready.

[4] *Gapes*, impatiently longs.

[5] *Fair*, beauty.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Verona. An open place adjoining the wall of Capulet's garden.*

[*Enter* ROMEO.

Rom. Can I go forward when my heart is here?
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre out.
[*He climbs the wall, and leaps down within it.*]

Enter BENVOLIO *and* MERCUTIO.

Ben. Romeo! my cousin Romeo!
Mer. He is wise;
And, on my life, hath stol'n him home to bed.
Ben. He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard wall:
Call, good Mercutio.
Mer. Nay, I 'll conjure too.—
Romeo! Humours'[1]-madman! Passion-lover!
Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh,
Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied;
Cry but—Ah me! pronounce but—love and dove; 10
Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,
One nick-name for her purblind son and heir,
Young Abraham Cupid, he that shot so trim,
When King Cophetua lov'd the beggar-maid!
He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not;
The ape[2] is dead, and I must conjure him.
I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,
By her high forehead, and her scarlet lip,
[By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,
And the demesnes that there adjacent lie,] 20
That in thy likeness thou appear to us!
Ben. An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.
Mer. This cannot anger him: ['t would anger him
To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle
Of some strange nature, letting it there stand
Till she had laid it and conjúr'd it down;
That were some spite:] my invocation
Is fair and honest; in his mistress' name,
I conjure only but to raise up him.
Ben. Come, he hath hid himself among these trees, 30
To be consorted with the humorous[3] night:
Blind is his love, and best befits the dark.
Mer. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.
[Now will he sit under a medlar tree,
And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit
As maids call medlars, when they laugh alone.
O, Romeo, that she were, O, that she were
An open et cætera, thou a poperin[4] pear!]
Romeo, good night;—I 'll to my truckle-bed;
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep: 40
Come, shall we go?
Ben. Go, then; for 't is in vain
To seek him here, that means not to be found.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Capulet's garden.*

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. He[5] jests at scars that never felt a wound.—
But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!—
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou her maid art far more fair than she:
[JULIET *appears in balcony above.*
[Be not her maid, since she is envious;
Her vestal livery is but pale and green,
And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.]
It is my lady, O! it is my love: 10
O, that she knew she were!—
She speaks, yet she says nothing. What of that?
Her eye discourses, I will answer it.
I am too bold, 't is not to me she speaks:
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,

[1] *Humours*, "amorous fancies."
[2] *Ape*, here used for a young man.
[3] *Humorous*, moist, humid.
[4] *Poperin*, from Poperingues, a town in French Flanders.
[5] *He*, *i.e.* Mercutio.

Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
[What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars, 19
As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright
That birds would sing and think it were not night.]
See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might kiss that cheek!

Jul. Ay me!

Rom. She speaks:
O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
As is a winged messenger of heaven
Unto the white, upturned, wondering eyes
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him, 30
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Jul. O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?
Deny thy father, and refuse thy name:
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Rom. [*Aside*] Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

Jul. 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy;
[Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.
What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part 41
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!]
What's in a name? that which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes[1]
Without that title. Romeo, doff thy name;
And for that name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself.

Rom. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd; 50
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

Jul. What man art thou, that, thus bescreen'd in night,
So stumblest on my counsel?

Rom. By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am: 54
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee;
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

Jul. My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's utterance, yet I know the sound:
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague? 60

Jul. O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?

Rom. Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike.

Jul. How cam'st thou hither, tell me, and wherefore?
The orchard walls are high, and hard to climb,
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

[1] *Owes*, owns.

Rom. With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these walls; 66
For stony limits cannot hold love out,
And what love can do, that dares love attempt;
Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.
Jul. If they do see thee, they will murder thee. 70
Rom. Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye,
Than twenty of their swords: look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.
Jul. I would not for the world they saw thee here.
[*Rom.* I have night's cloak to hide me from their sight;
And but thou love me, let them find me here:
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.
Jul.] By whose direction found'st thou out this place?
Rom. By love, who first did prompt me to inquire: 80
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far
As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandise.
Jul. Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face;
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.
Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
What I have spoke; but farewell compliment!
Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say "Ay," 90
And I will take thy word: yet, if thou swear'st,
Thou mayst prove false; at lovers' perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs. O, gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo; but else, not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond;
And therefore thou mayst think my 'haviour light: 99
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning to be strange. 101
I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou overheard'st, ere I was ware,
My true love's passion: therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered.
Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear,
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops,—
Jul. O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb, 110
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.
Rom. What shall I swear by?
Jul. Do not swear at all;
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.
Rom. If my heart's dear love—
Jul. Well, do not swear: although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to-night:
It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden;
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,
Ere one can say, "It lightens." Sweet, good-night! 120
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
Good night, good night! as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart, as that within my breast!
Rom. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?
Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?
Rom. Th' exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.
Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it:
And yet I would it were to give again.
Rom. Wouldst thou withdraw it? for what purpose, love? 130
Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
And yet I wish but for the thing I have:
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.
[*Nurse calls within.*
I hear some noise within; dear love, adieu!

Anon, good nurse! Sweet Montague, be true.
Stay but a little, I will come again.
[*Exit above.*

Rom. O blessed, blessed night! I am afeard,
Being in night, all this is but a dream, 140
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter JULIET, *above.*

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good night indeed.
If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where, and what time, thou wilt perform the rite;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee my lord throughout the world:
Nurse. [*Within*] Madam!
Jul. I come, anon.—But if thou mean'st not well, 150
I do beseech thee—
Nurse. [*Within*] Madam!
Jul. By and by, I come:—
To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief:
To-morrow will I send.
Rom. So thrive my soul,—
Jul. A thousand times good night!
[*Exit above.*
Rom. A thousand times the worse, to want thy light.
Love goes toward love, as schoolboys from their books,
But love from love, toward school with heavy looks. [*Exit.*

Re-enter JULIET, *above.*

Jul. Hist! Romeo, hist! O, for a falconer's voice,
To lure this tassel-gentle[1] back again! 160
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;
Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine
With repetition of my Romeo's name.
Romeo!

[1] *Tassel-gentle*, the male goshawk.

Re-enter ROMEO.

Rom. It is my soul that calls upon my name:
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night, 166
Like softest music to attending ears!
Jul. Romeo!
Rom. My dear!
Jul. At what o'clock to-morrow
Shall I send to thee?
Rom. At the hour of nine.
Jul. I will not fail; 't is twenty years till then. 170
I have forgot why I did call thee back.
Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it.
Jul. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
Rememb'ring how I love thy company.
Rom. And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.
Jul. 'T is almost morning, I would have thee gone;
And yet no further than a wanton's bird;
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves, 180
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.
Rom. I would I were thy bird.
Jul. Sweet, so would I:
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good night, good night! parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say—good night till it be morrow.
[*Exit.*
Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast!
Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!
Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell, 189
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell.
[*Exit.*

SCENE III. *Verona. The monastery.*

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE, *with a basket.*

Fri. L. The gray-ey'd morn smiles on the frowning night,
Chequ'ring the eastern clouds with streaks of light;

[And flecked[1] darkness, like a drunkard, reels
From forth day's path and Titan's fiery wheels:]
Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye,
The day to cheer, and night's dank dew to dry,
I must up-fill this osier cage of ours
With baleful weeds, and precious-juiced flowers.
[The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb; 9
What is her burying grave, that is her womb,
And from her womb children of divers kind
We sucking on her natural bosom find,
Many for many virtues excellent,
None but for some, and yet all different.]
O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities:
For nought so vile that on the earth doth live,
But to the earth some special good doth give,
Nor aught so good, but, strain'd from that fair use, 19
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse:
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied;
And vice sometime's by action dignified.
Within the infant rind of this small flower
Poison hath residence, and medicine power:
For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part;
Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
Two such opposed kings encamp them still
In man as well as herbs, grace, and rude will;
And where the worser is predominant, 29
Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.
Rom. [*Without*] Good morrow, father.
Fri. L. *Benedicite!*
What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?—

Enter ROMEO.

Young son, it argues a distemper'd head
So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed:
Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
And where care lodges, sleep will never lie;
But where unbruised youth with unstuff'd brain
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign:
Therefore thy earliness doth me assure 39
Thou art up-rous'd by some distemp'rature;
Or if not so, then here I hit it right, 41
Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.
[*Rom.* That last is true; the sweeter rest was mine.
Fri. L. God pardon sin! wast thou with Rosaline?
Rom. With Rosaline, my ghostly father? no;
I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.
Fri. L. That's my good son: but where hast thou been, then?
Rom. I'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me again.]
I have been feasting with mine enemy; 49
Where, on a sudden, one hath wounded me,
That's by me wounded; both our remedies
Within thy help and holy physic lies:
I bear no hatred, blessed man, for, lo,
My intercession likewise steads my foe.
Fri. L. Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift;
Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.
Rom. Then plainly know my heart's dear love is set
On the fair daughter of rich Capulet:
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine;
And all combin'd, save what thou must combine 60
By holy marriage: when, and where, and how,
We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vow,
I'll tell thee as we pass; but this I pray,
That thou consent to marry us to-day.
Fri. L. Holy Saint Francis! what a change is here!
Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear,
So soon forsaken? young men's love then lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.
[*Jesu Maria*, what a deal of brine 69
Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline!
How much salt water thrown away in waste,
To season love, that of it doth not taste!
The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,
Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears;
Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit
Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet:
If e'er thou wast thyself, and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline:]
And art thou chang'd? pronounce this sentence then,—

[1] *Flecked*, spotted, streaked.

Women may fall, when there's no strength in men. 80

Rom. Thou chidd'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

Fri. L. For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

Rom. And bad'st me bury love.

Fri. L. Not in a grave,
To lay one in, another out to have.

Rom. I pray thee, chide not: she, whom I love now,
Doth grace for grace, and love for love allow;
The other did not so.

Fri. L. O, she knew well
Thy love did read by rote, and could not spell.
But come, young waverer, come, go with me,
In one respect I'll thy assistant be; 90
For this alliance may so happy prove,
To turn your households' rancour to pure love.

Rom. O, let us hence; I stand on sudden haste.

Fri. L. Wisely and slow; they stumble that run fast. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Verona. Outside the city.*

Enter BENVOLIO *and* MERCUTIO.

Mer. Why, where the devil should this Romeo be?
Came he not home to-night?

Ben. Not to his father's; I spoke with his man.

Mer. Ah, that same pale hard-hearted wench, that Rosaline,
Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

Ben. Tybalt, the kinsman of old Capulet,
Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

Mer. A challenge, on my life.

Ben. Romeo will answer it.

Mer. Any man, that can write, may answer a letter. 10

Ben. Nay, he will answer the letter's master, how he dares, being dared.

Mer. Alas, poor Romeo, he is already dead! stabb'd with a white wench's black eye; shot through the ear with a love-song; the very pin[1] of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft:[2] and is he a man to encounter Tybalt? 19

Ben. Why, what is Tybalt?

Mer. More than prince of cats, I can tell you. O, he is the courageous captain of complements.[3] He fights as you sing prick-song, keeps time, distance, and proportion; rests me his minim rest, one, two, and the third in your bosom: the very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist; a gentleman of the very first house,[4] of the first and second cause: ah, the immortal passado![5] the punto reverso![6] the hay![7] 27

[*Ben.* The what?

Mer. The pox of such antic, lisping, affecting fantasticoes; these new tuners of accents! "By Jesu, a very good blade! a very tall man! a very good whore!"] Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandsire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these *pardonnez-mois*, who stand so much on the new form, that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? O, their *bons*, their *bons!* 37

Ben. Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

Mer. Without his roe, like a dried herring: O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified! Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flowed in: Laura, to his lady, was but a kitchen-wench; marry, she had a better love to be-rhyme her; Dido, a dowdy; Cleopatra a gipsy; Helen and Hero, hildings and harlots; Thisbe, a gray eye or so, but not to the purpose.

Enter ROMEO.

Signior Romeo, *bon jour!* there's a French salutation to your French slop. You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

Rom. Good morrow to you both. What counterfeit did I give you? 50

Mer. The slip, sir, the slip;[8] can you not conceive?

---

[1] *Pin*, the centre-pin of the *butt* or target.

[2] *Butt-shaft*, arrow used in shooting at *butts*.

[3] *Complements*, the punctilios of ceremony.

[4] *A gentleman of the very first house, i.e.* "an upstart."

[5] *Passado*, a step forward or aside in fencing.

[6] *Punto reverso*, a back-handed stroke.

[7] *Hay*, from Italian *hai*, "Thou hast it;" used when a hit was made.

[8] *Slip*, a kind of counterfeit money.

Rom. Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great; and, in such a case as mine, a man may strain courtesy. 55

[*Mer.* That's as much as to say, such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.

Rom. Meaning, to court'sy.

Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Rom. A most courteous exposition. 60

Mer. Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

Rom. Pink for flower.

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why, then is my pump well flower'd.[1]

Mer. Well said: follow me this jest now, till thou hast worn out thy pump; that, when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain, after the wearing, sole singular.

Rom. O single-soled jest, solely singular for the singleness! 70

Mer. Come between us, good Benvolio; my wits faint.

Rom. Switch and spurs, switch and spurs; or I'll cry a match.

Mer. Nay, if thy wits run the wild-goose chase, I have done; for thou hast more of the wild-goose in one of thy wits than, I am sure, I have in my whole five: was I with you there for the goose? 80

Rom. Thou wast never with me for anything when thou wast not there for the goose.

Mer. I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

Rom. Nay, good goose, bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting;[2] it is a most sharp sauce.

Rom. And is it not well serv'd in to a sweet goose?

Mer. O, here's a wit of cheveril,[3] that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad!

Rom. I stretch it out for that word "broad;" which, added to the goose, proves thee far and wide a broad goose. 91

Mer. Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature: for this drivelling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, stop there.

Mer. Thou desir'st me to stop in my tale against the hair.[4] 100

Ben. Thou wouldst else have made thy tale large.

Mer. O, thou art deceiv'd; I would have made it short: for I was come to the whole depth of my tale; and meant, indeed, to occupy the argument no longer.

Rom.] Here's goodly gear!

Enter NURSE *and* PETER.

Mer. A sail, a sail!

Ben. Two, two; a shirt and a smock.

Nurse. Peter. 110

Peter. Anon!

Nurse. My fan, Peter.

Mer. Good Peter, to hide her face; for her fan's the fairer face.

Nurse. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

Mer. God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

Nurse. [Is it good den?

Mer. 'T is no less, I tell you; for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon. 119

Nurse. Out upon you! what a man are you!

Rom. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made, for himself to mar.

Nurse. By my troth, it is well said;—"for himself to mar," quoth a'?—] Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo?

Rom. I can tell you; but young Romeo will be older, when you have found him, than he was when you sought him: I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.

[*Nurse.* You say well. 130

Mer. Yea, is the worst well? very well took, i' faith; wisely, wisely.]

Nurse. If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with you.

Ben. She will indite him to some supper.

Mer. [A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! So ho!

Rom. What hast thou found?

Mer. No hare, sir; unless a hare, sir, in a

[1] *Well flower'd.* He means his pump or shoe was well *pinked*, or punched with holes, as an ornament.

[2] *Bitter sweeting*, a kind of apple.

[3] *Cheveril*, soft leather, made from the hide of roebuck (*chevreuil*).

[4] *Against the hair*, against the grain.

lenten pie, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent. [*Sings.* 140

An old hare hoar,
And an old hare hoar,
Is very good meat in lent:
But a hare that is hoar
Is too much for a score,
When it hoars ere it be spent.]

Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell, ancient lady; farewell,—[*singing*] lady, lady, lady.[1] 151

[*Exeunt Mercutio and Benvolio.*

Nurse. Marry, farewell!—I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was this, that was so full of his ropery?[2]

Rom. A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk; and will speak more in a minute, than he will stand to in a month. 157

Mer. Farewell, ancient lady; farewell,—[*singing*] lady, lady, lady.

Nurse. An a' speak any thing against me, I'll take him down, an a' were lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks; and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave! [I am none of his flirt-gills;[3] I am none of his skains-mates.[4]—And thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure!] 164

Peter. I saw no man use you at his pleasure; if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you: I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side. 169

Nurse. Now, afore God, I am so vex'd, that every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave![—Pray you, sir, a word: and as I told you, my young lady bade me inquire you out; what she bade me say, I will keep to myself: but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behaviour, as they say: for the gentlewoman is young; and, therefore, if you

[1] *Lady, lady, lady*, the burden of an old ballad.
[2] *Ropery*, roguery.
[3] *Flirt-gills*, transposed for "gill-flirts," loose women.
[4] *Skains-mates*, low companions.

should deal double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing. 181

Rom. Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee—

Nurse. Good heart, and, i' faith, I will tell her as much: Lord, Lord, she will be a joyful woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost not mark me.

Nurse. I will tell her, sir, that you do protest; which, as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer. 190

Rom. Bid her devise
Some means to come to shrift this afternoon;
And there she shall at Friar Laurence' cell
Be shriv'd, and married. Here is for thy pains.

Nurse. No, truly, sir; not a penny.

Rom. Go to; I say you shall.

Nurse. This afternoon, sir? well, she shall be there.

Rom. And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey wall: 199
Within this hour my man shall be with thee;
And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair;[1]
Which to the high top-gallant of my joy
Must be my convoy in the secret night.
Farewell! be trusty, and I'll quit thy pains.
Farewell! commend me to thy mistress.

[*Nurse.* Now God in heaven bless thee!—Hark you, sir.

Rom. What say'st thou, my dear nurse?

Nurse. Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear say,
Two may keep counsel, putting one away?

Rom. I warrant thee, my man's as true as steel. 210

Nurse. Well, sir; my mistress is the sweetest lady—Lord, Lord! when 't was a little prating thing:—O, there is a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would fain lay knife aboard; but she, good soul, had as lief see a toad, a very toad, as see him. I anger her sometimes, and tell her that Paris is the properer man; but, I'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as any clout in the varsal[2] world. Doth not rosemary and Romeo begin both with a letter?

Rom. Ay, nurse; what of that? both with an R. 221

Nurse. Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name; R is for the dog. No; I know it begins with some other letter:—and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady.]

Nurse. Ay, a thousand times. [*Exit Romeo.*] Peter! 230

Pet. Anon!

Nurse. Peter, take my fan, and go before, and apace. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Verona. Terrace of Capulet's garden.*

Enter JULIET.

Jul. The clock struck nine when I did send the nurse;
In half an hour she promis'd to return.
Perchance she cannot meet him;—that's not so.—
O, she is lame! love's heralds should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams,
Driving back shadows over low'ring hills:
[Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.]
Now is the sun upon the highmost hill
Of this day's journey; and from nine till twelve 10
Is three long hours,—yet she is not come.
Had she affections and warm youthful blood,
She'd be as swift in motion as a ball;
My words would bandy her to my sweet love,
And his to me:
[But old folks, many feign as they were dead;
Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.]
O God, she comes!

[1] *Tackled stair,* "the stairs of rope in the *tackle* of a ship."

[2] *Varsal,* universal.

Enter NURSE *and* PETER.

O honey nurse, what news?
met with him? Send thy man

'eter, stay at the gate. [*Exit Peter.*
v, good sweet nurse,—O Lord, why
thou sad? 21
ews be sad, yet tell them merrily;
ou sham'st the music of sweet news
it to me with so sour a face.]
am a-weary, give me leave awhile:
ıy bones ache! what a jaunt have

ould thou hadst my bones, and I
ws.
, I pray thee, speak; good, good
speak.
esu, what haste? can you not stay
?
see that I am out of breath? 30
w art thou out of breath, when thou
reath
ne that thou art out of breath?
se that thou dost make in this delay
han the tale thou dost excuse.]
's good, or bad? answer to that;
and I 'll stay the circumstance:
satisfied, is 't good or bad?
Vell, you have made a simple choice;
not how to choose a man: [Romeo!
though his face be better than any
his leg excels all men's; and for a
a foot, and a body, though they be
alk'd on, yet they are past compare:
he flower of courtesy, but, I 'll war-
ıs gentle as a lamb.] Go thy ways,
rve God.—What, have you din'd at

no: but all this did I know before.
he of our marriage? what of that?
Lord, how my head aches! what a
ıave I!
it would fall in twenty pieces. 50
—o' t' other side,—O, my back, my
[*Juliet offers to rub her back.*
our heart for sending me about,
[*Pushing Juliet away.*
my death with jaunting up and
!

Jul. I' faith, I am sorry that thou art not well. 54
Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my love?

Nurse. Your love says, like an honest gentleman, and a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome, and, I warrant, a virtuous,—Where is your mother?

Jul. Where is my mother! why, she is within; 60
Where should she be? How oddly thou repliest!
"Your love says, like an honest gentleman,—
Where is your mother?"

Nurse. O, God's lady dear!
Are you so hot? marry, come up, I trow;
Is this the poultice for my aching bones?
Henceforward do your messages yourself.

Jul. Here 's such a coil! [*Kneeling at Nurse's feet, and coaxing her*] Come, what says Romeo?

Nurse. Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day?

Jul. I have.

Nurse. Then hie you hence to Friar Laurence' cell; 70
There stays a husband to make you a wife:
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,
They 'll be in scarlet straight at any news.
[Hie you to church; I must another way,
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
Must climb a bird's nest soon when it is dark:
I am the drudge, and toil in your delight,
But you shall bear the burden soon at night.]
Go; I 'll to dinner; hie you to the cell.

Jul. Hie to high fortune! Honest nurse, farewell. [*Exeunt.* 80

SCENE VI. *Verona. The cloisters.*

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE *and* ROMEO.

Fri. L. So smile the heavens upon this holy act,
That after hours with sorrow chide us not!

Rom. Amen, amen! but come what sorrow can,
It cannot countervail th' exchange of joy
That one short minute gives me in her sight:

In that but close our hands with holy words
Then love-devouring death do what he dare,
It is enough I may but call her mine.

Fri. L. These violent delights have violent ends.
And in their triumph die, like fire and powder.
Which, as they kiss, consume: the sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness
And in the taste confounds the appetite.
Therefore love moderately: long love doth so;
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

Enter JULIET.

Here comes the lady:— O, so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint:
A lover may bestride the gossamer
That idles in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall: so light is vanity.

Jul. Good even to my ghostly confessor.

Fri. L. Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

Jul. As much to him, else is his thanks too much.

Rom. Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
Be heap'd like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air, and let rich music's tongue
Unfold the imagin'd happiness that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

Jul. Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,
Brags of his substance, not of ornament:
They are but beggars that can count their worth:
But my true love is grown to such excess,
I cannot sum up sum of half my wealth.

Fri. L. Come, come with me, and we will make short work;
For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone
Till holy church incorporate two in one.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A public place.*

Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, *Page, and Seconds.*

Ben. I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire:
The day is hot, the Capulets abroad,
And, if we meet, we shall not 'scape a brawl:
For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring.

Mer. Thou art like one of those fellows that, when he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me his sword upon the table, and says, "God send me no need of thee!" and, by the operation of the second cup, draws it on the drawer, when, indeed, there is no need.

Ben. Am I like such a fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy mood as any in Italy; [and as soon moved to be moody, and as soon moody to be mov'd.

Ben. And what to?

Mer. Nay,] an there were two such, we should have none shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou! why, thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or a hair less, in his beard, than thou hast: thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes:— [what eye, but such an eye, would spy out such a quarrel? Thy head is as full of quarrels as an egg is full of meat; and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg for quarrelling:] thou hast quarrell'd with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun: didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter? with another, for tying his new shoes with old riband? and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling!

Ben. An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee-simple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

Mer. The fee-simple! O simple!

Ben. By my head, here come the Capulets.

Mer. By my heel, I care not.

Enter TYBALT *and others.*

llow me close, for I will speak to
ntlemen, good den: a word with one
41
ıd but one word with one of us?
vith something; make it a word and

ou shall find me apt enough to that,
ı will give me occasion.
uld you not take some occasion with-
?
ercutio, thou consort'st with Ro-
—
onsort![1] what, dost thou make us
an thou make minstrels of us, look
thing but discords: here 's my fiddle-
re 's that shall make you dance.
onsort! 52
e talk here in the public haunt of

:hdraw unto some private place,
n coldly of your grievances,
part; here all eyes gaze on us.
en's eyes were made to look, and let
gaze;
budge for no man's pleasure, I.
'ell, peace be with you, sir! here
ı my man.
ıt I 'll be hang'd, sir, if he wear your
r: 60

Enter ROMEO.

ı before to field, he 'll be your fol-
';
ship, in that sense, may call him—

omeo, the hate I bear thee can afford
term than this,—thou art a villain.
'ybalt, the reason that I have to love

h excuse the appertaining rage[2]
greeting:—villain am I none;
farewell; I see thou know'st me not.
oy, this shall not excuse the injuries
ı hast done me; therefore turn, and
. 70

t. a company of musicians.
aining rage—*i.e.* rage appertaining to.
. I.

Rom. I do protest, I never injur'd thee,
But love thee better than thou canst devise,
Till thou shalt know the reason of my love:
And so, good Capulet,—which name I tender[3]
As dearly as my own,—be satisfied.

Mer. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!
Alla stoccata[4] carries it away. [*Draws.*
Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

Tyb. What wouldst thou have with me? 79

Mer. Good king of cats,[5] nothing but one of your nine lives; that I mean to make bold withal, and, as you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat[6] the rest of the eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher[7] by the ears? make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be out.

Tyb. I am for you. [*Drawing.*

Rom. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

Mer. Come, sir, your passado. [*They fight.*

Rom. Draw, Benvolio:—beat down their weapons.
Gentlemen, for shame, forbear this outrage! 90
Tybalt,—Mercutio,—the prince expressly hath
Forbidden bandying in Verona streets.
Hold, Tybalt!—good Mercutio—

[*Tybalt, under Romeo's arm, stabs Mercutio, and flies with his followers.*

Mer. I am hurt.
A plague o' both your houses! I am sped.
Is he gone, and hath nothing?

Ben. What, art thou hurt?

Mer. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 't is enough.
Where is my page?—Go, villain, fetch a surgeon. [*Exit Page.*

Rom. Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much. 98

Mer. No, 't is not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church-door; but 't is enough, 't will serve: ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am pepper'd, I warrant, for this world. A plague o' both your houses! 'Zounds! a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death! a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetic!

[3] *Tender*, regard.
[4] *Stoccata*, a thrust or stab with a rapier.
[5] *King of cats*, alluding to his name.
[6] *Dry-beat*, severely beat.
[7] *Pilcher*=*pilch*, a scabbard, or leather covering.

Why, the devil, came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

Rom. I thought all for the best. 109

Mer. Help me into some house, Benvolio,
Or I shall faint.—A plague o' both your houses!
They have made worms' meat of me: I have it,
And soundly too: your houses!

[*Exit, supported by Benvolio.*

Rom. This gentleman, the prince's near ally,
My very[1] friend, hath got his mortal hurt

Rom. Now, Tybalt, take the "villain" back again.

In my behalf; my reputation stain'd
With Tybalt's slander,—Tybalt, that an hour
Hath been my kinsman! O sweet Juliet,
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper soften'd valour's steel! 120

Re-enter BENVOLIO.

Ben. O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead!
That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the clouds,
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

Rom. This day's black fate on more days doth depend;
This but begins the woe others must end.

Ben. Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

Rom. Alive! in triumph! and Mercutio slain!
Away to heaven, respective lenity,[2]
And fire-ey'd fury be my conduct[3] now!—

Re-enter TYBALT.

Now, Tybalt, take the "villain" back again, 130
That late thou gav'st me; for Mercutio's soul
Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keep him company:
Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him.

Tyb. Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort him here,
Shalt with him hence.

Rom. This shall determine that.

[*They fight; Tybalt falls.*

Ben. Romeo, away! be gone!

[1] *Very*, true. [2] *Respective lenity*, prudent gentleness. [3] *Conduct*, conductor.

The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain.
Stand not amaz'd: the prince will doom thee death,
If thou art taken: hence, be gone, away! 140
Rom. O, I am fortune's fool!
Ben. [Why dost thou stay?]
[*Exit Romeo.*

[*Enter Citizens and Officers.*

First Off. Which way ran he that kill'd Mercutio?
Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?
Ben. There lies that Tybalt.
First Off. Up, sir, go with me;
I charge thee in the prince's name, obey.

Enter PRINCE, *attended;* MONTAGUE, CAPULET, *their Wives, and others.*

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?
Ben. O noble prince, I can discover all
The unlucky manage[1] of this fatal brawl:
There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,
That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio. 150
La. Cap. Tybalt, my cousin! O my brother's child!
O prince!—O husband!—O, the blood is spilt
Of my dear kinsman!—Prince, as thou art true,[2]
For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague.
O cousin, cousin!
Prin. Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?
Ben. Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did slay;
Romeo, that spoke him fair, bade him bethink
How nice[3] the quarrel was, and urg'd withal
Your high displeasure: all this—uttered 160
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd,—
Could not take truce with the unruly spleen
Of Tybalt deaf to peace, but that he tilts
With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast,
Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats
Cold death aside, and with the other sends
It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity
Retorts it: Romeo he cries aloud,
"Hold, friends! friends, part!" and, swifter than his tongue, 170
His agile arm beats down their fatal points,
And 'twixt them rushes; underneath whose arm
An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life
Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled:
But by and by comes back to Romeo,
Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,
And to 't they go like lightning; for, ere I
Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain,
And, as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly:—
This is the truth, or let Benvolio die. 180
La. Cap. He is a kinsman to the Montague;
Affection makes him false, he speaks not true:
Some twenty of them fought in this black strife,
And all those twenty could but kill one life.
I beg for justice, which thou, prince, must give;
Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.
Prin. Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio;
Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?
Mon. Not Romeo, prince, he was Mercutio's friend;
His fault concludes but what the law should end, 190
The life of Tybalt.
Prin. And for that offence
Immediately we do exile him hence:
I have an interest in your hate's proceeding,
My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a-bleeding;
But I 'll amerce you with so strong a fine
That you shall all repent the loss of mine:
I will be deaf to pleading and excuses;
Nor tears nor prayers shall purchase out abuses:
Therefore use none: let Romeo hence in haste,
Else, when he 's found, that hour is his last. 200
Bear hence this body, and attend our will:
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Capulet's orchard.*

Enter JULIET.

Jul. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phœbus' lodging; such a waggoner
As Phaeton would whip you to the west,

[1] *Manage*, circumstances, or course.
[2] *True*, just. [3] *Nice*, trivial.

And bring in cloudy night immediately.— 4
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,
That runaways'[1] eyes may wink, and Romeo
Leap to these arms, untalk'd of and unseen.
[Lovers can see to do their amorous rites
By their own beauties; or, if love be blind,
It best agrees with night.—Come, civil[2] night,
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black, 11
And learn me how to lose a winning match,
Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods:
Hood my unmann'd[3] blood, bating[4] in my cheeks,
With thy black mantle; till strange love, grown bold,
Think true love acted simple modesty.]
Come, night!—Come, Romeo! come, thou day in night;
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.—
Come, gentle night; come, loving, black-brow'd night, 20
Give me my Romeo: and, when he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine,
That all the world will be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the garish[5] sun.—
[O! I have bought the mansion of a love,
But not possess'd it, and, though I am sold,
Not yet enjoy'd:] so tedious is this day
As is the night before some festival
To an impatient child, that hath new robes, 30
And may not wear them. O! here comes my nurse,
And she brings news; and every tongue, that speaks
But Romeo's name, speaks heavenly eloquence.—

Enter NURSE, *with cords.*

Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there? the cords
That Romeo bid thee fetch?
Nurse. Ay, ay, the cords.
[*Throws them down.*
Jul. Ay me! what news? why dost thou wring thy hands? 36
Nurse. Ah, well-a-day! he's dead, he's dead, he's dead!
We are undone, lady, we are undone!
Alack the day!—he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead!
Jul. Can heaven be so envious?
Nurse. Romeo can, 40
Though heaven cannot:—O Romeo, Romeo!—
Who ever would have thought it?—Romeo!
Jul. What devil art thou, that dost torment me thus?
[This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.
Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but "I,"[6]
And that bare vowel "I" shall poison more
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice:
I am not I, if there be such an "I;"
Or those eyes shut, that make thee answer "I."
If he be slain, say "I;" or if not, "no:" 50
Brief sounds determine of my weal or woe.]
Nurse. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,—
God save the mark!—here on his manly breast:
A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse;
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaub'd in blood,
All in gore-blood; I swounded at the sight.
Jul. O, break, my heart!—poor bankrupt, break at once!
To prison, eyes! ne'er look on liberty!
Vile earth, to earth resign; end motion here;
And thou, and Romeo, press one heavy bier! 60
Nurse. O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had!
O courteous Tybalt! honest gentleman!
That ever I should live to see thee dead!
Jul. What storm is this, that blows so contrary?
Is Romeo slaughter'd; and is Tybalt dead?
[My dear-lov'd cousin, and my dearer lord?—
Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom!
For who is living, if those two are gone?]
Nurse. Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished;
Romeo that kill'd him, he is banished. 70
Jul. O God!—did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood?
Nurse. It did, it did; alas the day! it did.

[1] *Runaways*, here = *runagates*, *i.e.* late wanderers.
[2] *Civil*, grave.
[3] *Unmann'd*, a term of falconry, applied to a hawk not used to the falconer.
[4] *Bating*, fluttering violently.
[5] *Garish*, gaudy.
[6] *I*, the old spelling of aye.

Jul. [O serpent heart, hid with a flow'ring face! 73
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?
Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!
Dove-feather'd raven! wolvish-ravening lamb!
Despised substance of divinest show!
Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,
A damned saint, an honourable villain!]
O nature, what hadst thou to do in hell, 80
When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend
In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?
Was ever book containing such vile matter
So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous palace!
Nurse. There 's no trust,
No faith, no honesty in men; all naught,
All perjur'd, all dissemblers, all forsworn.
[Ah, where 's my man? give me some aquavitæ:—
These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old.]
Shame come to Romeo!
Jul. Blister'd be thy tongue 90
For such a wish! he was not born to shame:
Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit;
For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd
Sole monarch of the universal earth.
O, what a beast was I to chide at him!
Nurse. Will you speak well of him that kill'd your cousin?
Jul. Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?
Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,
When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it?—
[But wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin? 100
That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband:]
Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;
Your tributary drops belong to woe,
Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.
My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain;
And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my husband:
All this is comfort; wherefore weep I then?
Some word there was, worser than Tybalt's death,
That murdered me; I would forget it fain;
But, O! it presses to my memory, 110
Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds:
"Tybalt is dead, and Romeo—banished;"
[That "banished," that one word "banished,"
Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death
Was woe enough, if it had ended there:
Or,—if sour woe delights in fellowship,
And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,—
Why followed not, when she said "Tybalt's dead,"
Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both,
Which modern[1] lamentation might have mov'd? 120
But with a rear-ward[2] following Tybalt's death,]
"Romeo is banished,"—to speak that word,
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
All slain, all dead. "Romeo is banished!"
[There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
In that word's death; no words can that woe sound.]
Where is my father, and my mother, nurse?
Nurse. Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse:
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.
Jul. Wash they[3] his wounds with tears: mine shall be spent, 130
When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.
Take up those cords: poor ropes, you are beguil'd,
Both you and I; for Romeo is exil'd:
[He made you for a highway to my bed;
But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed.
Come, cords, come, nurse; I 'll to my wedding-bed;
And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead!]
Nurse. Hie to your chamber: I 'll find Romeo
To comfort you: I wot well where he is.
Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night: 140
I 'll to him; he is hid at Laurence' cell.
Jul. O, find him! give this ring to my true knight,
And bid him come to take his last farewell.
[*Exeunt.*

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[1] *Modern*, ordinary, conventional.
[2] *Rear-ward*, rear-guard.
[3] *Wash they*, *i.e.* let them wash.

SCENE III. *Verona. A secret place in the monastery.*

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE.

Fri. L. Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fearful man:
Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. Father, what news? what is the prince's doom?
What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?
Fri. L. Too familiar
Is my dear son with such sour company:
I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.
Rom. What less than dooms-day is the prince's doom?
Fri. L. A gentler judgment vanish'd from his lips, 10
Not body's death, but body's banishment.
Rom. Ha! banishment? be merciful, say,—death;
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death: do not say,—banishment.
Fri. L. Hence from Verona art thou banished:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.
Rom. There is no world without Verona walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.
Hence-banished is banish'd from the world,
And world's exile is death:—then banished 20
Is death mis-term'd: calling death—banishment,
Thou cutt'st my head off with a golden axe,
And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.
Fri. L. O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind prince,
Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law,
And turn'd that black word death to banishment:
This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.
Rom. 'T is torture, and not mercy: heaven is here,
Where Juliet lives; and every cat and dog, 30
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven, and may look on her;
But Romeo may not:—more validity,[1]
More honourable state, more courtship lives
In carrion-flies than Romeo: they may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
And steal immortal blessing from her lips;
Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin;
But Romeo may not; he is banished: 40
[Flies may do this, but I from this must fly:
They are free men, but I am banished.]
And say'st thou yet that exile is not death?
Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground knife,
No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,
But—"banished"—to kill me?—"Banished?"
O friar, the damned use that word in hell;
Howlings attend it: how hast thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghostly cónfessor,
A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd, 50
To mangle me with that word "banished?"
Fri. L. Thou fond mad man, hear me but speak a word.
Rom. O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.
Fri. L. I'll give thee armour to keep off that word;
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
To comfort thee, though thou art banished.
Rom. Yet "banished?" Hang up philosophy!
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom,
It helps not, it prevails not, talk no more. 60
Fri. L. [O, then I see that madmen have no ears.
Rom. How should they, when that wise men have no eyes?]
Fri. L. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.
Rom. Thou canst not speak of that thou dost not feel:
Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,
Doting like me, and like me banished,

[1] *Validity*, worth, dignity.

Then mightst thou speak, then mightst thou tear thy hair,
And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave. 70
[*Throws himself on the ground. Knocking within.*
Fri. L. Arise; one knocks; good Romeo, hide thyself.
Rom. Not I; unless the breath of heart-sick groans, 72
Mist-like, infold me from the search of eyes.
[*Knocking.*
Fri. L. Hark, how they knock!—Who's there?—Romeo, arise!
Thou wilt be taken.—Stay awhile:—Stand up;
[*Knocking.*

Fri. L. Romeo, arise!—Thou wilt be taken.

Run to my study.—By and by:—God's will,
What simpleness is this!—I come, I come!
[*Knocking.*
Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what's your will?
Nurse. [*Within*] Let me come in, and you shall know my errand;
I come from Lady Juliet.
Fri. L. Welcome, then. 80

Enter NURSE.

Nurse. O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar,
Where is my lady's lord? where's Romeo?
Fri. L. There on the ground, with his own tears made drunk.
Nurse. O! he is even in my mistress' case,
Just in her case!
Fri. L. O woeful sympathy!
Piteous predicament!
Nurse. Even so lies she,
[Blubb'ring and weeping, weeping and blubb'ring.
Stand up, stand up; stand, an you be a man:
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand;
Why should you fall into so deep an O?] 90
Rom. Nurse!
Nurse. Ah sir! ah sir! Well, death's the end of all.
Rom. Spak'st thou of Juliet? how is it with her?
[Doth she not think me an old murderer,
Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy

With blood remov'd but little from her own?]
Where is she? and how doth she? and what says
My cónceal'd[1] lady to our cancell'd love?
Nurse. O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and weeps; 90
And now falls on her bed; and then starts up,
And Tybalt calls; and then on Romeo cries,
And then down falls again.
Rom. As if that name,
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murder her; as that name's cursed hand
Murder'd her kinsman. O, tell me, friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack
The hateful mansion. [*Drawing his dagger.*
Fri. L. Hold thy desperate hand:
Art thou a man? thy form cries out thou art:
Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote
The unreasonable fury of a beast: 111
[Unseemly woman in a seeming man!
Or ill-beseeming beast in seeming both!]
Thou hast amaz'd me: by my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.
Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thyself?
And slay thy lady too, that lives in thee,
By doing damned hate upon thyself?
[Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth?
Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do meet 120
In thee at once; which thou at once wouldst lose.
Fie, fie, thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy wit;
Which, like a usurer, abound'st in all,
And usest none in that true use indeed
Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit:
Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,
Digressing from the valour of a man;
Thy dear love sworn but hollow perjury,
Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to cherish;
Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love, 130
Mis-shapen in the conduct of them both,
Like powder in a skilless soldier's flask, 132
Is set a-fire by thine own ignorance,
And thou dismember'd with thine own defence.]
What! rouse thee, man! thy Juliet is alive,
For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead;
There art thou happy: Tybalt would kill thee,
But thou slew'st Tybalt; there art thou happy too:
The law, that threaten'd death, becomes thy friend, 139
And turns it to exile; there art thou happy:
A pack of blessings lights upon thy back;
Happiness courts thee in her best array;
But, like a misbehav'd and sullen wench,
Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love:
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her:
But look thou stay not till the watch be set,
For then thou canst not pass to Mantua; 149
Where thou shalt live, till we can find a time
To blaze[2] your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.
Go before, nurse: commend me to thy lady;
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto:
Romeo is coming.
Nurse. O Lord, I could have stay'd here all the night 159
To hear good counsel: O, what learning is!—
My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.
Rom. Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.
Nurse. Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you, sir:
Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late.
[*Exit.*
Rom. How well my comfort is reviv'd by this!
Fri. L. Go hence; good night; and here stands all your state:
Either be gone before the watch be set,
Or by the break of day disguis'd from hence:

[1] *Conceal'd lady, i.e.* secretly married wife.

[2] *To blaze,* to make known.

Sojourn in Mantua; I'll find out your man,
And he shall signify from time to time 170
Every good hap to you that chances here:
Give me thy hand; 't is late: farewell; good night.
Rom. But that a joy past joy calls out on me,
It were a grief, so brief to part with thee:
Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Verona. Capulet's house.*

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, *and* PARIS.

Cap. Things have fall'n out, sir, so unluckily,
That we have had no time to move our daughter:
Look you, she lov'd her kinsman Tybalt dearly,
And so did I.—Well, we were born to die.—
'T is very late, she'll not come down to-night:
I promise you, but for your company,
I would have been a-bed an hour ago.
Par. These times of woe afford no time to woo:
Madam, good night: commend me to your daughter.
La. Cap. I will, and know her mind early to-morrow; 10
To-night she's mew'd up to her heaviness.
Cap. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender
Of my child's love: I think she will be rul'd
In all respects by me; nay, more, I doubt it not.
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed;
Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love;
And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday next—
But, soft! what day is this?
Par. Monday, my lord.
Cap. Monday! ha, ha! Well, Wednesday is too soon, 19
O' Thursday let it be;—o' Thursday, tell her,
She shall be married to this noble earl.
Will you be ready? do you like this haste?
We'll keep no great ado,—a friend or two;
For, hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,
It may be thought we held him carelessly,
Being our kinsman, if we revel much:
Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends,
And there an end. [*To Paris*] But what say you to Thursday?
Par. My lord, I would that Thursday were to-morrow.
Cap. Well, get you gone: o' Thursday be it, then. 30
Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed,
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day.
Farewell, my lord.—Light to my chamber, ho!
[Afore me! 't is so very late, that we
May call it early by and by:—good night.]
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Verona. Juliet's chamber.*

ROMEO *and* JULIET.

Jul. Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day:
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate-tree:
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.
Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale: look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east:
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops. 10
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.
Jul. Yon light is not day-light, I know it, I:
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua:
Therefore stay yet; thou need'st not to be gone.
Rom. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
I'll say yon gray is not the morning's eye,
'T is but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow; 20
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads:
I have more care to stay than will to go:
Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.
How is 't, my soul? let's talk; it is not day.
Jul. It is, it is: hie hence, be gone, away!
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps.
[Some say the lark makes sweet division;

This doth not so, for she divideth us: 30
Some say the lark and loathed toad change eyes;
O, now I would they had chang'd voices too!
Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,
Hunting thee hence with hunt's-up[1] to the day.]
O, now be gone; more light and light it grows.
Rom. More light and light,—more dark and dark our woes!

Enter NURSE.

Nurse. Madam!
Jul. Nurse?
Nurse. Your lady mother is coming to your chamber: 39
The day is broke; be wary, look about. [*Exit.*
Jul. Then, window, let day in, and let life out.
Rom. Farewell, farewell! one kiss, and I'll descend. [*He descends.*
Jul. Art thou gone so? my lord, my love, my friend!
I must hear from thee every day in the hour,
For in a minute there are many days:
O! by this count I shall be much in years
Ere I again behold my Romeo!
Rom. Farewell!
I will omit no opportunity 49
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.
Jul. O, think'st thou we shall ever meet again?
Rom. I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve
For sweet discourses in our time to come.
Jul. O God! I have an ill-divining soul:
Methinks I see thee, now thou art below,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb:
Either my eyesight fails, or thou look'st pale.
Rom. And trust me, love, in my eye so do you:
Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu! adieu! [*Exit.*
[*Jul.* O fortune, fortune! all men call thee fickle: 60
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle, fortune;
For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,
But send him back.] 64
La. Cap. [*Within*] Ho, daughter! are you up?
Jul. Who is't that calls? is it my lady mother?
Is she not down so late, or up so early?
What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither?

Jul. O, think'st thou we shall ever meet again?

Enter LADY CAPULET.

La. Cap. Why, how now, Juliet!
Jul. Madam, I am not well.
La. Cap. Evermore weeping for your cousin's death? 70
What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?
[An if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him live;

[1] *Hunt's-up*, an old tune, "The Hunt is up:" played to wake sportsmen in early morning.

herefore, have done: some grief shows much of love;
ut much of grief shows still some want of wit.
Jul. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.
La. Cap. So shall you feel the loss, but not the friend
Vhich you weep for.
Jul. Feeling so the loss,
cannot choose but ever weep the friend.
La. Cap. Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for his death,
s that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.
Jul. What villain, madam?
La. Cap. That same villain, Romeo.
Jul. [*Aside*] Villain and he be many miles asunder.—
od pardon him! I do, with all my heart;
nd yet no man like he doth grieve my heart.
La. Cap. That is, because the traitor murderer lives.
Jul. Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands:—
Vould none but I might venge my cousin's death!
La. Cap. We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not:
hen weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua,—
Vhere that same banish'd runagate doth live,—
hall give him such an unaccustom'd dram,
hat he shall soon keep Tybalt company:
nd then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.
Jul. Indeed, I never shall be satisfied
Vith Romeo, till I behold him—dead—
s my poor heart—so for a kinsman vex'd:
Iadam, if you could find out but a man
o bear a poison, I would temper it;
hat Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,
oon sleep in quiet. O, how my heart abhors
o hear him nam'd,—and cannot come to him,
o wreak the love I bore my cousin Tybalt
pon his body that hath slaughter'd him!
La. Cap. Find thou the means, and I'll find such a man.]
ut now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.
Jul. And joy comes well in such a needful time:
Vhat are they, I beseech your ladyship?
[*La. Cap.* Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child;
One who, to put thee from thy heaviness,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,
That thou expect'st not, nor I look'd not for.
Jul. Madam, in happy time, what day is that?]
La. Cap. Marry, my child, early next Thursday morn,
The gallant, young and noble gentleman,
The County Paris, at St. Peter's Church,
Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.
Jul. Now, by Saint Peter's Church and Peter too,
He shall not make me there a joyful bride.
I wonder at this haste; that I must wed
Ere he, that should be husband, comes to woo.
I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,
I will not marry yet; and, when I do, I swear,
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,
Rather than Paris.—These are news indeed!
La. Cap. Here comes your father; tell him so yourself,
And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter CAPULET *and* NURSE.

Cap. [When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle dew;
But for the sunset of my brother's son
It rains downright.—]
How now! a conduit, girl? what, still in tears?
Evermore showering? [In one little body
Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind;
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,
Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body
Sailing in this salt flood; the winds, thy sighs;
Who, raging with thy tears, and they with them,
Without a sudden calm, will overset
Thy tempest-tossed body.] How now, wife!
Have you delivered to her our decree?
La. Cap. Ay, sir; but she will none, she gives you thanks.
I would the fool were married to her grave!
Cap. Soft! take me with you, take me with you, wife.
How! will she none? doth she not give us thanks?

Is she not proud? doth she not count her bless'd,
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?
Jul. Not proud, you have; but thankful, that you have:
Proud can I never be of what I hate;
But thankful e'en for hate, that is meant love.
Cap. How now! how now, chop-logic! What is this?
"Proud,"—and, "I thank you,"—and "I thank you not;"
And yet "not proud:" you, mistress minion, you,
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
But fettle[1] your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,
To go with Paris to Saint Peter's Church,
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.
[Out, you green-sickness carrion! out, you baggage!
You tallow-face!
La. Cap. Fie, fie! what, are you mad?]
Jul. [*Kneeling*] Good father, I beseech you on my knees,
Hear me with patience but to speak a word.
Cap. Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient wretch!
I tell thee what: get thee to church o' Thursday,
Or never after look me in the face:
[Speak not, reply not, do not answer me;
My fingers itch. Wife, we scarce thought us bless'd
That God had sent us but this only child;
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we have a curse in having her:
Out on her, hilding![2]
Nurse. God in heaven bless her!
You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.
Cap. And why, my lady wisdom? hold your tongue,
Good prudence; smatter[3] with your gossips, go.
Nurse. I speak no treason.
Cap. O, God ye god-den.[4]
Nurse. May not one speak t' ye?
Cap. Peace, you mumbling fool!
Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl;
For here we need it not.]
La. Cap. You are too hot.
Cap. God's bread![5] it makes me mad: day, night, late, early,
At home, abroad, alone, in company,
Waking, or sleeping, still my care hath been
To have her match'd: and having now provided
A gentleman of noble parentage,
Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly train'd,
Stuff'd, as they say, with honourable parts,
Proportion'd as one's thought would wish a man;
And then to have a wretched puling fool,
A whining mammet,[6] in her fortune's tender,[7]
To answer "I'll not wed,—I cannot love,
I am too young,—I pray you, pardon me;—"
But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you:
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me:
[Look to 't, think on 't, I do not use to jest.
Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise:]
An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend:
An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die in the streets,
For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall never do thee good:
Trust to 't, bethink you; I'll not be forsworn.
[*Exit.*
Jul. Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
That sees into the bottom of my grief?—
O, sweet my mother, cast me not away!
Delay this marriage for a month, a week;
Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed
In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.
La. Cap. Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word:
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee.
[*Exit.*
Jul. [*Rising*] O God!—O nurse, how shall this be prevented?
[My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven;
How shall that faith return again to earth,
Unless that husband send it me from heaven
By leaving earth?—comfort me, counsel me.—]

[1] *Fettle*, get ready. [2] *Hilding*, base wretch.
[3] *Smatter*, talk ignorantly.
[4] *Ye god-den*, (give) ye good evening.
[5] *God's bread*, *i.e.* the Host, the blessed Sacrament.
[6] *Mammet*, doll. [7] *In her fortune's tender*, *i.e.* just when fortune tenders her a prize.

Alack, alack!—that heaven should practise stratagems 211
Upon so soft a subject as myself!—
What say'st thou? hast thou not a word of joy?
Some comfort, nurse.
Nurse. Faith, here 't is: Romeo
Is banished; and all the world to nothing,
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;
Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,
I think it best you married with the County.
O, he 's a lovely gentleman! 220
Romeo 's a dishclout to him: an eagle, madam,
Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye
As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,
I think you are happy in this second match,
For it excels your first: or if it did not,
Your first is dead; or 't were as good he were,
As living here, and you no use of him.
Jul. Speakest thou from thy heart?
Nurse. And from my soul too;
Or else beshrew them both.
Jul. Amen!
Nurse. What?
Jul. Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much. 230
Go in; and tell my lady I am gone,
Having displeas'd my father, to Laurence' cell,
To make confession, and to be absolv'd.
Nurse. Marry, I will; and this is wisely done. [*Exit.*
Jul. [*Looking after Nurse*] Ancient damnation!
O most cursed fiend!
Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn,
Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue
Which she hath prais'd him with above compare
So many thousand times?—Go, counsellor;
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.— 240
I 'll to the friar, to know his remedy;
If all else fail, myself have power to die. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Verona. The Friar's cell.*

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE *and* PARIS.

Fri. L. On Thursday, sir? the time is very short.
Par. My father Capulet will have it so;
And I am nothing slow to slack his haste.
Fri. L. You say, you do not know the lady's mind;
Uneven is the course, I like it not.
Par. Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,
And therefore have I little talk'd of love;
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.
Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous
That she doth give her sorrow so much sway,
And, in his wisdom, hastes our marriage, 11
To stop the inundation of her tears;
[Which, too much minded by herself alone,
May be put from her by society:]
Now do you know the reason of this haste.
Fri. L. [*Aside*] I would I knew not why it should be slow'd.—
Look, sir, here comes the lady towards my cell.

Enter JULIET.

Par. Happily met, my lady and my wife!
Jul. That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.
Par. That "may be" must be, love, on Thursday next. 20
Jul. What must be shall be.
Fri. L. That 's a certain text.
Par. Come you to make confession to this father?
Jul. To answer that, I should confess to you.
[*Par.* Do not deny to him that you love me.
Jul. I will confess to you that I love him.
Par. So will you, I am sure, that you love me.]
Jul. If I do so, it will be of more price,
Being spoke behind your back, than to your face.
Par. Poor soul, thy face is much abus'd with tears.
Jul. The tears have got small victory by that;
For it was bad enough before their spite. 31
Par. Thou wrong'st it, more than tears, with that report.
Jul. That is no slander, sir, which is a truth;
And what I spake, I spake it to my face.

Par. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slander'd it. 35
Jul. It may be so, for it is not mine own.—]
Are you at leisure, holy father, now;
Or shall I come to you at evening mass?
Fri. L. My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now.—
My lord, we must entreat the time alone. 40
Par. God shield I should disturb devotion!—
Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse you:
Till then, adieu; and keep this holy kiss.
[*Exit.*
Jul. O, shut the door! and when thou hast done so,
Come weep with me; past hope, past cure, past help!
Fri. L. Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief;
It strains me past the compass of my wits:
I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,
On Thursday next be married to this county.
Jul. Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'st of this, 50
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it:
If, in thy wisdom, thou canst give no help,
Do thou but call my resolution wise,
And with this knife I 'll help it presently.
God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands;
And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd,
Shall be the label to another deed,
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
Turn to another, this shall slay them both:
Therefore, out of thy long-experienc'd time, 60
Give me some present counsel, or, behold,
'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
Shall play the umpire, arbitrating that
Which the commission of thy years and art
Could to no issue of true honour bring.
Be not so long to speak; I long to die,
If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.
Fri. L. Hold, daughter! I do spy a kind of hope,
Which craves as desperate an execution 69
As that is desperate which we would prevent.
If, rather than to marry County Paris,
Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself,
Then is it likely thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chide away this shame,
[That cop'st with death himself to scape from it; 75
And, if thou dar'st, I 'll give thee remedy.
Jul. O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of yonder tower;
Or walk in thievish ways; or bid me lurk
Where serpents are; chain me with roaring bears; 80
Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house,
O'er-covered quite with dead men's rattling bones,
With reeky shanks, and yellow chapless skulls;
Or bid me go into a new-made grave
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud;
Things that, to hear them told, have made me tremble;
And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live unstained wife to my sweet love.
Fri. L.] Hold, then; go home, be merry, give consent
To marry Paris: Wednesday is to-morrow: 90
To-morrow night look that thou lie alone;
Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber;
Take thou this vial, being then in bed,
And this distilled liquor drink thou off;
When presently through all thy veins shall run
A cold and drowsy humour, for no pulse
Shall keep his native progress, but surcease:
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou livest;
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
To paly ashes; thy eyes' windows fall, 100
Like death, when he shuts up the day of life:
Each part, deprived of supple government,
Shall, stiff and stark and cold, appear like death:
And in this borrowed likeness of shrunk death
Thou shalt continue two and forty hours,
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.
Now, when the bridegroom in the morning comes
To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
Then, as the manner of our country is,
In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier, 110
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.
In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,
Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift,
And hither shall he come; and he and I
Will watch thy waking, and that very night

Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.
And this shall free thee from this present shame;
If no inconstant toy, nor womanish fear,
Abate thy valour in the acting it. 120

Jul. Give me, give me! O, tell not me of fear! 121

Fri. L. Hold; get you gone, be strong and prosperous
In this resolve: I'll send a friar with speed

Jul. Give me, give me! O, tell not me of fear!

To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord. 124

Jul. Love give me strength! and strength shall help afford.
Farewell, dear father! [*Exeunt.*

[SCENE II. *Verona. Hall in Capulet's house.*

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, NURSE, *and two Servants.*

Cap. So many guests invite as here are writ.— [*Exit First Servant.*
Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

Sec. Serv. You shall have none ill, sir; for I'll try if they can lick their fingers.

Cap. How canst thou try them so?

Sec. Serv. Marry, sir, 't is an ill cook that cannot lick his own fingers: therefore he that cannot lick his fingers goes not with me.

Cap. Go, be gone.— [*Exit Sec. Servant.*
We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time.—
What, is my daughter gone to Friar Laurence? 11

Nurse. Ay, forsooth.

Cap. Well, he may chance to do some good on her:
A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

Nurse. See where she comes from shrift with merry look.

Enter JULIET.

Cap. How now, my headstrong! where have you been gadding?

Jul. Where I have learn'd me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition
To you and your behests; and am enjoin'd
By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here, 20
And beg your pardon: pardon, I beseech you!
Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.
Cap. Send for the county: go tell him of this:
I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.
Jul. I met the youthful lord at Laurence' cell;
And gave him what becomed love I might,
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.
Cap. Why, I am glad on't; this is well,—stand up,—
This is as't should be. Let me see the county;
Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither.—
Now, afore God! this reverend holy friar, 31
All our whole city is much bound to him.
Jul. Nurse, will you go with me into my closet,
To help me sort such needful ornaments
As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow?
La. Cap. No, not till Thursday; there is time enough.
Cap. Go, nurse, go with her: we'll to church to-morrow. [*Exeunt Juliet and Nurse.*
La. Cap. We shall be short in our provision:
'T is now near night.
Cap. Tush, I will stir about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife: 40
Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her;
I'll not to bed to-night; let me alone;
I'll play the housewife for this once. What, ho!
They are all forth. Well, I will walk myself
To County Paris, to prepare him up
Against to-morrow: my heart is wondrous light,
Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Verona. Juliet's chamber: night.*

JULIET *and* NURSE.

Jul. Ay, those attires are best:—but, gentle nurse,
I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night;
For I have need of many orisons 3
To move the heavens to smile upon my state,
Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin.

Enter LADY CAPULET.

La. Cap. What, are you busy? do you need my help?
Jul. No, madam; we have cull'd such necessaries
As are behoveful for our state to-morrow:
So please you, let me now be left alone, 9
And let the nurse this night sit up with you;
For, I am sure, you have your hands full all,
In this so sudden business.
La. Cap. Good night:
Get thee to bed, and rest; for thou hast need.
[*Exeunt Lady Capulet and Nurse.*
Jul. Farewell! God knows when we shall meet again.
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life:
I'll call them back again to comfort me.—
Nurse!—What should she do here?
My dismal scene I needs must act alone.—
Come, vial.— 20
What if this mixture do not work at all?
Must I of force be married to the county?—
No, no;—this shall forbid it:—lie thou there.
[*Laying down a dagger.*
What if it be a poison, which the friar
Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead;
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,
Because he married me before to Romeo?
I fear it is: and yet, methinks, it should not,
For he hath still been tried a holy man.
How if, when I am laid into the tomb, 30
I wake before the time that Romeo
Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point!
Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,
And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?
Or, if I live, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,—
As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
Where, for these many hundred years, the bones 40

Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd: 41
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
Lies festering in his shroud; where, as they say,
At some hours in the night spirits resort;—
Alack, alack, is it not like that I,
So early waking,—what with loathsome smells,

Jul. Romeo! I come. This do I drink to thee.

And shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the earth,
That living mortals, hearing them, run mad:—
O! if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
Environed with all these hideous fears? 50
And madly play with my forefathers' joints?
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?
And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone, 53
As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?
O, look! methinks I see my cousin's ghost
Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body
Upon a rapier's point:—stay, Tybalt, stay!—
Romeo! I come. This do I drink to thee.

[*She drinks from the vial, then throws herself upon the bed.*

[SCENE IV. *Verona. Hall in Capulet's house.*]

Enter LADY CAPULET *and* NURSE.

La. Cap. Hold, take these keys, and fetch more spices, nurse.
Nurse. They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.[1]

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. Come, stir, stir, stir! the second cock hath crow'd,
The curfew-bell hath rung, 't is three o'clock:—
Look to the bak'd meats, good Angelica:
Spare not for cost.
Nurse. Go, you cot-quean,[2] go,
Get you to bed; faith, you 'll be sick to-morrow
For this night's watching.
Cap. No, not a whit: what! I have watch'd ere now 9
All night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick.
La. Cap. Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt[3] in your time;
But I will watch you from such watching now.

[*Exeunt Lady Capulet and Nurse.*

Cap. A jealous hood, a jealous hood!

Enter three or four Servingmen, with spits, logs, and baskets.

Now, fellow,
What 's there?
First Serv. Things for the cook, sir; but I know not what.
Cap. Make haste, make haste. [*Exit First Serv.*] Sirrah, fetch drier logs:

---

[1] *Pastry*, the room where *paste* or *pastry* was made.
[2] *Cot-quean*, mollycoddle; a man who meddles with women's business.
[3] *Mouse-hunt*, a stoat; here used in the sense of a man who runs after women.

Cap. Peace, ho, for shame! confusion's cut out your tongue.
Tut, man, one fie! I pray, a word, and this will find out one.
Nurse. What, drink to her death? Peace, for the matter. [*Exit.*
Cap. Mass, and well said; a merry whoreson, ha!
Thou shalt be logger-head. Good faith, 'tis day.
The County will be here with music straight,
For he swore sure he would. I hear him near.—
[*Music within.*
Nurse! Wife! What, ho!—what, nurse, I say!

Re-enter Nurse.

Go waken Juliet, go and trim her up;
I'll go and chat with Paris: hie, make haste,
Make haste; the bridegroom he is come already:
Make haste, I say. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Verona. Juliet's chamber: morning.*

Nurse. [*Without*] Mistress! what, mistress!

Enter Nurse.

Juliet! fast, I warrant her, she:—
Why, lamb! why, lady! fie, you slug-a-bed!
Why, love, I say! madam! sweet-heart!—why, bride!
[What, not a word! you take your pennyworths now;
Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant,
The County Paris hath set up his rest,
That you shall rest but little. God forgive me,]
Marry, and amen! how sound is she asleep!
I must needs wake her. Madam, madam, madam!
[Ay, let the county take you in your bed;
He'll fright you up, i' faith. Will it not be?]
[*Undraws the curtains.*
What, dress'd! and in your clothes! and down again!
I must needs wake you: Lady! lady! lady!
Alas, alas! Help! help! my lady's dead!
O, well a day, that ever I was born!—
Some *aqua vitæ*, ho! My lord! my lady!

Enter Lady Capulet.

La. Cap. What noise is here?
Nurse. O lamentable day!
La. Cap. What is the matter?
Nurse. Look, look! O heavy day!
La. Cap. O me, O me!—My child, my only life,
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee—
Help, help!—Call help.

Enter Capulet.

Cap. For shame, bring Juliet forth; her lord is come.
Nurse. She's dead, deceas'd, she's dead, alack the day!
La. Cap. Alack the day, she's dead, she's dead, she's dead!
Cap. Ha! let me see her:—out, alas! she's cold;
Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff;
Life and these lips have long been separated:
Death lies on her like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.
Nurse. O lamentable day!
La. Cap. O woeful time!
Cap. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail,
Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak.

Enter Friar Laurence *and* Paris, *with Musicians.*

Fri. L. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?
Cap. Ready to go, but never to return.
[O son! the night before thy wedding-day
Hath Death lain with thy wife:—see there she lies,
Flower as she was, deflowered by him.]
Death is my son-in-law, Death is my heir;
My daughter he hath wedded: I will die,
And leave him all; life, living, all is Death's.
Par. Have I thought long to see this morning's face,
And doth it give me such a sight as this?
La. Cap. Accurs'd, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!
Most miserable hour that e'er time saw
In lasting labour of his pilgrimage!
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,

ing to rejoice and solace in,
. death hath catch'd it from my

O woe! O woeful, woeful, woeful day!
ntable day, most woeful day, 50
ever, I did yet behold!
lay! O day! O hateful day!
seen so black a day as this:
lay! O woeful day!
guil'd, divorced, wronged, spited,

table death, by thee beguil'd,
uel thee quite overthrown!—
life!—not life, but love in death!
spis'd, distressed, hated, martyr'd,

able time, why cam'st thou now 60
, murder our solemnity?—
O child!—my soul, and not my
—
thou, dead! Alack! my child is

ny child my joys are buried.]
Peace, ho, for shame! confusion's
ves not
nfusions.] Heaven and yourself
n this fair maid; now heaven hath

e better is it for the maid:
in her you could not keep from

keeps his part in eternal life. 70
ou sought was her promotion;
our heaven she should be advanc'd:
ye now, seeing she is advanc'd
clouds, as high as heaven itself?
love, you love your child so ill,
an mad, seeing that she is well:
well married that lives married

best married that dies married
]
r tears, and stick your rosemary
corse; and, as the custom is, 80
est array bear her to church:
h fond nature bids us all lament,
s tears are reason's merriment.]
things that we ordained festival,
their office to black funeral;
nents to melancholy bells;
Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast;
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change;
Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse;
And all things change them to the contrary. 90

Fri. L. Sir, go you in; and, madam, go with him;
And go, Sir Paris;—every one prepare
To follow this fair corse unto her grave:
The heavens do lour upon you for some ill;
Move them no more by crossing their high will. [*Exeunt Capulet, Lady Capulet, Paris, and Friar.*

[*First Mus.* Faith, we may put up our pipes, and be gone.

Nurse. Honest good fellows, ah, put up, put up;
For, well you know, this is a pitiful case. [*Exit.*

First Mus. Ay, by my troth, the case may be amended. 101

Enter PETER.

Pet. Musicians, O, musicians, "Heart's ease, Heart's ease:" O, an you will have me live, play "Heart's ease."[1]

First Mus. Why "Heart's ease?"

Pet. O, musicians, because my heart itself plays "My heart is full of woe:" O, play me some merry dump,[2] to comfort me.

First Mus. Not a dump we; 't is no time to play now. 110

Pet. You will not, then?

First Mus. No.

Pet. I will, then, give it you soundly.

First Mus. What will you give us?

Pet. No money, on my faith; but the gleek,[3]—I will give you the minstrel.

First Mus. Then will I give you the serving-creature.

Pet. Then will I lay the serving-creature's dagger on your pate. I will carry no crotchets: I'll *re*[4] you, I'll *fa*[4] you; do you note me? 121

First Mus. An you *re* us and *fa* us, you note us.

[1] *Heart's ease*, the name of a popular tune.
[2] *Dump*, a mournful tune.
[3] *Gleek*, a scoff, or successful retort.
[4] *Re, fa*, the notes D and F in the musical scale.

Sec. Mus. Pray you, put up your dagger, and put out your wit.

Pet. Then have at you with my wit! I will dry-beat you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dagger. Answer me like men:

"When griping grief the heart doth wound,
And doleful dumps the mind oppress,
Then music with her silver sound,"— 130

why "silver sound?" why "music with her silver sound?" What say you, Simon Catling?[1]

First Mus. Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

Pet. Pretty!—What say you, Hugh Rebeck?[2]

Sec. Mus. I say "silver sound," because musicians sound for silver.

Pet. Pretty too!—What say you, James Soundpost?

Third Mus. Faith, I know not what to say. 140

Pet. O, I cry you mercy; you are the singer: I will say for you. It is "music with her silver sound," because such fellows as you have seldom gold for sounding:

"Then music with her silver sound,
With speedy help doth lend redress."

[*Exit.*

First Mus. What a pestilent knave is this same!

Sec. Mus. Hang him, Jack!—Come, we'll in here; tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Mantua. A street.*

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand:
My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne;
And all this day an unaccustom'd spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.
I dreamt my lady came and found me dead—
Strange dream, that gives a dead man leave to think!—
And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,
That I reviv'd, and was an emperor.
Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd, 10
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy!

Enter BALTHASAR, *booted.*

News from Verona!—How now, Bálthasar!
Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar?
How doth my lady? Is my father well?
How doth my lady? that I ask again;
For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

Bal. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill:
Her body sleeps in Capels' monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives.
I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault, 20
And presently took post to tell it you:
O, pardon me for bringing these ill news,
Since you did leave it for my office, sir.

Rom. Is it even so?

[*He pauses, overcome by his grief.*

—then I defy you, stars!
Thou know'st my lodging: get me ink and paper,
And hire post-horses; I will hence to-night.

Bal. I do beseech you, sir, have patience:
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.

Rom. Tush! thou art deceiv'd:
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do:
Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

Bal. No, my good lord.

Rom. No matter: get thee gone
And hire those horses; I'll be with thee straight. [*Exit Balthasar.*
Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.
Let's see for means:—O mischief! thou art swift
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!
I do remember an apothecary,—
And hereabouts he dwells,—whom late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,

---

[1] *Catling*, a lute-string made of catgut.

[2] *Rebeck*, a musical instrument, with two or three strings, somewhat like a fiddle.

ling of simples; meagre were his looks, 40
rp misery had worn him to the bones:
d in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
alligator stuff'd, and other skins
ill-shap'd fishes; and about his shelves
beggarly account of empty boxes,
Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,
Remnants of packthread and old cakes of roses,
Were thinly scattered, to make up a show.
Noting this penury, to myself I said—
"An if a man did need a poison now, 50

Rom. I do remember an apothecary.

ose sale is present death in Mantua, 51
re lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him."
this same thought did but forerun my need;
d this same needy man must sell it me.
I remember, this should be the house:
ing holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.—
at, ho! apothecary!

Enter APOTHECARY.

Ap. Who calls so loud?
Rom. Come hither, man. I see that thou art poor;
ld, there is forty ducats; let me have
dram of poison; such soon-speeding gear 60
will disperse itself through all the veins,
at the life-weary taker may fall dead;
[And that the trunk may be discharg'd of breath 63
As violently as hasty powder fir'd
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.]
Ap. Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua's law
Is death to any he that utters them.
Rom. Art thou so bare, and full of wretchedness,
And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression stareth in thine eyes, 70
Contempt and beggary hangs upon thy back;
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law;
The world affords no law to make thee rich;
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

Ap. My poverty, but not my will, consents.
Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.
Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off; and, if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.
Rom. There is thy gold, worse poison to men's souls,
Doing more murders in this loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds that thou mayst not sell.
I sell thee poison; thou hast sold me none.
Farewell; buy food, and get thyself in flesh.
[*Exit Apothecary.*
Come, cordial, and not poison; go with me
To Juliet's grave, for there must I use thee.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II. *Verona. The Friar's cell.*

FRIAR JOHN, *without.*

Fri. J. Holy Franciscan friar! brother, ho!

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE.

Fri. L. This same should be the voice of Friar John.

Enter FRIAR JOHN.

Welcome from Mantua: what says Romeo?
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.
Fri. J. Going to find a bare-foot brother out,
One of our order, to associate me,
Here in this city visiting the sick,
And finding him, the searchers of the town,
Suspecting that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did reign,
Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth;
So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.
Fri. L. Who bare my letter, then, to Romeo?
Fri. J. I could not send it,—here it is again,—
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection.
Fri. L. Unhappy fortune! by my brotherhood,
The letter was not nice, but full of charge,
Of dear import; and the neglecting it
May do much danger. Friar John, go hence;
Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight
Unto my cell.
Fri. J. Brother, I'll go and bring it thee.
[*Exit.*
Fri. L. Now must I to the monument alone;
Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake:
She will beshrew me much, that Romeo
Hath had no notice of these accidents;
But I will write again to Mantua,
And keep her at my cell till Romeo come;—
Poor living corse, clos'd in a dead man's tomb!
[*Exit.*

SCENE III. *Verona. A churchyard, with the tomb of the Capulets.*

Enter PARIS, *and his Page bearing flowers and a torch.*

Par. Give me thy torch, boy: hence, and stand aloof;—
Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.
Under yond yew-trees lay thee all along,
Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground;
So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread,
Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves,
But thou shalt hear it: whistle then to me,
As signal that thou hear'st some thing approach.
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.
Page. [*Aside*] I am almost afraid to stand alone
Here in the churchyard; yet I will adventure.
[*Retires.*
Par. Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal bed I strew,—
O woe! thy canopy is dust and stones;—
Which with sweet water nightly I will dew,
Or, wanting that, with tears distill'd by moans:
The obsequies that I for thee will keep
Nightly shall be to strew thy grave and weep.
[*The Page whistles.*
The boy gives warning something doth approach.
What cursed foot wanders this way to-night,
To cross my obsequies and true love's rite?
What, with a torch!—muffle me, night, awhile.
[*Retires.*

Enter ROMEO, *and* BALTHASAR *with a torch, mattock, &c.*

Rom. Give me that mattock and the wrenching-iron.

Hold, take this letter; early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my lord and father. 24
Give me the light. Upon thy life, I charge thee,
Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,
And do not interrupt me in my course.
Why I descend into this bed of death,
Is partly to behold my lady's face; 29
But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger
A precious ring; a ring that I must use
In dear employment: therefore hence, be gone:
But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry

Par. O, I am slain!

In what I further shall intend to do,
By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,
And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs.
The time and my intents are savage-wild;
More fierce, and more inexorable far,
Than empty tigers, or the roaring sea. 39

Bal. I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

Rom. So shalt thou show me friendship. Take thou that:
Live, and be prosperous; and farewell, good fellow.

Bal. [*Aside*] For all this same, I'll hide me hereabout:
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt.
[*Retires.*

Rom. Thou détestable maw, thou womb of death, 45
Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth,
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,
[*Breaking open the door of the tomb.*
And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more food!

Par. [This is that banish'd haughty Montague,
That murder'd my love's cousin, with which grief, 50
It is supposed, the fair creature died;
And here is come to do some villainous shame
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.]
[*Comes forward.*
Stop thy unhallowed toil, vile Montague!

Can vengeance be pursu'd further than death?
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee: 56
Obey, and go with me; for thou must die.
Rom. I must indeed; and therefore came I hither.
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man;
Fly hence, and leave me: think upon these gone; 60
Let them affright thee. I beseech thee, youth,
Put not another sin upon my head,
By urging me to fury:— O, be gone!
By heaven, I love thee better than myself;
For I come hither arm'd against myself:
Stay not;—be gone;—live, and hereafter say,
A madman's mercy bade thee run away.
Par. I do defy thy conjurations,
And apprehend thee for a felon here.
Rom. Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee, boy! [*They fight.* 70
Page. O Lord, they fight! I will go call the watch. [*Exit.*
Par. O, I am slain! [*Falls*] If thou be merciful,
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. [*Dies.*
Rom. In faith, I will.—Let me peruse this face.
Mercutio's kinsman, noble County Paris!
What said my man, when my betossed soul
Did not attend him as we rode? I think
He told me Paris should have married Juliet:
Said he not so? or did I dream it so?
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet, 80
To think it was so? O, give me thy hand,
One writ with me in sour misfortune's book!
I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave;
[A grave? O, no! a lantern,[1] slaughter'd youth,
For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes
This vault a feasting presence[2] full of light.
Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.
How oft when men are at the point of death
Have they been merry! which their keepers call
A lightning before death: O, how may I 90
Call this a lightning?] [*He opens the doors of the tomb, and lays Paris within the doors: then approaches the bier on which Juliet is seen lying.*] O, my love! my wife! 91
Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.
Tybalt, ly'st thóu there in thy bloody sheet?
O, what more favour can I do to thee,
Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain,
To sunder his that was thine enemy? 100
Forgive me, cousin! Ah, dear Juliet,
Why art thou yet so fair? [shall I believe
That unsubstantial death is amorous;
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
Thee here in dark to be his paramour?
For fear of that, I still will stay with thee;
And never from this palace of dim night
Depart again: here, here will I remain
With worms that are thy chamber-maids;] O, here
Will I set up my everlasting rest; 110
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this world-wearied flesh. Eyes, look your last!
Arms, take your last embrace! and, lips, O you
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
A dateless bargain to engrossing death!—
Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide!
Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark!
Here's to my love! [*Drinks*]—O true apothecary! 119
Thy drugs are quick.—Thus with a kiss I die. [*Dies.*

Enter, at the other end of the churchyard, FRIAR LAURENCE, *with a lantern, crow, and spade.*

Fri. L. Saint Francis be my speed! how oft to-night
Have my old feet stumbled at graves!—
[Who's there?
Bal. Here's one, a friend, and one that knows you well.
Fri. L. Bliss be upon you! Tell me, good my friend,
What torch is yond, that vainly lends his light

[1] *Lantern*, a turret full of windows, giving light to a cathedral or other building.
[2] *Presence*, *i.e.* presence-chamber, or hall of audience.

To grubs and eyeless skulls? as I discern, 126
It burneth in the Capels' monument.
Bal. It doth so, holy sir; and there's my master,
One that you love.
Fri. L. Who is it?
Bal. Romeo.
Fri. L. How long hath he been there?
Bal. Full half an hour. 130
Fri. L. Go with me to the vault.
Bal. I dare not, sir:
My master knows not but I am gone hence;
And fearfully did menace me with death,
If I did stay to look on his intents.
Fri. L. Stay, then; I'll go alone.—Fear comes upon me;
O, much I fear some ill unlucky thing.
Bal. As I did sleep under this yew-tree here,
I dreamt my master and another fought,
And that my master slew him.
Fri. L. Romeo!—
[*Advances.*]
Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains
The stony entrance of this sepulchre? 141
What mean these masterless and gory swords
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?
[*Enters the tomb.*
Romeo! O, pale!—Who else! what, Paris too?
And steep'd in blood? Ah, what an unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance!—
The lady stirs. [*Juliet wakes.*
Jul. O comfortable friar! where's my lord?
I do remember well where I should be,
And there I am:—Where is my Romeo? 150
[*Noise within.*
Fri. L. I hear some noise.—Lady, come from that nest
Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep:
A greater power than we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents; come, come away.
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead;
[And Paris too!—come, I'll dispose of thee
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns:]
Stay not to question, for the watch is coming;
Come, go, good Juliet,—[*Noise again*] I dare no longer stay. [*Exit Fri. L.* 159
Jul. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.
What's here? a cup, clos'd in my true love's hand?
Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end:—
O churl! drink all; and leave no friendly drop
To help me after?—I will kiss thy lips;
Haply some poison yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a restorative. [*Kisses him.*]
Thy lips are warm. 167
First Watch. [*Within*] Lead, boy: which way?

Fri. L. Saint Francis be my speed!

Jul. Yea, noise? then I'll be brief. O happy dagger! [*Snatching Romeo's dagger.*
This is thy sheath. [*Stabs herself*]; there rest, and let me die. 170
[*Falls on Romeo's body, and dies.*

Enter Watch, with the Page of PARIS.

Page. This is the place; there, where the torch doth burn.
First Watch. The ground is bloody; search about the churchyard:
Go, some of you, whoe'er you find attach.
[*Exeunt some of the Watch.*

[Pitiful sight! here lies the county slain; 174
And Juliet bleeding; warm, and newly dead,
Who here hath lain these two days buried.—
Go, tell the prince: run to the Capulets:
Raise up the Montagues: some others search:—
[*Exeunt others of the Watch.*
We see the ground whereon these woes do lie;
But the true ground of all these piteous woes
We cannot without circumstance descry. 181

Re-enter some of the Watch, with BALTHASAR.

Sec. Watch. Here's Romeo's man; we found him in the churchyard.

First Watch. Hold him in safety, till the prince come hither.

Re-enter others of the Watch, with FRIAR LAURENCE.

Third Watch. Here is a friar, that trembles, sighs, and weeps:
We took this mattock and this spade from him,
As he was coming from this churchyard side.

First Watch. A great suspicion: stay the friar too.]

Enter the PRINCE *and Attendants.*

Prince. What misadventure is so early up,
That calls our person from our morning's rest?

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, *and others.*

Cap. What should it be, that they so shriek abroad? 190

La. Cap. The people in the street cry "Romeo,"
Some "Juliet," and some "Paris;" and all run,
With open outcry, toward our monument.

Prince. What fear is this which startles in your ears?

First Watch. Sovereign, here lies the county Paris slain;
And Romeo dead; and Juliet, dead before,
Warm and new kill'd.

Prince. Search, seek, and know how this foul murder comes. [*Exeunt others of the Watch.*

[*First Watch.* Here is a friar, and slaughter'd Romeo's man;
With instruments upon them, fit to open 200
These dead men's tombs.

Cap. O heavens!—O wife, look how our daughter bleeds! 202
This dagger hath mista'en,—for, lo, his house[1]
Is empty on the back of Montague,—
And is mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom!]

La. Cap. O me! this sight of death is as a bell,
That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

Enter MONTAGUE *and others.*

Prince. Come, Montague; for thou art early up,
To see thy son and heir more early down.

Mon. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead tonight; 210
Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath:
What further woe conspires against mine age?

Prince. Look, and thou shalt see.

Mon. O thou untaught! what manners is in this,
To press before thy father to a grave?

Prince. Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while,
Till we can clear these ambiguities,
And know their spring, their head, their true descent;
And then will I be general of your woes,
And lead you even to death: meantime forbear, 220
And let mischance be slave to patience.
[Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

Fri. L. I am the greatest, able to do least,
Yet most suspected, as the time and place
Doth make against me, of this direful murder;
And here I stand, both to impeach and purge
Myself condemned and myself excus'd.

Prince. Then say at once what thou dost know in this.

Fri. L. I will be brief, for my short date of breath
Is not so long as is a tedious tale. 230
Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet;
And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife:
I married them; and their stol'n marriage-day

[1] *His house, i.e.* the dagger's sheath.

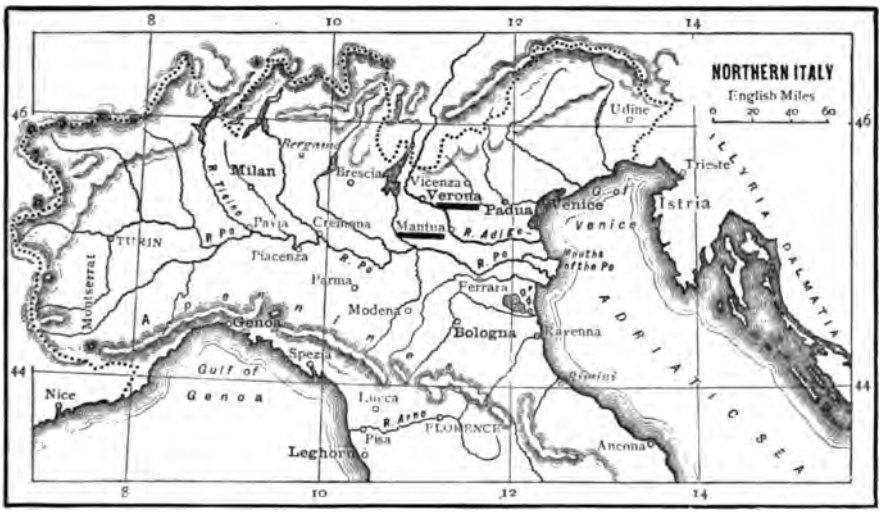
Was Tybalt's dooms-day, whose untimely death 234
Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from this city;
For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pin'd.
You, to remove that siege of grief from her,
Betroth'd and would have married her perforce
To County Paris: then comes she to me,
And, with wild looks, bid me devise some mean 240
To rid her from this second marriage,
Or in my cell there would she kill herself.
Then gave I her, so tutor'd by my art,
A sleeping potion; which so took effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The form of death: meantime I writ to Romeo,

Prince. For never was a story of more woe
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.

That he should hither come as this dire night,
To help to take her from her borrow'd grave,
Being the time the potion's force should cease.
But he which bore my letter, Friar John, 250
Was stay'd by accident, and yesternight
Return'd my letter back. Then all alone
At the prefixed hour of her waking,
Came I to take her from her kindred's vault;
Meaning to keep her closely at my cell,
Till I conveniently could send to Romeo:
But when I came, some minute ere the time
Of her awaking, here untimely lay
The noble Paris and true Romeo dead.
She wakes; and I entreated her come forth, 260
And bear this work of heaven with patience:
But then a noise did scare me from the tomb;
And she, too desperate, would not go with me,
But, as it seems, did violence on herself.
All this I know; and to the marriage
Her nurse is privy: and, if aught in this
Miscarried by my fault, let my old life
Be sacrific'd, some hour before his time,
Unto the rigour of severest law.
Prince. We still have known thee for a holy man.— 270

Where's Romeo's man? what can he say in this? 271
Bal. I brought my master news of Juliet's death;
And then in post he came from Mantua
To this same place, to this same monument.
This letter he early bid me give his father,
And threaten'd me with death, going in the vault,
If I departed not and left him there.
Prince. Give me the letter;—I will look on it.—
Where is the county's page, that rais'd the watch?—
Sirrah, what made your master in this place? 280
Page. He came with flowers to strew his lady's grave;
And bid me stand aloof, and so I did:
Anon comes one with light to ope the tomb;
And by and by my master drew on him;
And then I ran away to call the watch.
Prince. This letter doth make good the friar's words,
Their course of love, the tidings of her death:
And here he writes that he did buy a poison
Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal
Came to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet.
Where be these enemies?—Capulet!—Montague!— 291
See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love!
And I, for winking at your discords too,
Have lost a brace of kinsmen:—all are punish'd.
Cap. O brother Montague, give me thy hand:
This is my daughter's jointure, for no more
Can I demand.
Mon. But I can give thee more:
For I will raise her statue in pure gold;
That while Verona by that name is known, 300
There shall no figure at such rate be set
As that of true and faithful Juliet.
Cap. As rich shall Romeo's by his lady's lie;
Poor sacrifices of our enmity!
Prince. A glooming peace this morning with it brings;
The sun, for sorrow, will not show his head:
Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things;
Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished:]
For never was a story of more woe 309
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo. [*Exeunt.*

MAP TO ILLUSTRATE ROMEO AND JULIET.



NOTES TO ROMEO AND JULIET.

PROLOGUE.

1. This is omitted in Ff. In Qq. it is given to *Chorus*, that is to say, to the same player who speaks the *Chorus* at the end of act i. After that, the *Chorus*, a relic of the old-fashioned plays before Shakespeare's time, is dropped. Some commentators suppose this prologue was not written by Shakespeare. It is possible he found it in the older play on this subject; but as it is inserted in Q. 2 we may presume, if he did not write it, he at least adapted it. Its omission in the Folio shows how thoroughly that edition represents the then stage version of Shakespeare's play: it would naturally be omitted by the actors, as unnecessarily lengthening a play already quite long enough.

2. Line 12: *Is now the* TWO HOURS' *traffic of our stage.*—Compare prologue to Henry VIII. lines 9–13:

> Those that come to see
> Only a show or two, and so agree
> The play may pass, if they be still and willing,
> I'll undertake may see away their shilling
> Richly in *two short hours.*

It is not easy to see how Romeo and Juliet could be played in the two hours without omitting a great deal.

ACT I. SCENE 1.

3. Lines 1, 2: *we'll not* CARRY COALS.—This expression occurs very frequently in all our old dramatists, and in other writers down to the end of the 17th century. In Grim the Collier of Croydon, Clack the Miller says to Grim, "*Carry coals* at a collier's hands! If I do let my mill be drowned up in water and I hanged in the roof" (Dodsley, vol. viii. p. 417). It was part of the duty of the lowest menials of the household to "*carry coals*" to the kitchen; "hence," says Gifford (Ben Jonson's Works, vol. ii. p. 168), "they were called blackguards," a term since become sufficiently familiar, and never properly explained. According to this explanation, "one who *carried no coals*" would mean one of too proud a disposition to stoop to any low drudgery. It does not seem to me the explanation is very clear. Cotgrave, under *teste*, translates "Il a *du feu en la teste*," "He is very cholerick, furious, or courageous; he will *carry no coales*." Is it possible that this expression may be connected with that used in Proverbs xxv. 22, and in Romans xii. 20, "To heap *coals* of fire on an enemy's head;" a man who would *carry no coals* being one of so furious a temper, that no patience or forbearance, on the part of his enemy, would appease his anger?

4. Line 3: *colliers.*—These men, like *coal-heavers* in the present day, were not in very good repute. The devil was often compared to a collier. Compare: "'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan: hang him, foul *collier*" (Twelfth Night, iii. 4. 130).

5. Line 27: *I will be* CRUEL *with the maids.*—This is the reading of Q. 4, Q. 5, neither of which is of any great authority. Q. 1 omits this sentence. Q. 2, Q. 3, Ff. all read *civill* or *civil*, which may, very possibly, be the right reading; *civil* would mean "peaceful," in contradistinction to his being *at war with the men;* the equivoque being explained by what follows.

6. Line 37: *here* COMES *two of the house of the Montagues.*—The disagreement between the verb and the nominative is intentional. It seems from a passage in Gascoigne's Devise of a Masque, written for the Right Hon. Viscount Mountacute, 1575, quoted by Malone, that the *Montague* family wore a token in their hats, in order to distinguish them from the *Capels* or *Capulets.*

7. Lines 48, 49: *I will bite my thumb at them.*—This mode of insult has nothing to do with what is called in Italy "giving the fico." Cotgrave, as Singer pointed out, describes it exactly under *faire la nique*, . . . "to threaten or defie, by putting the *thumbe naile* into the mouth, and with a jerke (from the upper teeth) make it to knack."

8. Line 70: *remember thy* SWASHING *blow.*—Q. 2, Q. 3, and Ff. read *washing;* a reading justified, perhaps, by a quotation furnished by Dr. Brinsley Nicholson: "You see my quarter staffe . . . A *washing* blow of this is as good as a Laundresse, it will *wash* for the name sake." It is probable that the word *washing*, in the above passage, is really meant for *swashing*, and that the *s* is omitted for the sake of the pun.

9. Line 81: *Enter* CAPULET *in his* GOWN.—Compare the stage direction in Hamlet (Quarto 1603), iii. 4. 61, *Enter the ghost in his night gowne.* It is early morning in this scene; and Capulet comes out in what we should call his dressing-gown.

10. Line 102: *Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate.*—Delius has a note on this passage, explaining it thus: "Rust, through long years of peace, has eaten into the partisans, just as hate has into the hearts of the rival factions."

11. Line 109: *To old Free-town, our common judgment place.*—Shakespeare got this word *Free-town* from Arthur Brooke's poem, in which the castle of the Capulets is so called (line 1974). It is a literal translation of Villa Franca.

12. Line 110: *Who, nothing hurt withal, hiss'd him in scorn.*—The bombastic tone of the speeches in this scene is worth noting. Shakespeare is here in his early imitative vein.

13. Line 159: *Or dedicate his beauty to* THE SUN.—Qq. and Ff. read *the same*, meaning, I suppose, *the air.* The emendation is Pope's, and is universally adopted.

14. Line 166: *Is the day so young?*—In Marston's Dutch Courtezan, ii. 1, this expression is manifestly imitated:

> The *morne* is yet but *younge.*—Works, vol. ii. p. 124.

15. Line 182 *et seq.*—It has been pointed out by some commentators that the affected nature of Romeo's speeches, in this scene, is in keeping with the spurious nature of his love for Rosaline. His language is very different when he is under the influence of his sincere passion for Juliet. In Groto's Hadriana, alluded to in the Introduction, is a passage in the speech of Hadriana to the Nurse, describing her love for Latino, the antithetical character of which certainly resembles this and the following speech of Romeo (196–200); but whether the resemblance is close enough to warrant the inference that Shakespeare had Groto's lines, either in the original or in a translation, in his mind when writing this scene, let the reader determine for himself. The following is the passage from Groto admirably translated by Mr. P. A. Daniel:

> My sickness was a pleasure without joy;
> A will embracing yet repelling still,
> A care which nourisheth, and yet which slays,
> A labour given by heaven as a rest.
> A supreme good the source of every ill,
> An extreme ill the root of every good,
> A mortal wound inflicted by myself,
> A golden snare in which myself I've catch'd,
> A pleasant poison drank in at my eyes;
> Together ending and beginning life.
> A fever mixed with freezing and with heat,
> A gall than honey and manna sweeter far,
> A beauteous flame that burns yet not destroys,
> An insupportable and lightsome yoke,
> A happy suffering and a cherisht grief,
> A death immortal brimming o'er with life,
> A Hell that seems as 'twere a Paradise.
>
> —Daniel's Romeo and Juliet, &c. (New Shak. Soc. Series iii. No. 1, Introduction, p. xxx.).

16. Line 191: *Why such,* BENVOLIO, *is love's transgression.*—*Benvolio* was first inserted by Collier. Keightley supplied the remaining four syllables by *gentle cousin.*

17. Line 197: *Being* PURG'D.—So all the old copies, and correctly, I believe. Johnson suggested *urg'd.* Grant White thinks Shakespeare had in his mind the passage in the Gospels (Mat. iii. 12), "whose fan is in his hand, and he will throughly *purge* his floor." But except that *purge* means in both passages "to purify," I cannot see much connection between them. The meaning is clear enough: "Love is obscured with the fume of sighs as a fire is by smoke,—being *purged*, or purified of the fume and of the smoke, both love and fire burn clear."

18. Line 217: *From love's weak childish bow she lives* UNHARM'D.—Q. 1 reads, *'Gainst Cupid's childish bow she lives unharm'd.* The other Qq. and Ff. as in text; except that they have *uncharm'd*, which Collier proposed to alter to *encharm'd*, meaning that "she was magically *encharmed* from *love's bow* by chastity." The *from*, as well as the *'gainst*, certainly point to *unharm'd* as being the right reading; but it is possible Shakespeare wrote, or intended to write, as Lettsom and Grant White have suggested:

> *'Gainst* love's weak childish bow she lives *encharm'd,*

i.e. she was protected by a charm against love's arrows. Steevens thinks that these speeches of Romeo about Rosaline's imperviousness to love's arrows, &c. were an oblique compliment to Queen Elizabeth. Certainly, her Majesty being at least over sixty years old, and unmarried, when this play was written, the compliments on her celibacy were better timed than those on her beauty.

19. Line 222: *with her dies beauty's store.*—Qq. and Ff. read *with beauty dies her store*, which would mean, I suppose, that her chief wealth, being *beauty*, would *die with her;* rather a commonplace sentiment. We have followed, in the text, Theobald's generally accepted emendation, which makes better sense, and expresses an idea which seems a favourite one with Shakespeare. One example will suffice:

> For he, being dead, with him is beauty slain.
>
> —Venus and Adonis, line 1019.

Compare also Twelfth Night, i. 5. 259–261. It is plain from the context that Romeo means to say that by resolving to remain chaste she will leave behind no inheritor of her beauty.

20. Line 224: *and in that sparing makes huge waste.*—An exactly parallel expression occurs in Sonnet i. line 12:

And, tender churl, *mak'st waste in niggarding.*

21. Line 235: *To call hers, exquisite, in question more.*—This is generally explained "To call *hers* (*i.e.* her beauty) which is *exquisite*, the more into my remembrance." *To call in question* does not here mean to doubt or dispute; but, as Malone says, "*question* means *conversation.*" It may be the right reading is, *To call* her *exquisite, i.e.* her *exquisiteness;* the adjective being used as a substantive.

22. Line 236: *These happy* MASKS.—The *masks* referred to here are not the *masks* worn by the ladies among the audience, as Steevens suggests, but the *masks* worn by ladies habitually, apparently much as veils are, or were worn in our time, partly to keep the sun off, and partly to add the charm of mystery to the features. Compare Love's Labour's Lost, ii. 1. 124:

Now fair befall your *mask!*

23. Line 244: *I'll pay that* DOCTRINE.—For this use of *doctrine* as "instruction" or "teaching," compare Love's Labour's Lost, iv. 3. 350:

From women's eyes this *doctrine* I derive.

ACT I. SCENE 2.

24. Line 9: *She hath not seen the change of* FOURTEEN YEARS.—In Brooke's Poem (line 1860), Capulet says of his daughter:

Scarce saw she yet full *xvi yeres.*

and in Painter's translation of the story "the Lord Antonio" (Capulet) speaks of Juliet as "not attayned to the age of xviii yeares" (p. 121, l. 25, Daniel's edn.). It is possible that Shakespeare, copying Brooke, mistook the *xvi* for *xiv*; but he may have reduced his heroine's age by two years to make it correspond better to the Nurse's allusion about the earthquake.

25. Line 15: *She is the hopeful lady of my* EARTH.—This line is evidently corrupt; *earth* makes no sense, in spite of Steevens' gallant attempt to explain it as a gallicism = *fille de terre, i.e.* heiress. The line stands alone in this speech as the only unrhymed one; and the repetition of *earth*, which occurs in the line above, is singularly unmeaning, and looks very much like a printer's error. Can the true reading be *ee* for *eye?* It is an old form, used by Gower, and is still in use in poetry; but I cannot find it in Shakespeare. Skeat says, under *eye*, that Chaucer uses the form *yë*, though the scribes commonly write it *eye*. *The hopeful lady of my* EYES, would mean "the lady whom I look on with hope." Capulet having no son, it was in Juliet that all his hopes of continuing his family must have centred.

26. Lines 26–28:

Such comfort, as do lusty YOUNG MEN *feel*
When well-apparell'd APRIL *on the heel*
Of limping winter treads.

Johnson proposed to alter *young men* to *yeomen*, referring to the pleasure with which *farmers* receive the spring. Malone, most aptly, quotes:

When *proud-pied April* dressed in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in everything.
—Sonn. xcviii. 2, 3.

27. Lines 31–33:

And like her most whose merit most shall be:
Which, on more view, of many mine, being one,
May stand in number, though in reckoning none.

This passage has given rise to numerous emendations and to an exhibition of verbal gymnastics very edifying. One thing seems certain, that Shakespeare here refers to the proverbial expression "*one* is no number." Compare:

Among a number *one is reckon'd none.*
—Sonn. cxxxvi. 18.

The reading of our text is that of Q. 4, Q. 5, differently stopped; Q. 2, Q. 3, and Ff. all read "Which *one;*" Q. 1 *Such amongst.* The meaning, which is unnecessarily involved by the affected mode of expression, is, "Which (*i.e.* the one whose merit most shall be), when you have seen more of her, my daughter, being *one*, may appear the number *one* (in merit) of many, though *one* is reckoned *none.*" The close similarity of the expression in the Sonnet, and that in the last line quoted, should be observed.

28. Lines 52, 53:

Rom. *Your plaintain-leaf is excellent for that.*
Ben. *For what, I pray thee?*
Rom. *For your broken shin.*

Compare Love's Labour's Lost, iii. 1. 71–75.

29. Lines 67–75.—This we have printed in verse, as first suggested by Capell. It is not necessary to suppose that, as Capulet wrote out the list, it was in anything but prose; but as Romeo reads it, he makes it into verse by putting in a few epithets; this he does for a joke.

30. Line 73: *My fair niece Rosaline.*—From this it would seem that Rosaline, Romeo's first love, was also a Capulet, unless this is another Rosaline. If she were of his enemies' house, it might account for her coldness to him.

31. Line 85: *come and* CRUSH *a cup of wine.*—This expression, which occurs frequently in the old plays, has been compared to the modern expression "to *crack* a bottle of wine." No satisfactory attempt to explain it seems to have been made. Brewer, in his Dictionary of Phrase and Fable, says it is from the Italian *crosciare*, "to decant." This is one of Dr. Brewer's little jokes. *Crosciare* means "to squash, . . . to squeeze; but properly to fall violently as doth a sudden storm of rain or hail upon the tyles or slates of houses."—Florio (*sub voce*). It is possible the phrase might have been suggested by the idea of *squeezing* out the last drop.

32. Line 94: *then turn tears to* FIRE.—Most modern editors, following Pope, change *fire* to *fires* for the sake of the rhyme with *liars.* But Qq. Ff. all read *fire;* instances of singular and plural words of the same termination being made to rhyme are not uncommon. *Fires* is a much weaker expression than *fire* in this passage.

33. Line 99: *Tut, you saw hér fair, none else being by.*—By strongly emphasising the *hér*, which is evidently intended, it is not necessary to repeat the *Tut*, as F. 2 does, for the sake of the metre.

34. Line 102: *lady-love.*—All the old copies read *ladies love*, which makes no sense, as it was Rosaline's *beauty*, not her *love*, that was to be weighed "against some other maid."

ACT I. Scene 3.

35. Line 4: *God forbid!*—The meaning of this expression is not very clear. Staunton remarks this is "an exquisite touch of nature. The old nurse . . . uses *lady-bird* as a term of endearment; but recollecting its application to a female of loose manners, checks herself;—*God forbid!* her darling should prove such a one!" Dyce says Staunton is altogether mistaken, and that all the Nurse means is "*God forbid* that any accident should keep her away!" Staunton's explanation certainly seems the more probable one, and most consistent with the Nurse's character; but except one passage from Fletcher's poems, quoted in Halliwell (*sub voce*), I cannot find any instance of the occurrence of the word *lady-bird* in the sense referred to by Staunton.

36. Line 8 *et seq.*—This speech of Lady Capulet, and the speeches of the Nurse, we have printed as prose, following all the old editions, in preference to the modern editors who have tried to make verse of what was surely never intended for it. Why should Shakespeare be made to violate every rule of rhythm and metre, for the sake of trying to strain this conventional prose into blank verse? This is a case in which the authority of the old copies should go for something.

37. Line 16: *Lammas-tide.*—That is, the first of August, when offerings of the first-fruits of the harvest were formerly made. The derivation of the word is from A. Sax. *hlâf-maesse, hlam-maesse, i.e.* loaf-mass, bread mass, or bread-feast. A loaf was frequently offered in place of the first-fruits, hence the name.

38. Line 25: *'T is since the earthquake now eleven years.*—Mention has been made in the Introduction (page 179), of the use which has been made of this allusion of the Nurse to an earthquake in attempting to fix the date of the play. Hunter was the first to point out that the reference was not to the petty trembling of the earth, felt in London in 1580; but to the terrible earthquake in Italy, in 1590, which destroyed Ferrara. Staunton mentions a small tract by Thomas Purfoote, in which the writer describes the destructive effects of that earthquake, which began on Nov. 11th, 1570, and continued, at intervals, till the 17th of the same month. It is quite possible Shakespeare may have seen this tract.

39. Line 28: *wormwood.*—The *Artemisia Absinthium*, from which *absinthe* is made. Halliwell quotes a passage from Cawdray's Treasurie or Storehouse of Similies, 1600, in which this practice of putting wormwood on the breast to wean children from sucking is mentioned, and an edifying simile founded on it.

40. Line 31: *nay, I do* BEAR A BRAIN.—An expression found, not unfrequently, in the old dramatists, *e.g.* in Marston's Dutch Courtezan, iii. 1, "'t is I that must bear *a brain* for all" (Works, vol. ii. p. 155).

41. Line 38: *she could stand* HIGH-LONE.—The two first Quartos preserve this old-fashioned word. Q. 3, Q. 4, and Ff. all read *alone*. Compare Middleton's Blurt, Master Constable (ii. 2), "when I could not stand *a' high lone* without I held by a thing" (Works, vol. i. p. 262). It seems generally to have been used in the form of *a high* or *a hie lone*. Hence, perhaps, in Q. 3 we find *a lone* written as two words.

42. Line 76: *he's a* MAN OF WAX.—This is a complimentary, not, as one would think, a contemptuous expression. The following passage in Field's A Woman is a Weathercock, i. 2, illustrates its meaning:

> Why, boy, his presence would enkindle sin.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> O foot, O leg, O hand, O body! face!
> By Jove, it is a little *man of wax*.
>
> —Dodsley, vol. xi. p. 19.

43. Line 83: *Examine every* MARRIED *lineament.*—Q. 2 alone reads *married:* all the rest read *severall*, which, following *every*, is decidedly cacophonous, besides being commonplace. *Married* here means "harmoniously united:" it is used in a very similar sense in the Sonnets:

> If the true concord of well-tuned sounds,
> By unions *married*, do offend thine ear. —viii. 5, 6.

44. Line 86: *in the* MARGENT *of his eyes.* See Love's Labour 's Lost. Note 50.

45. Line 89: *The fish lives in the* SEA.—Mason proposed to read, "in the *shell*," which certainly makes the passage apparently less obscure. Steevens explains it that *the fish* is not yet caught whose skin is to supply the cover of the book. A wife is called a *feme covert* in legal phraseology. *Fish-skin* covers were used for books. The whole speech is ridiculously affected and obscure.

ACT I. Scene 4.

46. Line 7: *nor no without-book prologue.*—The whole of this speech, as well as Romeo's which precedes it, refers to the custom of a party of maskers being introduced by one of their party speaking a written, or unwritten speech by way of *prologue*. An instance of such a *without-book prologue* is that which *Moth* attempts to speak for the Masque of the Russians in Love's Labour 's Lost, v. 2. 158–173. Lines 7, 8 are found only in Q. 1.

47. Line 38: *I'll be a* CANDLE-HOLDER *and look on.*—Steevens quotes from Ray's Proverbial Sentences, "A good *candle-holder* proves a good gamester," *i.e.* one who can look on at gaming makes a good player—because, presumably, he is cool, and can keep his wits about him. In Alfred De Musset's Comédies et Proverbes, vol. ii. is a comedy in two acts, called "*Le Chandelier*," which sufficiently explains what a *candle-holder* came to mean.

48. Line 40: *Tut, dun 's the mouse, the constable's own word.*—There is some allusion here which has not yet been explained. *Dun 's the mouse* is a phrase found in other plays of this period. In "The Two Merry Milk-

maids, or the Best Words Wear the Garland, a Comedy by J. C." 1620, we find the following passage (i. 2):

Dor. Is't *done?* *Jul.* If my consent will do't? 't is. *Dor.* Why, then, 't is *done*, and *dun's the mouse*, and undone all the Courtiers.

Here we have the same play on the words *done* and *dun*. It is just possible that this phrase may have been used by the Constable when he was induced, by the usual argument, not to see what was going on. *Dun* means dark; and, as mice come out at night, it may have meant no more than "All right, I don't see you." *Mouse* was used commonly as a term of endearment; perhaps this sense of the word may help us to understand the original meaning of the phrase.

49. Line 41: *If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire.*—In a note on Ben Jonson's Masque of Christmas, Gifford gives an explanation of the game here alluded to, which, stripped of its verbiage, amounts to this:—A log of wood, called Dun the cart horse, is brought into the middle of the room, some one cries out, "*Dun is stuck in the mire!*" Two of the players come forward, and, with or without ropes, commence to try to drag it out; they pretend to be unable to do so, and call for help; some of the others join them, and make awkward attempts to draw *Dun out of the mire*, in the course of which the log is made to fall on the toes of some of the players. Gifford says he "often played at this game;" he was a simple-minded man, and we are bound to believe him.

50. Line 53: *Queen Mab.*—This is the first mention of *Queen Mab*, as the Fairy Queen, that has been discovered. The name was at first supposed to have been derived from Habundia, otherwise Dame Abunde or Habunde; but Mr. W. J. Thoms (Three Notelets on Shakespeare, 1865) clearly proves that *Mab* is a name of Celtic derivation, *Mabh* being the title of the chief of the Irish fairies. "*Mab* both in Welsh and in the kindred dialects of Brittany signifies a child or infant," and therefore is a name most applicable to the diminutive sovereign described by Mercutio. (See Furness' note in his New Variorum edn. Romeo and Juliet, pp. 61, 62.)

51. Lines 65, 66:

Not half so big as a round little worm
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid.

Nares quotes, under *Idle Worms:*

Keep thy hands in thy muff, and warm the *idle*
Worms in thy *fingers'* ends.

—Beaum. and Fl. Woman Hater, iii. 1, Works, vol. ii. pp. 437, 438.

What these *idle worms* really were, or what they were supposed to be, seems a mystery. The passage quoted by Nares is the only one, besides that in our text, which I have come across, wherein any reference is made to this supposed parasite. I am informed by Dr. C. M. Campbell that neither the *Acne punctata* or "maggot pimple," nor the *Demodox Folliculorum* (which is a common parasite found in the sebaceous follicles of the skin), ever occurs in the *fingers*. He also tells me that among the Lowland Scotch the toothache is still called *the worm;* and that in China the native charlatans still profess to cure toothache by extracting a live *maggot* from the hollow of a decayed tooth. Dr. Campbell thinks it probable that, in order to encourage the belief that *lazy fingers* bred *worms*, the thrifty housewife might have smartly pricked the finger of the *maid* who indulged in idleness, and produced a live *maggot* as coming from it.

52. Line 72: *O'er courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight.*—F. 2, F. 3, F. 4 read *countries*. Tyrwhitt conjectured *counties;* which may be the right reading, as we have *a courtier* mentioned again below, line 77.

53. Line 77: *a courtier's nose.*—Collier's MS. Notes substituted *counsellor's* to avoid the repetition of *courtier*.

54. Line 89: *That plats the manes of horses in the night.*—Douce (p. 426) says that this alludes to a superstition that "certain malignant spirits, in the likeness of women clothed in white, haunted stables in the night time carrying tapers of wax, which they dropped on the horses' manes, thinly plaiting them in inextricable knots."

ACT I. Scene 5.

55. Line 29: *turn the tables up.*—Steevens says "that ancient tables were flat leaves, joined by hinges, and placed on tressels. When they were to be removed, they were therefore *turned up*."

56. Line 83: *You will set* COCK-A-HOOP.—Various explanations have been given of this phrase. It is generally admitted now to be a form of the French *coq-à-huppe, i.e.* "a cock with his crest up." Cotgrave gives "to set cock-a-hoope. *Se goguer;*" and under *se gouguer*, he gives "to take his pleasure . . . set *cocke-a-hoope*, throw the house out at windowes." It is evident that the expression there intended is not *cock*-A-*hoop* in the sense generally accepted, but *cock*-ON-*hoop*, which is thus explained by Bailey: "*Cock on Hoop* [*i.e.* the spiggot or cock being laid on the hoop and the barrel of ale stunn'd, *i.e.* drunk without intermission] at the heighth of mirth and jollity." No such expression as *coq à huppe* is to be found in any French dictionary that I have seen; while Cotgrave gives as one sense of *Hupe* or *Huppe*, "The whoope or dunghill cocke." It may be observed that in the quotation from Butler's Hudibras (part i. canto iii. 13, 14):

And having routed the whole troop,
With victory was *cock-a-hoop*,

which most dictionaries give as an explanation of the use of this expression, the explanation given by Bailey of *cock*-ON-*hoop* would make quite as good sense, as that given in all the dictionaries of *cock*-A-*hoop* (*coq à huppe*).

57. Lines 93, 94:

but this intrusion shall
Now seeming sweet convert to bitter gall.

i.e. "This intrusion shall convert what now seems sweet to bitter gall."

58. Line 109: [*Kissing her.*—Malone says that Shakespeare "here, without doubt, copied from the mode of his own time; and kissing a lady in a public assembly, we may conclude, was not thought indecorous." But it may be doubted if every one was intended to see the kisses interchanged between Romeo and Juliet on this occasion. Grant White, in Shakespeare's Scholar, has a very sensible note on this scene, in which he points out that, for the most part, representatives of Juliet on the stage fail

to appreciate the archness of the dialogue here, and play the daughter of Capulet with too serious an air. It is pretty evident that Juliet has no objection to Romeo's practical illustration of the art of kissing.

59. Line 119: *Shall have the* CHINKS.—This expression, which one would think was a modern vulgarism, only occurs in this passage in Shakespeare. Tusser uses it, "Have chinks in thy purse" (p. 191).

ACT II. Scene I.

60. Line 2: *Turn back,* DULL EARTH, *and find thy centre out.*—By *dull earth,* according to Clarke, Romeo means "the earthlier portion of himself," *i.e.* I presume, his body. Delius aptly quotes, apropos of the latter part of the line:

> Poor soul, *the centre of my sinful earth.*—Sonn. cxlvi. 1.

61. Line 7: *Humours'-madman! Passion-lover!*—These four words are printed in Qq. and Ff. as separate words; as if Mercutio were invocating the impersonal and the personal at the same time. Singer first hyphened the words as in the text; an emendation which certainly makes sense of what before was mere confusion. Daniel boldly reads:

> "Humorous madman, passionate lover,"

and possibly he is right. The whole of this speech is very carelessly printed in the old copies.

62. Line 13: *Young* ABRAHAM *Cupid, he that shot so trim.*—All the old copies concur in reading *Abraham.* Upton's conjecture *Adam,* referring to *Adam Bell,* the celebrated archer, has been very generally adopted; but, on the whole, there seems no need to alter the text here. *Abraham* is one of the many forms of *Abram, abron*= auburn. See Coriolanus, ii. 3. 21, where F. 1, F. 2, F. 3 all read *Abram,* and F. 4 reads *auburn.* Compare Middleton's Blurt, Master Constable ii. 2:

> A goodly long thick *Abram-colour'd* beard.
> —Works, vol. i. p. 259.

Abraham may also have another meaning, as beggars who wandered about the country, after the suppression of the monasteries, were called *Abraham-men,* thus defined in the Fraternitye of Vacabondes, 1575, "an *Abraham-man* is he that walketh bare armed and bare legged, and fayneth himself mad, &c." (See Halliwell's Dictionary, *sub voce*). Bailey gives *Abram Cove* "naked or poor man." So that Cupid, for more reasons than one, might be humorously described as *Abraham* Cupid, being both a cheat and naked. Schmidt, in his Lexicon (*sub voce, Abraham*), explains this name as being applied to Cupid, "in derision of the eternal boyhood of Cupid, though, in fact, he was at least as old as Father Abraham." The latter part of the verse is taken almost *verbatim* from the Ballad of King Cophetua:

> The blinded boy *that shootes so trim.*
> —Percy's Reliques (edn. 1857), p. 93.

In this case Q. 1 has preserved the right reading, all the old copies substituting *true* for *trim.*

63. Line 16: *The* APE *is dead.*—So Nashe talks of having read Lilly's Euphues "when he was a little *ape* at Cambridge" (Var. Ed. Note, vol. vi. p. 73). The word was used sometimes as a term of humorous affection. Compare "Alas, poor *ape,* how thou sweatest!" (II. Henry IV. ii. 4. 234).

64. Line 28: *Is fair and honest; in his mistress' name.*—In Qq. and Ff. this line runs thus:

> *My invocation* is fair and honest, *and* in his mistress name.

Q. 2 alone omitting the second *and* which spoils the metre. *My invocation* belongs, evidently, to the line above; as it is so printed by all modern editors.

65. Line 39: *truckle-bed.*—This was a small bed on castors, which was placed under the large or standing-bed as it was called, during the day, and pulled out at night for the use of the male or female attendant. It was also called a *trundle-bed.* See Dick of Devonshire, v. 1:

> In my Semblitee *Trundle bed.*
> —Bullen's Old Plays, vol. ii. p. 8;

ACT II. Scene 2.

66. Line 1: *He jests at scars,* &c.—Romeo overhears what Mercutio says. There is no indication of any change of scene in the old copies, nor did any take place on the stage in Shakespeare's time; neither is there any direction for Romeo's entrance. He merely stepped to the back of the stage at the beginning of the scene, and was supposed to be concealed from the others, not coming out till they had gone. Juliet would appear on the "upper stage," which did duty in the old plays for so many purposes.

67. Lines 8, 9:

> *Her vestal livery is but* PALE AND GREEN,
> *And none but* FOOLS *do wear it.*

This is an allusion to the *white and green* which were the colours of the royal livery in the time of Henry VIII. (according to Collier), and were, undoubtedly, those of the dress of Will Summers, the King's Fool. *Pale* is the reading of Q. 1; all the other old copies read *sick,* which may have been taken by mistake from line 5 above, or may have been used as if referring to *green sickness,* an ailment common among young maidens.

68. Line 25: *That I might* KISS *that cheek!*—*Kiss* is the reading of Q. 1; it seems preferable to *touch,* the reading of all the other old copies.

69. Line 29: *white, vpturned.*—So all the old copies; but Theobald printed these as one word, *white-upturned,* and is followed by nearly all the modern editors. What does *white-upturned* mean? With the *white* of the eye *upturned,* I suppose. Do not the separate epithets better express the appearance of an upturned eye by moonlight? If any one will observe the eyes of the person he loves looking upwards, when the moon is shining, he will see that the white is brought into great prominence by the peculiar light of the moon. *White-upturned* seems comparatively commonplace.

70. Line 31: *lazy-pacing.*—This is another instance of the true reading being obtained from Q. 1. All the other old copies read *lazy-puffing,* an epithet which Grant White

holds to be very appropriate to the clouds known as *cumuli*, "that puff themselves out into swelling breasts of rose-tinted white."

71. Line 39: *Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.*—A very great amount of unnecessary ingenuity has been expended on this line. The meaning seems quite clear; "I love thee for thyself; thou art thyself, even if thou deniest thy father and refusest thy name" (see line 34).

72. Lines 92, 93:

at lovers' perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs.

Compare Day's Humour out of Breath, iv. 1:

Jove himselfe sits and smiles
At lovers' perjuries. —Works, p. 55 (of play).

Both passages are taken, most probably, from Ovid's Artis Amatoriæ, lib. 1, 633:

Jupiter ex alto perjuria ridet amantum.

"This Shakspeare found," says Douce, "perhaps in Marlow's translation,"

For Jove himself sits in the azure skies
And laughs below at lovers' perjuries.

73. Lines 95–97: Surely these three lines were never equalled in any love poem ever written: the mingled simplicity and passion—unconscious passion though it be—are wonderfully true to nature. The last sentence, *but else, not for the world*, is hardly ever spoken on the stage with any proper appreciation of the intense passion which it so thinly conceals.

74. Line 98: *In truth, fair* MONTAGUE.—Why does Juliet use here the hated name of *Montague*? Is it an oversight; or does she purposely recall the barrier between her and Romeo, which her love is determined to overleap?

75. Lines 117–120.—Compare Romeo's misgivings, i. 4. 106–111. The foreboding of evil, which both the lovers feel, is a very dramatic touch.

76. Line 160: *tassel-gentle.*—Steevens says this is the *tiercel* or male of the goshawk, so called because it was a *tiercs* or *third* less than the female. The name *gentle* was given to this species of hawk because it was so easily tamed. According to Malone, the *tiercel-gentle* was the species of hawk appropriated to the prince; hence Juliet applies the name to Romeo.

77. Line 171: *I have forgot why I did call thee back.*—This is one of the many exquisite touches in this scene. Juliet can scarcely have forgotten why she called Romeo back, because she has already asked him what time she is to meet him on the morrow, quite sufficient reason for recalling him; but she is so unwilling to part with him, she pretends there was something else she had forgotten.

ACT II. Scene 3.

78. Lines 2, 4:

And flecked darkness, like a drunkard, reels
From forth day's path and Titan's fiery wheels.

Compare with this passage the following from Crashaw's poem, "On a Foule morning, being then to take a journey":

Where art thou Sol while thus the blind-fold Day
Staggers out of the East, loses his way,
Stumbling on Night!
—Works (Grosart's edn.), vol. i. p. 235.

79. Line 26: SLAYS *all senses with the heart.*—Q. 2 reads *staies*, which some editors think preferable to *slays;* the meaning, in that case, being that the poison *stays*, or *stops* the heart, and with it all the senses.

80. Lines 41, 42.—These two lines seem to have slipped in from some later travesty; they have all the fatuous solemnity of such a work as the Rehearsal, or Tom Thumb.

81. Lines 51, 52:

both our remedies
Within thy help and holy physic LIES.

This construction is not ungrammatical, according to the rules of grammar in Shakespeare's time. Compare Venus and Adonis, l. 1128:

Where, lo, *two lamps* burnt out in darkness *lies.*

82. Line 70: *thy sallow cheeks.*—This expression shows that Romeo was intended to be a young man of the genuine Italian type, with sallow complexion, and, probably, dark hair; not the round-faced, rosy-cheeked youth that some critics seem to picture him.

83. Lines 87, 88:

O, she knew well
Thy love did read by rote, and could not spell.

Ulrici and Delius both point out, in different language, that this means Rosaline knew Romeo's love was purely mechanical, and not genuine; just as a person might pretend to read, having learned the matter by heart, but not being able to spell the words.

ACT II. Scene 4.

84. Line 14: *a white wench's black eye.*—Compare Love's Labour's Lost, iii. 1. 198, 199:

A *whitely* wanton with a velvet brow,
With two pitch-balls stuck in her face for eyes.

The description of both the Rosalines, in that play and in this, seems to have been founded on the same original, a pale woman with black eyes. Such a combination generally is held to indicate a wanton nature. Perhaps the same original sat for the portrait of the two Rosalines, and of the faithless mistress in the Sonnets.

85. Line 21: *prince of cats.*—Steevens quotes Dekker's Satiromastix, "tho' you were *Tybert*, the long-tail'd *prince of cats.*" But on reference to the text of that play I find the passage is as follows:—"you keepe a Revelling & Araigning & a Scratching of mens faces, as tho you were Tyber the long-tail'd *Prince of* RATTES" (Works, vol. i. p. 259). *Tybert* or *Tybalt* is the name of the cat in Reynard the Fox.

86. Line 22: *captain of* COMPLEMENTS.—See Note 11, Love's Labour's Lost.

87. Line 23: *rests me his minim rest.*—Shakespeare had a very fair practical knowledge of music, as is evident from the many technical musical expressions scattered

throughout his plays. For interesting particulars on this point, see a very able series of articles in the Musical World for Jan. and Feb. 1884, entitled "Shakespeare as a Musician."

88. Line 26: *a gentleman of the very first house.*—Staunton has a long and elaborate note explaining this phrase as meaning a gentleman-scholar "of the very first house," or school of fencing, referring to the academies established in London during the latter part of the 16th century for the study of "The Noble Science of Defence." But Dyce's explanation that it means "an upstart fellow, a nobody," is more probable; he quotes Cotgrave, "Gentilhomme de ville, a *gentleman of the first head, an upstart gentleman.*" There is also some reference, no doubt, to an expression of heraldry in this passage.

89. Lines 34–37: THESE PARDONNEZ-MOIS, *who stand so much on the* NEW FORM, *that they cannot sit at ease on the* OLD BENCH? *O, their* BONS, *their* BONS.—The Camb. Edd. print *perdona-mi's*, as if it were meant for Italian, following Q. 4, Q. 5, which have *pardona'mees*, while Q. 2 has *pardons mees*, and F. 1, F. 2 *pardon-mee's*. Mercutio seems to be speaking of Frenchified gallants. The Camb. Edd. retain "O their *bones*, their *bones!*" the reading of all the old copies; but if we adopt *perdona-mi's*, *bones* should surely be *buons*. As for the rest of the sentence, the pun on *form* and *bench* is obvious; but Blakeway, in a note, says he had "read that during the reign of large breeches, it was necessary to cut away hollow places in the benches of the House of Commons to make room for these monstrous protuberances, without which they who *stood on the new form* (*i.e.* who adopted the new fashion) could not *sit at ease on the old bench.*" This fashion of "bombasted breeches" came from France, and reached its height, or rather width, in the middle of Elizabeth's reign, but did not die out till the reign of Charles I.

90. Line 39: *Without his* ROE, *i.e.* without the first part of his name, and so only *me o*, or *o me*, *i.e.* a sigh. Mercutio before (ii. 1. 8), when calling Romeo, says:

> Appear thou in the *likeness of a sigh.*

91. Line 69: *O* SINGLE-SOLED *jest.*—*Single* means *simple*. The expression *single-soled* is generally explained as slight, feeble. But Singer points out the following extract from Cotgrave (*sub* Monsieur), "Monsieur de trois au boisseau: . . . A *thread-bare, single-soled, course-spunne, gentleman.*" So that *single-soled* jest means here a "thread-bare jest."

92. Line 75: *if thy wits run the wild-goose chase.*—A kind of horse-race was called *wild-goose chase*, in which "two horses were started together, and whichever rider could get the lead, the other was obliged to follow him over whatever ground the foremost jockey chose to go." Burton mentions it, in his Anatomy of Melancholy, amongst the popular recreations of his time (p. 170, Ed. 1676).

93. Line 87: *O, here's a wit of* CHEVERIL.—In Day's Law Trickes, act iv., we find "Ile see which of my *cheverill-braind* imitators dares follow my fashion" [Works, p. 58 (of play)]. The context explains the meaning of the phrase here.

94. Line 112: *My* FAN, *Peter.*—Farmer quotes from The Serving Mans Comfort, 1598: "The mistress must have one to carry her cloake and hood, another her *fanne.*" These fans were more like hand fire-screens than the modern fans; they were large and cumbersome.

95. Line 135: *She will* INDITE *him to some supper.*—Benvolio uses *indite* for *invite*, in ridicule of the Nurse's *confidence* for *conference*.

96. Lines 137, 138:

> Rom. *What hast thou found?*
> Mer. *No hare, sir.*

This passage is aptly illustrated by the following in Brome's City Wit, iv. 2: "was not thy mother a notorious Tripe-wife, and thy father a profest *Harefinder?*" (Works, vol. i. p. 347). What the original meaning of *harefinder* was is doubtful; but its meaning in the above passage is pretty plain: the use of the word *hare* for "a wench" is illustrated by a passage quoted, from Mirth in Abundance, 1659, by Halliwell (see Furness, p. 133).

97. Line 162: *skains-mates.*—The derivation and exact meaning of this word are doubtful, and have much exercised the commentators. There is no doubt *skain* means a sword, or dagger; so that *skains-mates* may mean "fellow-cutthroats or bullies." On the other hand *skein* was spelled *skain* sometimes, so that it may be applied to women who work together at weaving.

98. Line 181: *very* WEAK *dealing.*—Collier proposed to read *wicked*, but it is unnecessary. This is one of the Nurse's ridiculous blunders. Mr. Fleay suggests the old word *wicke* (*wikke*, Chaucer), still in use, in the Midland Counties, for *wicked*.

99. Line 223: *R is for the dog. No.*—The old copies all read, *R is for the no.* The emendation we have adopted seems the most satisfactory one. Yards of commentary have been written on this passage, but the reading of our text is supported by the fact that R was undoubtedly known as *the dog's* letter from the days of the ancient Romans. Persius, Erasmus, Barclay (in his Ship of Fools), and other authorities, are quoted on this point. The Nurse, evidently, has got hopelessly "mixed"—to use a modern slang word—over the pretty saying of Juliet.

ACT II. SCENE 5.

100. Line 16: *But old folks,* MANY FEIGN *as they were dead.*—So all the old copies substantially. Many emendations have been suggested; Dyce's is the most probable, *move i' faith.* But is any alteration necessary? *Many feign* may mean "many of them (*i.e.* old folks) *feign as they were dead,*" *i.e.* "seem to be dead," so slow do they move.

101. Line 26: *Fie, how my bones ache!*—As to the age of the Nurse, Shakespeare is quite in accord with Brooke's poem; but it is worth noting that, so far from representing her as infirm, Brooke, after describing the Nurse's interview with Romeo, says (l. 673):

> She takes her leaue, and home, / she hyes with *speedy pace.*

ACT II. Scene 6.

102. Line 9: *These violent delights have violent ends.*—Perhaps an expansion of a similar sentiment in Lucrece, line 894:

> Thy violent vanities can never last.

103. Line 32: *They are but beggars that can count their worth.*—The same sentiment is repeated, almost exactly, in Ant. and Cleop. i. 1. 15:

> There's *beggary* in the love that can be reckon'd.

ACT III. Scene 1.

104. Line 4: *For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring.*—According to Johnson, in Italy "almost all assassinations are committed during the heat of summer." Reed quotes from Sir Thomas Smith's Commonwealth of England, 1583, b. ii. ch. cxix. p. 70, "for in the warme time the people for the most part be more unruly."

105. Line 8: *by the* OPERATION *of the second cup.*—Compare II. Henry IV. iv. 3. 104, "A good sherris-sack hath a two-fold *operation* in it."

106. Line 11: *Am I like such a fellow?*—Clarke points out that a significant emphasis should be thrown on the *I*, in order to give "point to the humorous effect of Mercutio's lecturing Benvolio—the sedate and peace-making Benvolio— . . . on the sin of quarrelsomeness."

107. Line 48: *Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo.*—Mercutio was an invited guest to the Capulets' feast, though he belonged to neither of the two rival houses. Tybalt seems to make it a grievance that he *consorts* with one of the opposite faction. This does not imply that Mercutio was bound by any closer ties to the Capulets than he was to the Montagues; it is only one of the traits of Tybalt's arrogant and domineering character.

108. Line 69: BOY, *this shall not excuse the injuries.*—The fact of Tybalt addressing Romeo as *Boy* does not prove that Romeo was his junior. The term *Boy* was used as one of contempt. Compare Coriolanus, v. 6. 101, where Aufidius calls Coriolanus "thou *boy* of tears." In line 104 Coriolanus resents the term, "*Boy!* O slave!" Again, line 113, "*Boy*, false hound!"

109. Line 83: *dry-beat.*—Compare Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 263:

> all *dry-beaten* with pure scoff.

This sense of *dry* (=hard, severe) has nothing to do with the verb *drie*, used by Chaucer (=to suffer), as Clarke wrongly explains it in a note on this passage.

110. Line 84: *pilcher.*—A *pilch* was an outer garment made of leather; it was also used of the covering of a saddle, and for the flannel that covered a child. Singer, in a fit of originality, would have us read *pitcher*. Bailey (in Dictionary) gives *pilchard*, "anything lined with Fur."

111. Line 93: [*Tybalt, under Romeo's arm, stabs Mercutio, &c.*—This stage direction is found (substantially) in Q. 1, which, if for no other reason, is valuable as containing many more such directions than any later edition. The question arises naturally, at this point, as to whether the death of Mercutio—which is apparently an invention of Shakespeare, no foundation for the incident having been found in any of the various versions of the story of Romeo and Juliet preceding this play—is, or is not, required by the dramatic exigencies of the plot. On this point, I believe, Shakespeare has decidedly the best of his critics; he does not kill Mercutio wantonly, because he finds him becoming so bright and effective that he would overshadow the hero, but simply because there is no room in the after part of the play for such a character; the scheme of the tragedy would not allow of Mercutio being employed, with any effect, when once the real serious interest of the story has commenced. What could be more appropriate to the character of this scoffing, quick-tempered companion of Romeo, than that he should die in such a quarrel? If he is allowed to live, he must be brought in again on the scene; and how could that be done without irreparable injury to the main story? Just as in Hamlet, Shakespeare saw, at once, that any attempt to give prominence to the love of Hamlet for Ophelia must cripple the development of his leading idea in that tragedy, so did he recognize the fact that Mercutio, if suffered to live on, must either sink into a nonentity, or encumber the action of the tragedy.

112. Line 113: *your houses!*—This broken exclamation of the dying man, who has not breath to repeat his former anathema, "a plague o' both your houses," is admirably dramatic.

113. Lines 114, 115:

> *This gentleman, the prince's near* ALLY,
> *My* VERY FRIEND.

Compare Two Gentlemen of Verona, iv. 1. 49:

> An heir, and niece *allied* unto the duke.

And (same play) iii. 2. 41:

> Especially against his *very friend.*

114. Line 182: *Affection makes him* FALSE.—Benvolio's account of the encounter between Tybalt and Mercutio is not strictly true; which may arise, less from any intention, on the dramatist's part, to make Benvolio inaccurate under the influence of partisanship, than from a confusion between the version of the *fracas* given in Brooke's poem, and that which Shakespeare, for the purposes of the play, had invented. Is *false* a verb in this passage? Compare Comedy of Errors, ii. 2. 95 (see Note 42 of that play); also Cymbeline, ii. 3. 74:

> Yea, and makes
> Diana's rangers *false themselves*, yield up
> Their deer to the stand o' the stealer.

In the latter passage, *false* may be an adjective. There can be no doubt of this verb being used in the following passage from Heywood's second part of King Edward IV.:

> She *falsde* her faith, and brake her wedlocks band.
> —Works, vol. i. p. 125.

115. Line 202: *Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.*—It is very probable that Shakespeare, before writing this line, may have seen a passage in Stubbes' Anatomie of Abuses, quoted by Malone, in which is contained the rebuke of a jester to a king who had pardoned a man that had committed two murders; the murderer was brought up a third time for the same crime, when the

king asked him why he had killed three men. "No (O king)," said the jester, "he killed but the first, and thou hast killed the other two; for if thou hadst hanged him up at the first, the other two had not beene killed." (See New Shak. Soc. Series vi. No. 12, p. 15.)

ACT III. Scene 2.

116. Lines 1–4: *Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds, &c.*—Compare Marlowe's King Edward II. (which was performed before 1593):

> *Gallop apace*, bright Phœbus, through the sky;
> And, dusky Night, in rusty iron car,
> Between you both shorten the time, I pray,
> That I may see that most desirèd day.
> —Works, p. 208.

117. Line 6: *That* RUNAWAYS' *eyes may wink.*—This is one of those passages that seem to have been written for the special benefit of commentators; it is scarcely credible that pages upon pages of elaborate verbiage should have been written on this one word *runaways*. The meaning is clear; Juliet wishes that Romeo may find his way to her arms without being observed. *Runaways* here=*runagates:* as Furnivall has pointed out, Shakespeare, in Richard III. v. 3. 316, wrote:

> A sort of vagabonds, rascals, and *runaways*.

In Hollinshed's Chronicles, which Shakespeare used in writing Richard III. the passage runs "a company of traitors, theeves, outlaws, and *runagates*." For the various emendations, which are painfully ingenious, I must refer the reader to Furness' New Variorum Edition of this play (Appendix, pp. 367–395). If the gentle reader will peruse those twenty-eight pages he will be much edified. *Runaways*, then, or *runagates*, are the people who are out late at night, and who might see Romeo on his way to Juliet's chamber. Hunter quotes a passage from Dyche's Dictionary, 1735, "*Runagate* or *Runaway*, a rover or wanderer." I would venture on one suggestion, which is, that there may have been in Shakespeare's mind such a word as *run-i'-the-ways*=vagabonds; but the passage from Richard III. almost renders this or any other conjecture unnecessary.

118. Lines 8, 9:

> *Lovers can see to do their amorous rites*
> *By their own beauties.*

There can be little doubt that Milton had these lines in his mind when he wrote that beautiful passage in Comus:

> Virtue could see to do what virtue would
> By her own radiant light, though sun and moon
> Were in the flat sea sunk.

119. Lines 21–25: There is a passage in The Wisdome of Doctor Dodypoll, 1600, in the opening speech of *Lassingberyh*, which bears too close a resemblance to these lines to be accidental. The speaker is addressing the "bright Morne:"

> Looke here and see if thou canst finde disper'st
> The glorious parts of faire *Lucilia:*
> Take them and Joyne them in the heavenly Spheares,
> And fix them there as an eternall light
> For Lovers to adore and wonder at.
> —Bullen's Old Plays, vol. iii. p. 99.

120. Lines 26–28.—The metaphor here is surely most confused. Juliet compares herself, in the same sentence, first to the purchaser of a mansion who has not yet possessed it; and then to a property that has been sold, but "not yet enjoy'd."

121. Lines 45–51.—Are these dreadful lines, so full of senseless puns, a relic of the old play on the subject of Romeo and Juliet? or were they written by Shakespeare, in order to show he could be guilty of as great nonsense as many of his contemporaries?

122. Line 53: *God save the mark!*—For this expression, the meaning of which is very doubtful, see note on I. Henry IV. i. 3. 56.

123. Line 56: *swounded.*—This is an old form of the verb *to swoon.* In Lilly's The Woman in the Moone, act i. we have the form *sounds:* "Alas! she weeping *sounds*" (Works, vol. ii. p. 161). In the interlude, Nice Wanton, the form *sowne* occurs (Dodsley, vol. ii. p. 180).

124. Line 76: *Dove-feather'd raven! wolvish-ravening lamb!*—Q. 2, Q. 3, F. 1, read, *Ravenous dovefeatherd Raven;* Q. 4, Q. 5, F. 2, F. 3, F. 4, read, *Ravenous dove, feathered Raven.* The arrangement in our text is Theobald's.

125. Lines 85–87:

> *There's no trust,*
> *No faith, no honesty in men; all naught,*
> *All perjur'd, all dissemblers, all forsworn.*

This is Mr. Fleay's arrangement of these lines, adopted by Daniel in his edition of Q. 2; and, probably, the right one. As printed in Qq. Ff. they make two lines, the first ending in *men;* the second running thus:

> *All perjur'd, all forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.*

Most modern editors arrange them as in the text down to *men*, but dividing the second line of the old copies thus:

> *All perjur'd,*
> *All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.*

This makes a very unmetrical line for no purpose. In Q. 1, the corresponding line runs thus:

> *All false, all faithles, perjurde, all forsworne,*

which scans very well. All the other speeches of the Nurse in this scene are in strictly metrical verse; and there seems no reason for leaving this one otherwise, when so slight a transposition of words renders it metrical.

126. Line 109: *That* MURDERED *me.*—So F. 1; and again below, line 118, *Why* FOLLOWED *not?* the final *ed* not being elided, I believe purposely; as the dactyl in this position has a very harmonious effect.

127. Line 121: *But with a* REAR-WARD *following Tybalt's death.*—Another instance of a peculiar word used in this play, and also in the Sonnets:

> Ah! do not, when my heart hath scap'd the sorrow,
> Come in the *rear-ward* of a conquer'd foe. —Sonn. xc. 5. 6.

128. Line 126: *In that word's death.*—This is rather an obscure expression. *That word* means *banished;* and Juliet means that there is "no end, no limit," &c. in the *death* which *that word* "banished" brings when applied to Romeo, whose banishment is to her the death of all she loves.

ACT III. Scene 3.

129. Line 10: *A gentler judgment* VANISH'D *from his lips.*—Some commentators would alter *vanish'd* to *issued;* but, besides a somewhat similar word in Lucrece, line 1041, we have in Massinger's Renegado, v. 3, an exact parallel:

> and seal my thanks
> Upon those *lips* from whence these sweet words *vanish'd.*
> —Works, p. 162.

130. Line 26: RUSH'D *aside the law.*—In Halliwell's Dictionary we find, *sub voce, rusche,* "To dash or throw down:"

> And of alle his ryche castelles *rusche* doune the wallez.
> —Morte Arthure, MS. Lincoln, f. 67.

I can find no other instance of the verb *rush* being used in this sense; but I do not think *push'd* or *brush'd* preferable.

131. Lines 37–43.—The old copies differ so much in their arrangement of this passage that it is best to give Daniel's lucid *précis* of the points of difference:

> "(1) And steale immortall blessing from her lips;—
> (2) Who, even in pure and vestall modestie,
> (3 Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin;—
> (4) But Romeo may not; he is banished:
> (5) This may flyes do, when I from this must flie:
> (6) Flies may do this, but I from this must flie:
> (7) They are freemen, but I am banished:
> (8) And say'st thou yet, that exile is not death?"

"In this passage Q. 1 has only the lines here numbered 1, 4, and 6; the other Quartos have all the lines, but in the following order: 1, 2, 3, 5, 8, 4, 6, 7. The Folios follow the same order, but omit 6 and 7." Daniel thinks 5 was substituted for 6. It is evident they are both only variations of the same line.

132. Line 94: *Doth she not think me an* OLD *murderer?*—*Old* here means "practised." Compare Troilus and Cressida, i. 2. 128: "Is he so young a man and so *old* a lifter?"

133. Line 108 *et seq.*—Note how, up to this point, Friar Laurence treats Romeo's utter want of self-control and violent passion with a good-humoured tolerance; speaking to him more as a friend to one younger than himself, in a tone of kindly banter, or not unsympathetic remonstrance. It is only when Romeo's passion threatens to go to the point of violating the law of God and man, that he speaks with the authority of a priest, and in the tone of stern rebuke. This speech is a most admirable composition; full of striking good sense, eloquent reasoning, and noble piety.

134. Line 119: *Why rail'st thou on thy birth?*—Romeo has not railed on his birth here; but in Brooke's poem (l. 1327) he has:

> The time and place of byrth, / he fiersly did reprove.

135. Line 127: DIGRESSING *from the valour of a man.*—Steevens quotes from Chapman's Translation of Homer's Odyssey (book xxiv.):

> my deservings shall in nought *digress*
> From best fame of our race's foremost merit.

Compare Richard II. v. 3. 67:

> This deadly blot in thy *digressing* son.

ACT III. Scene 4.

136. Line 11: *She's* MEW'D UP *to her heaviness.*—Dyce quotes: "*Mew* is the place, whether it be abroad or in the house, in which the Hawk is put during the time she casts or doth change her Feathers" (R. Holme's Academy of Armory and Blazon, b. ii. cxi. p. 241). In Wily Beguiled, in which, no doubt, there are some points (notably the Nurse) copied from this play, occurs this line:

> He *mews her up* as men do mew their hawks.
> —Dodsley, vol. ix. p. 248.

137. Line 22: *Will you be ready? do you like this haste?*—The fidgety, fussy character of Capulet is well illustrated in this speech. Later in the play the Nurse calls Capulet a "cot-quean" (iv. 4. 6); a title he well deserves, and which may be rendered "a meddlesome mollycoddle." Capulet speaks the line quoted above to Paris; then he turns round to Lady Capulet (up to line 28) "And there an end." All through this play he flies off from one subject to another. There is something of Polonius in him.

ACT III. Scene 5.

138. Line 4: *Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate-tree.*—Knight, in his note upon this passage, tells us that nightingales, in the East, frequent pomegranate-trees in preference to any other tree. It is certain no birds are more faithful to a favourite locality than nightingales. Year after year they will come to the same spot, and their song can be heard every night from the same thicket. It would be too much to expect that any poet should be accurate enough not to talk of the *hen* nightingale as singing. The legend of Philomela has infected, and probably will infect, all poets' minds on this point; but it may as well be noted that it is the *male* bird, of course, who sings, almost incessantly, from the time of pairing to the hatching of the eggs: after that he sings very little, as he devotes his attention to providing food for his offspring.

139. Line 8: *Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east.*—This passage was imitated by Crashaw, in his poem called New Year's Day (stanza 3), when describing the morning dawn:

> All the purple pride that *laces*
> The crimson curtains of thy bed.

140. Line 9: *Night's candles are burnt out.*—Compare Macbeth, ii. 1. 4, 5:

> There's husbandry in heaven
> Their *candles are all out.*

141. Line 20: *the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow.*—Clarke says that the allusion is to the "crescent moon," with which Diana, who was also called Cynthia, is represented. The meaning is that the moon is just rising.

142. Line 29: *Some say the lark makes sweet* DIVISION.—*Division*, in music, is "the variation of a simple theme, or methodic passage, by a number of notes so connected as to form one series, and when written for the voice meant to be sung with one breath to one syllable" (Imp. Dict.). The singing of the lark is certainly distinguished by this beautiful melodious exercise.

143. Line 31: *Some say the lark and loathed toad change*

eyes.—Warburton says: "The *toad* having very fine eyes and the *lark* very ugly ones, was the occasion of a common saying amongst the people, that *the toad and lark had changed eyes.*" As far as I can discover Warburton is the sole authority for this piece of folk-lore. Johnson partially confirms his statement to the same effect by quoting from memory a rustic rhyme (presumably on the lark):

> To heav'n I'd fly
> But that the *toad* beguil'd me of mine eye.
> —Var. Ed. vol. i. p. 194.

144. Line 34: *hunt's up.*—The old song *The Hunt is up* is given in Chappell's Popular Music of the Olden Time, where it is said to be of the time of Henry VIII. Cotgrave, under *Reveil*, gives, "A *Hunts-up*, or Morning song for a new married wife, the day after the marriage." It is to this that the allusion is in the text.

145. Line 43: *Art thou gone so? my lord, my love, my friend!*—So Q. 1, a preferable reading to that of other Qq. and F. 1: "*lord*, love, ay husband, friend." The use of the word *friend*,—which does *not* appear to have expressed "the dearest possible relation between the sexes," as Grant White says,—was suggested by the lines in Brooke's poem, lines 1597–1600:

> Since he on whom alway
> My cheefe hope and my steady trust / was wonted still to stay,
> For whom I am becomme / unto myselfe a foe,
> Disdayneth me, his stedfast *frend*, / and scornes my *frendship* so

That there was a great difference between *friend* and "love" the following passage from Wily Beguiled proves: "So Lelia shall accept thee as her *friend:*—who can but ruminate upon these words? Would she had said, her *love:* but 't is no matter; first creep, and then go; now her *friend:* the next degree is Lelia's *love*" (Dodsley, vol. ix. p. 266).

146. Line 66: *Is she not down so late, or up so early?*—This line seems, at first sight, decidedly obscure. Malone explains it, "Is she not laid down in her bed at so late an hour as this? or rather is she risen from her bed at so early an hour of the morn?" A similar use of *down* occurs in iv. 5. 12 of this play, where the Nurse says of Juliet:

> What, dress'd! and in your clothes! and *down* again.

So that Malone's explanation is probably right.

147. Line 77:

> La. Cap. *Which you weep for.*
> Jul. *Feeling so the loss.*

This is an instance of the middle pause supplying the place of a syllable. Juliet does not answer at once. She wants time to control her emotion.

148. Lines 94–96:

> *Indeed, I never shall be satisfied*
> *With Romeo, till I behold him—dead—*
> *Is my poor heart—so for a kinsman vex'd.*

The Qq. and Ff. print:

> *till I behold him. Dead*
> Is my poor heart, &c.

but the ambiguous meaning of the lines is plain, the *dead* being made by Juliet to do duty for both sentences—"till I behold him *dead*," and "*dead* is my poor heart," &c. We have followed Daniel in putting a break after heart.

149. Line 112: *Madam, in happy time—i.e. A la bonne heure*, which is translated "so be it, as you please," as implying reluctant consent; but Cotgrave only gives it the plain sense of "happily, luckily, fortunately."

150. Line 141: *I would the fool were married to her grave!*—This line was copied, almost word for word, in the Two Angry Women of Abington, 1599:

> I'll rather have her *married to her grave.*
> —Dodsley, vol. vii. p. 39.

151. Line 142: TAKE ME WITH YOU, *wife.*—This expression occurs not unfrequently in the Old Plays. It means "let me understand or follow you." Compare Peele's Edward I.: "Soft you now, good Morgan Pigot, and *take us with ye* a little, I pray" (Works, p. 383).

152. Line 154: FETTLE *your fine joints.*—So Qq. F. 1. but F. 2, F. 3, F. 4 give *settle: fettle* is commonly used in the North of England, in the sense of "to make ready," sometimes with *up*. An old woman in Cumberland once excused herself for not going to holy communion, because she "had not had time to *fettle* up her heart fit to meet her Saviour."

153. Line 174: *May not one speak* T' YE?—The last word was Mr. Fleay's emendation; it seems best to supply the missing syllable, the old copies reading merely, "May not one speak?"

154. Lines 178–180:

> *God's bread! it makes me mad: day, night, late, early,*
> *At home, abroad, alone, in company,*
> *Waking, or sleeping, still my care hath been.*

This is the reading compounded by Pope from the readings of Q. 1 and Q. 2, and pretty generally accepted. For a very ingeniously arranged version, see note on Daniel's Edn. of the Second Quarto (1599), pp. 130, 131.

155. Line 186: *mammet.*—Whether this word is the same as *mawmet*, and only an abbreviation of *Mahomet*, or whether it is connected with *mamma*, is disputed. In the sense of "a doll" the latter derivation seems much the more probable. In the Maydes Metamorphosis, 1600, act ii. we have an instance of the word in the form *mawmet:*

> *Io.* What *Mawmets* are these?
> *Fris.* O they be the Fayries that haunt these woods.
> —Bullen's Old Plays, vol. i. p. 127

156. Lines 194–197:

> *hang, beg, starve, die in the streets,*
> *For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,*
> *Nor what is mine shall never do thee good:*
> *Trust to 't, bethink you; I 'll not be forsworn.*

With this compare the following passage in Wily Beguiled, obviously copied from it: "Away, I say; *hang, starve, beg;* begone, pack, I say; out of my sight! Thou never gettest pennyworth of my goods for this. Think on 't, I do not use to jest" (Dodsley, vol. ix. p. 274).

157. Line 228: *Speakest thou from thy heart!*—Note here the calmness of Juliet; she does not break out into any violent abuse of the Nurse for her revolting and insulting speech. Perhaps the spectacle of her father's degradation, in his coarse outburst of temper, has im-

pressed her; but all through this scene she has been rising in dignity and strength of purpose; and now she seems to have reached the climax of resolute and dignified determination. The very trial, to which her new-born love is so suddenly subjected, strengthens and ennobles what might have been a mere caprice of passion into an enduring and fearless love.

158. Line 235: *Ancient damnation!*—One of the many expressions of Shakespeare annexed by Marston in The Malcontent, v. 2:—Out, yee *antient damnation!* (Works, vol. ii. p. 280).

ACT IV. SCENE 1.

159. Line 3: *And I am nothing slow to slack his haste.*—This is, undoubtedly, an ambiguous phrase; but it clearly means, "I am not at all slow, *i.e.* I wish no delay, so as to slack his haste." It is one of those *bifid* sentences, if one may use the expression, in which the writer commences with the intention of using one construction, and ends as if he had used another.

160. Line 7: *And therefore have I little* TALK'D *of love.*—This is the reading of Q. 5, which alone has *talkt;* all the other old editions, substantially, *talk.* There is much to be said for the latter reading, which Mommsen defends most energetically: according to him Paris means, not that he had been prevented by Juliet's grief from speaking of his love, but that "this was the only reason why he received from her so few words of love." Certainly the reading in our text seems the simplest; and the *talkt,* in the earlier copies, might easily have been misprinted *talke.*

161. Line 20: *That "may be" must be.*—We have placed *may be* between inverted commas, as suggested by Daniel. In spite of the comma, which is found after *may be* in all the old editions (except Q. 4), Paris is most probably quoting Juliet's words. The other form of the sentence, *That may be must be,* seems to be in a tone rather more arbitrary than Paris would use.

162. Line 38: *evening mass.*—There has been much learning expended on this supposed mistake of Shakespeare; but, as Mr. Richard Simpson pointed out in a very able note (New Shak. Soc.'s Transactions, 1875, pp. 148–150), the practice of saying *mass* in the *evening* (*i.e.* afternoon) lingered for some time at certain places, even after it had been expressly forbidden by Pius V. (1566–1572). At the cathedral of Verona, curious to say, as late as 1824 the prohibition of *evening mass* was disregarded (see passage from Friedrich Brenner, quoted by Simpson). The present law of the Catholic Church forbids mass being said "before dawn, or later than midday, . . . except in virtue of apostolic Indult" (see Addis and Arnold's Cath. Dict. *sub voce,* MASS).

163. Line 54: *And with this* KNIFE.—Grant White says, "The ladies of Shakespeare's day customarily wore *knives* at their girdles." Gifford has a long note in his edition of Ben Jonson, vol. v. p. 221, in which he says: "Daggers, or, as they were commonly called, *knives,* were worn at all times, by every woman in England;" a very positive assertion; but one may be excused if one asks for some evidence of the fact, as there is no mention of such a custom to be found in Drake, in Douce, or in Planché. The practice of carrying *knives* or daggers, for the defence of their chastity, seems to have been common with Italian as with Spanish women. Men carried with them the *knives* they used in eating, as we gather from Timon i. 2. 44–46:

> I wonder men dare trust themselves with men:
> Methinks they should invite them *without knives,*
> Good for *their meat,* and safer for their lives.

Did women carry *knives* about them for the same purpose?

164. Line 57: *Shall be the* LABEL *to another* DEED.—Seals were not put on the parchment in Shakespeare's time, but attached to *labels.* Compare Rich. II. v. 2. 56:

> What *seal* is that which hangs without thy bosom?

165. Line 64: *Commission* here means, in spite of Ulrici's objection, "authority," "power."

166. Line 78: YONDER *tower.*—So Q. 1; *any* Qq. Ff. There is no material in Brooke's poem for this speech of Juliet's, though there is for her soliloquy in sc. 3 of this act. Shakespeare seems to have been desirous to bring out, as strongly as possible, the way in which Juliet's youthful mind had been impressed by horrible pictures of "vaults and charnel houses."

167. Line 83: REEKY *shanks.*—*Reeky* means here "exhaling foul odours:" *reechy*—used in Hamlet, iii. 4. 184, "*reechy* kisses"—is another form of the same word.

168. Line 88: *To live unstained wife.*—The usual reading is "To live *an unstain'd* wife;" but as F. 1 has *unstained,* and not *unstain'd,* we have omitted the *an,* as having very probably been inserted by mistake.

169. Line 94: *distilled.*—So Q. 1; *distilling* Qq. Ff. Grant White reluctantly prints *distilled;* for he says *distilling* may "have been put for *distilled* according to the common practice of Shakespeare's time;" or it may have been used in the sense of *distilling* through the system, as the "leperous *distilment*" poured in the ears of Hamlet's father. (See Hamlet, i. 5. 64–70.) This is one of the many emendations adopted from Q. 1: perhaps the German critics are right who deprecate the extent to which the text of this play, as revised in Q. 2, has been patched with bits of the old unrevised Q. 1. However, we must remember that we have no copy of the text, which had the advantage of revision by Shakespeare himself when passing through the press.

170. Line 100: *To* PALY *ashes.*—So Q. 5; *Too paly,* Q. 4; *Too many,* Q. 2, Q. 3; *To many,* F. 1; *To mealy,* F. 2, F. 3, F. 4. *Paly,* which is used by Shakespeare in two other passages (Henry V. iv. Chorus, 8; and II. Henry VI. iii. 2. 141), is a form of *pale;* similar to *hugy*=huge, which occurs twice in Brooke's poem, "with *hugy* heapes of harmes" (line 1249); and again (line 2053).

ACT IV. SCENE 2.

171. Line 6: *'t is an ill cook that cannot lick his own fingers.*—Steevens quotes Puttenham's Arte of English Poesie (1589, p. 157):

> As the olde cocke crowes so doeth the chick:
> A bad cooke *that cannot his owne fingers lick.*

172. Line 26: *And gave him what* BECOMED *love I might.*—Delius rightly explains *becomed*: "It is not precisely the same as *becoming* love; but such love as *was*, not *is* befitting."

173. Line 39: *'T is now near night.*—Juliet left in the early morning to go to Friar Laurence; she met Paris at the convent, and afterwards went to confession; she could not have remained there all day; yet now Lady Capulet says it is *near night*. This confusion as to time arose from Shakespeare's deviating, for the sake of dramatic concentration, from his original. In Brooke's poem, Juliet, on returning from the Friar, meets her mother at the door of her home, and thus addresses her:

> Madame, at Sainct Frauncis churche / haue I this morning byn,
> Where I did make abode / a longer while (percase)
> Then dewty would; yet haue I not / been absent from this place
> So long a while. (Lines 2200–2203).

Lady Capulet then goes to tell her husband, who at once goes to Paris to arrange for the marriage "on wensday next." The delay involved by these incidents would have retarded the dramatic action too much; and therefore Shakespeare, very wisely, condenses the narration at this point. It was on Monday (see 4. 19 of this act) that Capulet arranged with Paris for the marriage to take place; first fixing Wednesday, and then, as that was too soon, the next day, Thursday. In the poem Wednesday was the day fixed, and to that Shakespeare now adheres, as, in consequence of Juliet's unexpected compliance with her father's wishes, he now fixes the marriage for the next day (see above, line 37), "we'll to church *to-morrow*," *i.e.* Wednesday: this conversation taking place on Tuesday

ACT IV. Scene 3.

174. Line 2: *I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night.*—The Nurse, it would seem, was a sort of duenna, and slept in Juliet's room. In Brooke's poem, which Shakespeare at this point follows very closely, the scene in which Juliet gets rid of the Nurse is thus introduced:

> In Juliet's chamber was / her wonted vse to lye;
> Wherefore her mistres, dreading that / she should her work descrye,
> As sone as she began / her pallet to vnfold,
> Thinking to lye that night where she / was wont to lye of olde,
> Doth gently pray her seeke / her lodgeing some where els.
> (Lines 2319–2323).

175. Line 6: *do you need my help.*—So Q. 1: the other old copies read: *ho? need you my help?*

176. Line 22: *Must I of force be married to the county?*—This again is from Q. 1. The much tamer reading of the other Qq. Ff. being:

> *Shall I be married then to-morrow morning?*

177. Line 23: *this shall forbid it:—lie thou there.* In Q. 1 this line is given thus:

> This shall forbid it. *Knife*, lye thou there.

The knife being the one already mentioned in 1. 54 of this act (see note 163).

178. Line 29: *For he hath still been tried a holy man.*—After this line, in the somewhat bald version of this speech in Q. 1, follows this line:

> I will not entertaine so bad a thought.

Steevens, who is followed by many editors, incorporated this line in the text on the ground that it "seems necessary to the completeness of the rejection of Juliet's suspicion of the Friar." But Ulrici ably refutes this view in a long note; the point of which is that the agitation of Juliet's mind, as Shakespeare has portrayed it, is more strongly brought out if her suspicion of the Friar, naturally aroused, is not completely allayed.

179. Line 47: *And shrieks like* MANDRAKES', *torn out of the earth.*—The popular superstitions as to the *mandrake* or *mandragora* are frequently alluded to in our old dramatists. An interesting account of this plant, and of the legends attached to it, will be found in Ellacombe's Plant Lore of Shakespeare, pp. 117–119.

180. Line 58: *Romeo! I come. This do I drink to thee.*—So Q. 1. In the other Qq. and Ff. the line (substantially) runs thus: "*Romeo, Romeo, Romeo, heere's drinke*, I drinke to thee." The *heere's drinke* has evidently got into the text from a stage direction, *here drink*. Such mistakes occur constantly in the original texts of our old dramatists.

ACT IV. Scene 4.

181. Line 4: *The curfew-bell hath rung, 't is three o'clock.*—The *curfew-bell*, as is well known, was rung only in the evening; but this means probably what is generally called "the matins-bell," a bell rung at dawn; it was the same bell on which the *curfew-bell* was rung, and so Shakespeare here calls it the *curfew-bell*.

182. Line 6: *cot-quean.*—This word had two meanings: (1) a henpecked husband, (2) a man who meddles with affairs which belong properly to women. In the latter sense, it is used, frequently, from Shakespeare's time down to the beginning of the eighteenth century. It occurs in the Spectator (No. 482). A similar word, *cuc-quean* (sometimes written *cut-quean*) meant a she-cuckold. The whole of this scene, though properly omitted on the stage, serves to bring out the fussy, nervously-irritable character of Capulet, who is evidently drawn from nature by Shakespeare; he is just the kind of man to heap coarse abuse on his daughter one moment, and the next to utter passionate expressions of grief over her dead body.

183. Line 11: *Ay, you have been a* MOUSE-HUNT *in your time.*—This word, *mouse-hunt*, is generally explained to mean a *marten* or a *stoat*; it would seem that animals of the weasel tribe enjoyed, as to amativeness, much the same character as cats. Cassio calls Bianca a *fitchew*, *i.e.* polecat (Othello, iv. 1. 150). But *mouse-hunt*, it has been suggested, may also mean one who goes after women; *mouse* being a favourite term of endearment. In Day's Law Trickes, act iii. Winifrede, speaking of herself, says: "especially such old *mousers* as I haue beene in my time" [Works, p. 43 (of play)].

184. Line 13: *A jealous hood.*—In none of the old copies are these two words hyphened, except in F. 4. Some critics think it is a word formed on the model of womanhood, but *hood* here is probably a separate word.

ACT IV. Scene 5.

185. Line 2: *slug-a-bed.*—Cotgrave gives this word under *dormart:* I cannot find any other instance of its use.

186. Line 6: *Set up his rest.*—This expression is undoubtedly derived from the Spanish game of *primero,* which was very popular in England. It means not "to stand on your hand," but to put up all you intend to bet on your cards. The Spanish phrase is *echar el resto,* "to throw down your stake." *Set up* should be *lay down;* but, as Keightley pointed out, this form of the expression arose from the *piling up* the coin in front of your cards. *To set up your rest* came to mean "to be determined;" the ambiguous use of *set up* naturally led Steevens to think that the expression was derived from the *setting up a rest* for the harquebuss in firing; but this explanation is quite abandoned.

187. Line 32: *Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak.*—Shakespeare was here thinking more of Brooke's poem than of his own play. In the poem Capulet's grief is thus described (lines 2451-2454):

> But more than all the rest / the fathers hart was so
> Smit with the heavy newes, and so / shut vp with sodain woe,
> That he ne had the powre / his daughter to bewepe,
> Ne yet to speake, but long is fors'd / his teares and plaint to kepe.

Such dignified sorrow would have been out of keeping with the Capulet that Shakespeare has drawn.

188. Line 33: Fri. L. *Come, is the bride ready to go to church?*—This line is given by Q. 1 to Paris, and I believe rightly. It is to be remarked that Capulet, in his answer, addresses Paris: it is more natural the question should have come from the bridegroom than from Friar Laurence, who knew in what a condition Juliet was.

189. Line 36: *Hath Death lain with thy wife.*—Euripides has the same conceit (Iphig. in Aul. ver. 460), and it occurs twice in Dekker; in Satiromastix (Works, vol. i. p. 252), and in his Wonderful Yeare (according to Steevens).

190. Lines 40–54.—This speech of the Nurse's might have adorned the celebrated play of Pyramus and Thisbe. It is one of the many proofs of the early period at which this play was written.

191. Lines 80, 81:

> *and, as the custom is,*
> *In all her best array bear her to church.*

That amusing traveller, Tom Coryat, thus describes a funeral in Venice: "For they carry the corse to church with face, hands, and feet all naked, and wearing the same apparel that the person wore lately before it died, or that which it craved to be buried in; which apparel is interred together with their bodies" (Crudities, vol. ii. p. 27).

192. Line 101: *Enter* PETER.—Q. 2, *Enter* WILL KEMP. Q. 3, *Enter* WILL KEMPE (the name of the actor who played *Peter*). This scene takes the place, as Knight has pointed out, of the comic interludes which used to be introduced in the old plays to fill up what, with us, would be called "the waits between the acts." Plays were not at this time divided into acts, but at certain pauses in the action the popular "low comedian" or "*clown*" came on and talked more or less nonsense with some of the characters, or sometimes soliloquized, or even spoke to the audience. Nothing could well be sillier than this scene, except some of the countless similar scenes which are found in Shakespeare's predecessors and contemporaries.

193. Line 107: "*My heart is full of woe.*"—This was the burden of a song given in the Pepys Collection, called "A Pleasant new Ballad of two Lovers." "Heart's ease" was a popular tune given in Chappell's Popular Music of the Olden Time, vol. i. p. 209 (2nd edn.).

194. Line 108: *some merry* DUMP.—A *dump* was a slow dance; see Day's Humour out of Breath, ii. 2, "an Italian *dumpe* or a French brawle" [Works, p. 31 (of play)]. It was also used for a dirge, an elegiac lament, or any sad tune or song; the word had not the colloquial or ridiculous meaning that it has now.

195. Line 116: *I will give you the minstrel.*—This phrase has been explained as a kind of pun on the strength of an assertion of Douce that "minstrels were anciently called *gleek men* or *glig men.*" Peter, being asked what he will give the musicians, answers "no money, on my faith, but the *gleek,*" that is, as some explain, "I will play a jest or trick on you," or "I will give you a scoff, a mocking answer; *I will give you the minstrel.*" There is no instance of *gleek man* being used for a minstrel, nor is *glig man* given in any glossary that I can find; so that Douce's statement must be taken as a mere assertion. *Glig* is certainly an old A. Sax. form of *glee,* and *minstrels* were called *glee-men;* but the connection between *glig* and *gleek* is purely imaginary. From the retort of the musician "I will give you the *serving-creature,*" it is most probable Peter's expression was nothing more than a piece of nonsense coined for the occasion.

196. Line 119: *I will carry no crotchets.*—This is evidently a humorous adaptation of the phrase "I will carry no coals." See note 3 of this play.

197. Line 128: "*When griping grief,*" &c.—These lines are from The Paradise of Daintie Devises by Richard Edwards, the author of the old play Damon and Pythias, 1571. *Griping grief* seems to have been a favourite poetical expression of this time. As to *music with her silver sound,* we find in The Two Merry Milk-Maids, a comedy by J. C. (1620), i. 2:

> for *musicke with his Silver Knel*
> rings us all in at the blew Bell.

198. Line 135: *Pretty!*—So Q. 1; and it has been generally adopted by all editors. Q. 2 has *Prates:* Q. 3 Ff. *Pratest:* Q. 4, Q. 5 *Pratee.* So again below, line 138, for *Pretty too* of Q. 1, *Prates to, Pratest to,* or *Pratee to* are substituted. It is possible Q. 3 and Ff. are right, and the reading should be *Pratest = Thou pratest, i.e.* "You talk nonsense." Mommsen would read *Prat'ee,* like *Look'ee, Hark'ee,* &c. If we are to adopt any of the readings of Q. 1, this seems certainly one of the most probable ones.

ACT V. Scene 1.

199. Line 1: *If I may trust the flattering* TRUTH *of sleep.*—Q. 1 has *eye of sleep,* although other Qq. and Ff. have *truth.* Various emendations have been suggested, *sooth,*

ruth, soother sleep, &c. Kinnear, in his Cruces Shakesp. has the "*flattering* toys *of sleep*," quoting from Winter's Tale, iii. 3. 39, "Dreams are *toys*;" but this is not very decisive. *Eye* in the sense of *sight* is certainly quite as intelligible as *truth*. I would suggest that *troth* (though only another form of *truth*) was, very probably, the word really intended in Q. 2, and following early editions.

200. Lines 2–11: This joyful presage of Romeo's dreams, just as he is going to hear what proves the doubly fatal news of Juliet's (supposed) death, is one of the most dramatic touches in the play. The whole of this scene is remarkable for its quiet strength.

201. Line 15: *How doth my lady? that I ask again.*—Q. 1 reads, "*How* fares *my* Juliet?" Qq. Ff. read, *How doth my Lady Juliet?* which looks like a mixture of the reading of Q. 1 and the reading given in the text. The exact repetition of the same words is more forcible than any variation of the sentence.

202. Line 24:

Is it even so? [He pauses, overcome by his grief.]
then I defy you, stars!

Printed in Ff. as two lines; probably to indicate the pause as given in our stage-direction. Note here the concentrated majesty of grief in Romeo, expressed by so few and such solemn words. What a different creature is this from the passionate boy, who flung himself in a paroxysm of tears and sobs on the ground, because he was in danger of being denied the enjoyment of his new love for some days! (iii. 3). All Qq. but Q. 1, and Ff. read *deny* instead of *defy*. Q. 1 has "*defy* my *stars*." Certainly, *defy* seems the better word. Romeo is reticent here in his grief; but how deeply he is moved is shown by what Balthazar says (line 28):

Your looks are pale and wild.

203. Line 37: *I do remember an apothecary.*—This description had evidently been much elaborated from the earlier draft given in Q. 1; if that be a correct version of its original form. Its introduction at this point has been severely criticised; but for an admirable defence of its propriety, see Knight's long note on the passage.

204. Line 43: *An alligator stuff'd.*—This seems to have been a *sine-quâ-non* of an apothecary's shop down to a much later time than Shakespeare's. (Compare Garth's Dispensary.) All the details of this description are very exact.

205. Line 67: *that* UTTERS *them.*—The use of the verb to *utter*, namely, "to sell to the public," is now only preserved in the phrase "*to utter* false coin."

206. Line 70: *Need and oppression* STARETH *in thine eyes.*—Qq. and Ff. all read *starveth:* the reading in the text is taken from Otway's Caius Marius, in which so much is borrowed from this play. Certainly there is no authority for the change; and, but for the fact that it is difficult to understand how *need and oppression* could be said to *starve in the eye*, we might scruple to adopt it. The expression *famine is in thy cheeks*, which is so forcible, is surely much weakened if we retain *starveth*.

207. Line 76: *I* PAY *thy poverty, and not thy will.*—Q. 2, Q. 3, Ff. all read *pray;* and though this reading has been almost universally rejected, it may be the right one; the meaning being, "*I pray*—*i.e.* I address my request—*to thy poverty, and not thy will.*"

ACT V. Scene 2.

208. Line 6: *to associate me.*—All members of unenclosed orders, that is to say, members of religious orders allowed to go out of the precincts of their monastery, are enjoined, when possible, to take a companion of the order with them. This injunction, which does not amount to an absolute rule, is not, as some of the commentators seem to think, peculiar to the Franciscans.

209. Line 7: *Here in this city.*—For the purposes of this scene, Shakespeare deviates here from the story in the poem, by making the pestilence in Verona, and not in Mantua.

ACT V. Scene 3.

210. *Churchyard*, &c.—Hunter thinks that "Shakespeare, or some writer whom he followed, had in his mind the churchyard of St. Mary the Old, in Verona, and the monument of the Scaligers which stood in it." This monument is spoken of by Coryat as being "an exceeding sumptuous mausoleum, that I saw not the like in Italy" (Crudities, vol. ii. p. 114). According to Singer, the lovers are said to have been buried in a vault of Fermo Maggiore, a Franciscan monastery "which was burnt down some years since. A sarcophagus, said to be that of Juliet, was removed from the ruins, and is still shown at Verona." But the only church of that name, San Fermo Maggiore, is in Verona, and still exists. The sarcophagus shown as Juliet's tomb is generally considered utterly unauthentic.

211. Line 3: *Under yond yew-trees.*—Q. 1 reads *this Ew-tree:* all the other Qq. and Ff. have "yond *young* trees" (Q. 4, yong). In Holland's Plinie, b. xvi., c. 10, *yew* is *yugh*. Chaucer writes it *ew;* Spencer *eugh;* Dryden has *yeugh* (Virgil, Georgics, b. ii.). From the reading of Q. 4 it is probable the form of the word in the MS. of this passage was *yugh*.

212. Line 8: *As signal that thou hear'st some thing approach.*—Walker points out (vol. i. p. 223) that the accent here is required on *thing*. F. 1 (which, however, has *hearest*, probably by mistake) prints *some thing*, as we have printed it, in two words. Below (line 18), where the accent is on *some*, F. 1 prints it as one word, *something*.

213. Line 21: MUFFLE *me, night; awhile.*—Steevens quotes Drayton's Polyolbion:

But suddenly the clouds which on the winds do fly,
Do *muffle* him againe.

So Milton, in Comus, "*Unmuffle* ye faint stars." Tennyson uses the word *muffle* in three or four places, *e.g.* in the Princess:

The full sea glazed with *muffled* moonlight;

a line intended, I imagine, to describe the light of a moon, *muffled* in clouds, on the sea.

214. ENTER *Romeo*, AND *Balthasar.*—Q. 2, Q. 3, Ff., all

have *Enter* Romeo *and* Peter. In Brooke and Painter *Peter* is Romeo's servant. So in Bandello's novel he is called *Pietro*.

215. Line 28: *Why I descend into this bed of death.*—This seems to prove that a vault, into which the descent was by steps, such as is represented on Mr. Irving's stage, was what Shakespeare here intended to describe.

216. Line 32: *In* DEAR *employment.*—The word *dear* is used in many senses; its exact derivation is disputed: here it means, "sad and yet precious." See Note 223, Love's Labour's Lost.

217. Line 54.—The incident of Paris and Romeo meeting at the tomb is Shakespeare's own invention; it is not found in any known version of the play. For the beautiful speech of Romeo's, which follows, there is no material in Brooke's poem.

218. Line 68: *I do* DEFY *thy* CONJURATIONS.—So Q. 1, undoubtedly the right reading. Q. 2 here has *commiration;* the other Qq. and Ff. (substantially) *commiseration*, which makes nonsense. *Conjuration* has here nothing to do with any necromantic proceedings; it simply means "earnest entreaties." So in Look About You (1600), sc. 14:

> What needs more *conjuration*, gracious mother?
> —Dodsley, vol. vii. p. 426.

For *defy*, used in the sense of *refuse*, compare King John, iii. 4. 23:

> No, I *defy* all counsel, all redress.

219. Line 84: *a lantern.*—This means a round or octagonal turret, full of windows, called a *louvre* or *lantern*, by which cathedrals, halls, and even large kitchens, are sometimes lighted and ventilated. There is a beautiful one in Ely Cathedral.

220. Line 90: *A lightning before death.*—A proverbial expression (Bohn's Handbook of Proverbs, p. 55). Chapman uses it twice, and we find it in the Death of Robert, Earl of Huntingdon, ii. 2:

> I thought it was a *lightening* before death.
> —Dodsley, vol. viii. p. 266.

Many great and good men have died with a jest upon their lips; but the expression refers, probably, to the deceptive rallying of strength and reason which often takes place before death.

221. Line 92: *Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath.*—Compare the well-known passage in Hamlet (iii. 1. 163, 164):

> And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
> That *suck'd the honey* of his music vows.

222. Line 96: *And death's pale flag is not advanced there.*—Compare Samuel Daniel's Complaint of Rosamond:

> And nought respecting Death (the last of Pains)
> Plac'd his *pale Colours* (th' *Ensign* of his Might)
> Upon his new-got Spoil before his Right.
> —Works (edn. 1718), vol. i. p. 59.

This is one of the four passages in this act which bear so strong a resemblance to passages in Daniel's poem, that considering the latter work was printed, probably, in 1592, there can be little doubt, as Malone suggests, that Shakespeare had read recently Daniel's poem, "before he wrote the last act of the present tragedy."

223. Line 115: *A dateless bargain to engrossing death!*—This is one of the lines which may well countenance the theory that Shakespeare, at one time or other during his life, was a limb of the law. Such a legal epithet as *engrossing*, applied to *death* in so pathetic a speech, certainly smacks of an attorney's office.

224. Lines 121, 122:

> *how oft to-night*
> *Have my old feet stumbled at graves!*

Alluding to a popular superstition that to *stumble* augured some coming danger or misfortune. Compare III. Henry VI. iv. 7. 11, 12:

> For many men that *stumble* at the threshold,
> Are well foretold that danger lurks within.

225. Line 137: *under this* YEW-*tree.*—Qq. and Ff. read *young tree* (Q. 2 *yong*), as in the former passage, line 3 of this scene. If we read *yew-trees* there, it seems we ought to read *yew-tree* here; *young tree* has no particular force in this passage. It is not necessary to suppose, as Ulrici suggests, that by reading *yew-tree* we make Shakespeare represent Balthasar and the page of County Paris as sleeping under the same tree. *Yew-trees* were common enough in churchyards; they were probably planted at first in a belt, partly or entirely round the churchyard, though in many of our old English churchyards only one old tree survives.

226. Line 148: *O* COMFORTABLE *friar!*—Compare King Lear, i. 4. 327, 328:

> yet have I left a daughter,
> Who, I am sure, is kind and *comfortable*.

It means here "able to give comfort."

227. Lines 163, 164:

> *O churl!* DRINK *all; and* LEAVE *no friendly drop*
> *To help me after!*

So Q. 1, Q. 5; but Q. 2 has *drunke* and *left*, while Q. 3, Q. 4, and Ff. have:

> *drinke* all and *left* no friendly drop.

It is as well to avoid the awkward word *drunk*, if possible. The latter reading may be defended; "and *left* no friendly drop," may be explained "and no friendly drop is *left* for me." I am not certain whether a note of exclamation (!) would not be better than one of interrogation (?) at the end of the sentence as printed in our text.

228. Line 170: *there* REST, *and let me die.*—Qq. and Ff. have *rust;* in Q. 1 the passage runs:

> O happy dagger thou shalt end my feare,
> *Rest* in my bosome, thus I come to thee.

The reading *rust* has been defended; and certainly the word is characteristic in the context, but, on the whole, *rest* is preferable. Juliet could hardly imagine their bodies would remain so long undiscovered that the dagger would have time to rust.

229. Line 205: *And* IS *mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom!*—Some editors print *it* for *is*, following Q. 2. But "*for, lo, his house*" (*i.e.* the dagger's sheath) "*is empty on the back of Montague*," is a parenthesis; the *and* coupling the two verbs *hath mista'en* (l. 203), *is mis-sheathed*. Perhaps the right reading may be "'T IS *mis-sheathed*."

230. Line 216: *Seal up the mouth of* OUTRAGE *for a while.*—The ingenious author of the MS. notes in Collier's

wonderful Folio could not tolerate *outrage*, so he altered it to *outcry*. This effort of invention was quite unnecessary, as *outrage* makes very good sense, indeed better than *outcry*. Compare I. Henry VI. iv. 1. 125–127:

> are you not asham'd
> With this immodest clamorous *outrage*
> To trouble and disturb the king and us?

231. Line 229 *et seq.*—The omission on the stage of some of what follows on the death of the two lovers may be regretted, even from a dramatic point of view. The agitated utterances of Lady Capulet and Capulet, the discovery of the bodies, and the arrest of the Friar and Balthasar, all tend to increase the effect of the scene. But this long speech of the Friar's, and all that follows up to within a few lines of the end, is terribly dull and commonplace, and if retained in the acting version would weaken the end of the tragedy.

232. Line 247: AS *this dire night.*—For a similar instance of the redundant *as* compare Jul. Ces. v. 1. 72, 73:

> This is my birth-day; *as this very day*
> Was Cassius born.

233. Line 275: *This letter he early bid me give his fathe* —This is a very inharmonious line. According to Walk (Vers. p. 67) and Abbott [Shak. Grammar (ed. 3), p. 3 *letter* should here be pronounced as a monosyllable *lett* Even then the line would be better if it stood:

> This letter he bid me give his father early,

or,

> This letter he bid me early give his father.

234. Line 295: *a* BRACE *of kinsmen.*—Meaning M cutio and Paris. See iii. 1. 114, where Romeo, speaki of Mercutio, says:

> This gentleman the *prince's near ally*,

and Paris, in iii. 5. 181 (according to Q. 1), is spoken of:

> A gentleman of *princely* parentage.

The reading is *noble* in all the other copies, so that t does not go for much; but it may be inferred he was t second *kinsman* intended. *Brace* is generally used, has been noted by Steevens, when applied to men in contemptuous sense, but that is certainly not the case this passage.

WORDS OCCURRING ONLY IN ROMEO AND JULIET.

NOTE.—The addition of sub., adj., verb, adv. in brackets immediately after a word indicates that the word is used as a substantive, adjective, verb, or adverb only in the passage or passages cited.

The compound words marked with an asterisk (*) are printed as two separate words in Q. 2 and F. 1.

	Act	Sc.	Line
Affray (verb)	iii.	5	33
Agate-stone	i.	4	55
Agile	iii.	1	171
All-cheering	i.	1	140
Alligator	v.	1	43
Ambuscadoes	i.	4	84
Amerce	iii.	1	195
Angelical	iii.	2	75
Awaking (sub.)	v.	3	258
Baptized	ii.	2	50
Bedaubed	iii.	2	55
*Beggar-maid	ii.	1	14
Behoveful	iv.	3	8
Benefice	i.	4	81
Bepaint[1]	ii.	2	86
Bescreened	ii.	2	52
Betossed	v.	3	76
Blaze[2]	iii.	3	151
Bow-boy	ii.	4	16
Bower (verb)	iii.	2	81
Bump (sub.)	i.	3	53
Candle-holder	i.	4	38
Cheveril (sub.)	ii.	4	88
Chop-logic[3]	iii.	5	150

[1] Venus and Adonis, 201.
[2] In the sense of "to make public." *To blaze*, in the ordinary sense, is used in several passages.
[3] *Chop-logic*, reading of Q. 1 only.

	Act	Sc.	Line
*Church-door	iii.	1	100
Coach-maker	i.	4	69
*Cock-a-hoop	i.	5	83
Collar	i.	1	6
	i.	4	62
Contrary (verb)	i.	5	87
Cot-quean	iv.	4	6
Court-cupboard	i.	5	8
Death-darting	iii.	2	47
Death-marked	Prol.	9	
Deliciousness	ii.	6	12
*Dew-dropping	i.	4	103
Dove-feathered	iii.	2	76
Dove-house	i.	3	30
	i.	3	35
Dowdy	ii.	4	44
Drivelling	ii.	4	95
Duellist	ii.	4	27
Earliness	ii.	3	39
Earthen	v.	1	46
Earth-treading	i.	2	25
Easter	iii.	1	30
Elf-locks	i.	4	90
Endart	i.	3	98
Enpierced	i.	4	19
Fantastico	ii.	4	31
Fashion-monger	ii.	4	35
Fettle	iii.	5	154

	Act	Sc.	Line
Field-bed	ii.	1	40
*Fiery-footed	iii.	2	1
Film (sub.)	i.	4	63
Fishified	ii.	4	40
*Flattering-sweet	ii.	2	141
Flecked	ii.	3	3
Flirt-gills	ii.	4	162
Franciscan	v.	2	1
Gadding	iv.	2	16
Glooming	v.	3	305
Grasshopper	i.	4	60
Gray-coated	i.	4	64
Gray-eyed	ii.	3	1
Hay[4]	ii.	4	27
Hazel (adj.)	iii.	1	22
Healthsome	iv.	3	34
Heartless[5]	i.	1	73
Hereabouts	v.	1	38
High-lone	i.	3	38
Highmost[6]	ii.	5	9
Hist	ii.	1	159
Hunt's-up	iii.	5	34
Hurdle	iii.	5	156
Idles (verb)	ii.	6	19
*Ill-divining	iii.	5	54

[4] A term of fencing.
[5] Pilgrim, 279; Lucrece, 471, 1393.
[6] Sonnet, vii. 9.

	Act	Sc.	Line
*Ill-shaped	v.	1	
Immoderately	iv.	1	
Inauspicious	v.	3	1
Jaunt (sub.)	ii.	5	
*Judgment-place	i.	1	1
Lady-bird	i.	3	
*Lammas-eve	i.	3	
	i.	3	
*Lammas-tide	i.	3	
Lantern[7]	v.	3	
Last[8] (sub.)	i.	2	
*Lazy-pacing[9]	ii.	2	
Life-weary	v.	1	
*Long-experienced[10]	iv.	1	
Love-devouring	ii.	6	
Love-performing	iii.	2	
*Loving-jealous	ii.	2	1
Lure (verb)	ii.	2	1
*Maiden-widowed	iii.	2	1
Marchpane	i.	5	
*Mark-man	i.	1	2
Minim	ii.	4	

[7] In its architectural sense. S note 219.
[8] *i.e.* a shoemaker's *last*.
[9] See note 70.
[10] Lucrece, 1220.

EMENDATIONS ON ROMEO AND JULIET.

	Act	Sc.	Line
venture .	v.	1	29
	v.	3	188
ventured,	Prol.	7.	
plied....	ii.	3	21
naved...	iii.	3	143
eathed..	v.	3	205
rmed ...	iii.	3	21
ke.....	iii.	3	73
ly (adv.).	ii.	2	110
-hunt...	iv.	4	11
y.....	iii.	2	117
bour-stained	i.	1	89
beloved .	ii.	Chor.	12
name (sub.)	ii.	1	12
ile-pinioned	ii.	5	7
vered....	iv.	1	82
rch	ii.	2	66
it	iii.	5	137
r	i.	3	102
.....	iv.	4	2
r[1].....	iii.	1	84
.....	ii.	4	61
	ii.	4	62
(verb)..	i.	4	89
in[3].....	ii.	1	38

e it means "a scabbard" er = *pilchard* is used in Night, iii. 1. 39.
over's Complaint, 8.
Anglicised name of a f pear. (See foot-note to

	Act	Sc.	Line
Poultice	ii.	5	65
*Precious-juiced	ii.	3	8
Prick-song	ii.	4	23
Princox.....	i.	5	88
Profaners	i.	1	89
Proverbed	i.	4	37
Quinces	iv.	4	2
Rat-catcher....	iii.	1	78
Reeky[4].....	iv.	1	83
Reflex[5] (sub.)..	iii.	5	20
Ropery	ii.	4	154
Rushed[6]	iii.	3	26
Saint-seducing.	i.	1	220
Sallow	ii.	3	70
*Savage-wild ..	v.	3	37
Scant (adv.)....	i.	2	104
Scathe (verb)..	i.	5	86
Searchers	v.	2	8
Serving-creature	iv.	5	117
	iv.	5	119
*Sharp-ground	iii.	3	44
Sharps (sub.)..	iii.	5	28
Shoemaker	i.	2	39
Silver-sweet ...	ii.	2	166
Sin-absolver...	iii.	3	50

[4] Supposed by some to be another form of *reechy*, which occurs three times.
[5] Used as a verb in I. Henry VI. v. 4. 87.
[6] Used as a transitive verb. See note 130.

	Act	Sc.	Line
Singleness[7]....	ii.	4	70
*Single-soled ..	ii.	4	69
*Skains-mates.	ii.	4	163
Slip[8].....	ii.	4	51
Slowed.....	iv.	1	16
Slug-a-bed.....	iv.	5	2
Smatter.....	iii.	5	172
Snowy	i.	5	50
*Sober-suited ..	iii.	2	11
*Soon-speeding	v.	1	60
Stakes[9] (verb).	i.	4	16
Star-crossed...	Prol.	6.	
*Still-waking..	i.	1	187
Sweeting[10]....	ii.	4	86
Swung	i.	1	118
Tackled.....	ii.	4	201
*Tallow-face ..	iii.	5	158
*Tassel-gentle.	ii.	2	160
Tithe-pig.....	i.	4	79
Top-gallant....	ii.	4	202
Towards (adv.).	i.	5	124

[7] Here used = simplicity. It occurs in Sonnet viii. 8 = celibacy.
[8] Used in a quibbling sense as "a piece of false money." So Venus and Adonis, 515.
[9] In the sense of "to fix like a stake in the ground;" in the sense of "to wager" the verb is used elsewhere by Shakespeare (Cymb. v. 5. 188).
[10] A kind of apple.

	Act	Sc.	Line
Traces[11] (sub.).	i.	4	61
Trim (adv.)....	ii.	1	13
Tuner.....	ii.	4	30
Unattainted...	i.	2	90
Uncomfortable	iv.	5	60
Unharmed	i.	1	217
Unplagued	i.	5	19
Unseemly.....	iii.	3	112
Unstuffed.....	ii.	3	37
Untalked.....	iii.	2	7
Up-fill.....	ii.	3	7
Up-roused	ii.	3	40
Upturned.....	ii.	2	29
Varsal	ii.	4	219
Waddled.....	i.	3	39
Waggon-spokes	i.	4	59
Waverer.....	ii.	3	89
Wedding-bed ..	i.	5	137
	iii.	2	136
*Well-apparelled	i.	2	27
Wind-swift....	ii.	5	8
Without-book[12] (adj.).....	i.	4	7
Wolvish-ravening	iii.	2	76
World-wearied	v.	3	112
Yew-tree[13] (plural)	v.	3	3
	v.	3	137

[11] A part of the harness.
[12] See note 46.
[13] See notes 211, 225.

ORIGINAL EMENDATIONS ADOPTED.

Note	Act	Sc.	Line	
27.	i.	2.	32.	Which, on more view, of many mine, being one.
168.	iv.	1.	88.	To live unstained wife to my sweet love.
201.	v.	1.	15.	How doth my lady? that I ask again.

ORIGINAL EMENDATIONS SUGGESTED.

Note	Act	Sc.	Line	
25.	i.	2.	15.	She is the hopeful lady of my *ee*.
117.	iii.	2.	6.	That *run-i'-th'-ways'* eyes may wink.
199.	v.	1.	1.	If I may trust the flattering *troth* of sleep.
229.	v.	3.	205.	And *'t is* mis-sheathed.
233.	v.	3.	275.	This letter he bid me give his father early; or, This letter he bid me early give his father.

KING HENRY VI.—PART I.

NOTES AND INTRODUCTION

BY

F. A. MARSHALL.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

JOHN, DUKE OF BEDFORD, uncle to the King, and Regent of France.

HUMPHREY, DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, uncle to the King, and Protector.

THOMAS BEAUFORT, Duke of Exeter, great-uncle to the King.

HENRY BEAUFORT, great-uncle to the King, Bishop of Winchester, and afterwards Cardinal.

JOHN BEAUFORT, Earl, afterwards Duke of Somerset.

RICHARD PLANTAGENET, son of Richard late Earl of Cambridge, afterwards Duke of York.

RICHARD BEAUCHAMP, EARL OF WARWICK.

THOMAS MONTAGUE, EARL OF SALISBURY.

WILLIAM DE LA POLE, EARL OF SUFFOLK.

LORD TALBOT, afterwards Earl of Shrewsbury.

JOHN TALBOT, his son.

EDMUND MORTIMER, Earl of March.

SIR JOHN FASTOLFE.

SIR WILLIAM LUCY.

SIR WILLIAM GLANSDALE.

SIR THOMAS GARGRAVE.

Mayor of London.

WOODVILE, Lieutenant of the Tower.

VERNON, of the White Rose or York faction.

BASSET, of the Red Rose or Lancaster faction.

A LAWYER.

Mortimer's Gaolers.

CHARLES.

REIGNIER, Duke of Anjou, and titular King of Naples.

PHILIP LE BON, Duke of Burgundy.

JOHN, Duke of Alençon.

BASTARD OF ORLEANS.

Governor of Paris.

Master Gunner of Orleans, and his Son.

General of the French forces in Bordeaux.

A French Sergeant.

A Porter.

An old Shepherd, father to Joan la Pucelle.

MARGARET, daughter to Reignier, afterwards married to King Henry.

COUNTESS OF AUVERGNE.

JOAN LA PUCELLE, commonly called Joan of Arc.

Lords, Warders of the Tower, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers.

Fiends appearing to La Pucelle.

SCENE—Partly in England and partly in France.

HISTORIC PERIOD.

From the death of Henry V., August 31st, 1422, to the overture of marriage made by Suffolk to Margaret on behalf of Henry VI., towards the end of 1444.

TIME OF ACTION.

The time of this play, according to Daniel, comprises eight days with intervals:—

Day 1: Act I. Scenes 1 to 6.—Interval.
Day 2: Act II. Scenes 1 to 5.
Day 3: Act III. Scene 1.—Interval
Day 4: Act III. Scene 2.
Day 5: Act III. Scene 3.—Interval.
Day 6: Act III. Scene 4; Act IV. Scene 1.—Interval.
Day 7: Act IV. Scenes 2 to 7; Act V. Scenes 1 to 3.—Interval.
Day 8: Act V. Scenes 4, 5.

KING HENRY VI.—PART I.

INTRODUCTION.

LITERARY HISTORY.

As far as we know this play was not printed before it appeared, among the "Histories," in the Folio, 1623 (F. 1). It will be more convenient to treat this play separate from the other two parts of Henry VI. as it was derived from a totally different source. What that source was we do not know; but there can be little doubt, as far as the internal evidence goes, that he founded it on some old play, written perhaps by more than one author. There are traces of Shakespeare's hand in the language of some of the scenes, as well as in part of the dramatic construction; but what work he did on this play, we can have little doubt, was done at the very earliest period of his career as a writer or adapter of plays. I shall not attempt to follow many recent editors and commentators in assigning, exactly and confidently, to Shakespeare, and to the other supposed author or authors, their different shares in this play. Suffice it to say that the ear of one familiar with Shakespeare's versification will at once protest against many of the passages in this play being assigned to his pen; even allowing for the fact that they were part of his earliest work. Who the authors were of the play which Shakespeare retouched we do not know. Robert Greene, Peele, and Marlowe, may all have had some share in it; so, at least, it has been confidently stated by some editors. Lodge and Nash are also supposed by some commentators to have had a hand in its composition; but there is no external evidence on that point whatsoever. There is no reason to believe that Shakespeare openly co-operated with any other author or authors in the writing of this play; it is more probable that he took the old play, which he found in the theatre, and slightly altered and improved it, having then, in his mind, the determination to complete the series of the plays with those two which are now known as the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI. Both, as we shall see, when we come to consider the literary history of those plays, were probably adaptations from some other author's works.

Finally, as to the question whether the first part of Henry VI. has any claim to rank amongst Shakespeare's plays, we shall, on the one side, be impressed with the fact that, although he mentions Titus Andronicus, Meres (Palladis Tamia, 1598) does not mention the First Part of Henry VI. amongst Shakespeare's tragedies. On the other hand, the fact of this play being included in the First Folio is almost positive proof that there is, at least, some of Shakespeare's work in it.

The contemporary references to the First Part of Henry VI.—considering it distinct from the Second and Third Parts—consist of the various entries in Henslowe's Diary, which will be more properly considered in the Stage History of the play; and the following passage from Nash's "Pierce Penilesse his supplication to the Diuell. 1592." Sign. F 3. [4to.]: "How would it have joyed brave *Talbot* (the terror of the French) to thinke that after hee had lyne two hundred yeares in his Toombe, he should triumphe againe on the Stage, and have his bones newe embalmed with the teares of ten thousand spectators at least, (at severall times) who, in the Tragedian that represents his person, imagine they behold him fresh bleeding." There can be little doubt that this reference is to the First Part of Henry VI., as it is the only play we know of, in which *Talbot* figures as a character; and he is described as "a terror to the French" in i. 4. 42:

> Here, said they, is *the terror of the French.*

Also, as Stokes observes: "the word *triumph* recalls the end of the sad scene of act iii., and La Pucelle's words [iii. 3. 5]:

> Let frantic Talbot *triumph* for a while;

whilst the remark about 'the spectators beholding him fresh bleeding' vividly reminds us of the beginning of act iv. sc. 7" (Chronological Order of Shakespeare's Plays, p. 9).

This play was first entered in the Register of Stationers' Hall, on 8th November, 1623, amongst those of Shakespeare's plays "as are not formerly entered to other men," under the title of "The Third Parte of Henry the Sixt;" but the editors of the Folio assigned to it the more correct title which it now bears, and placed it in its proper chronological order.

As to the exact date of the play we learn from the entry in Henslowe's Diary, that the play which he calls indifferently: "henery the vj." and "hary" or "harey the vi." was produced for the first time, in March, 1591; so that when Nash's pamphlet was written there was time for its popularity to have become established.

With regard to the historical foundation of this play Hall's Chronicle appears to have been extensively used as well as Holinshed. It has been remarked that this play does not follow Holinshed as closely as Shakespeare does in his other historical plays; but it is only natural that the author or authors should come to Hall for many of their details, as his Chronicle was especially devoted to the history of the wars between the two Houses of York and Lancaster and their subsequent union in the House of Tudor.

STAGE HISTORY.

The first mention we have of the performance of this play is in Henslowe's Diary in the entry referred to above (as henery the vj) "by my lord Strange's mene,"[1] probably at the Rose Theatre. It was performed in this season between March 7th and June 20th, 1591–1592, fourteen times.

On the occasion of the first representation Henslowe's share of the receipts amounted to £3, 16*s.* 5*d.*, which appears to be a larger sum than he obtained by the single performance of any other play; at this time he had only "half the gallery" for his share. The receipts of the subsequent performances compare very favourably with those of most other plays, so that there can be no doubt that, for some reason or other, this play of Henry VI. was a very popular one. It was reproduced in the following season (January 29th to February 1st, 1592–1593) twice. After this we find no record of its performance in Henslowe, or elsewhere. Unless we are to believe that the recollection of the defeat of the Armada in 1588 was still fresh in the memory of the public, it is difficult to account for the great popularity of this dramatic record of Talbot's achievements, on the ground of there being any special circumstances in the events of that year, 1592, which were likely to stimulate the martial ardour of the people. At that time there certainly was an English force, under the command of the Earl of Essex, fighting on French soil. It was engaged in helping the King of France against the Spaniards; but there does not appear to have been amongst them any commander who could, by any stretch of imagination, be compared to the great Talbot.

There is nothing to show, as far as Henslowe's Diary is concerned, whether this play of "henery the vj," as he calls it, was the old play before, or after, it had been retouched by Shakespeare; but there can be little doubt it was the First Part of Henry VI. pretty well as we have it in the First Folio, and that it was the same play as that referred to by Nash in the passage quoted above.

The only record we can find in Genest of the performance of this play, or rather of Shakespeare's version of it, is at Covent Garden, March 13th, 1738: "By desire of several Ladies of Quality—for Delane's benefit, and not acted fifty years, Henry 6th part 1st" (vol. iii. p. 555). As a fact, Shakespeare's play had never been acted, as far as we can trace, since his own time. The part of Talbot was taken by Delane; that of Suffolk by Walker, and La Pucelle by Mrs. Hallam. It does not

[1] Lord Strange's Company was afterwards merged into the Lord Chamberlain's Company in 1594.

appear that the play was ever repeated. It formed one of the many revivals of Shakespeare's historical plays which took place at this period, apparently at the desire of some "Ladies of Quality." Whoever they were, it is very much to their credit that they should have caused a revival, if only for a very short period, of many of the plays of our greatest dramatic author, which had never been represented since the re-establishment of theatres at the Restoration.

At Dorset Garden, in 1681, was produced "Henry 6th, part 1st, with the Murder of Humphrey Duke of Gloucester" (Genest, vol. i. p. 302). It was an alteration of Shakespeare by John Crown or Crowne. Of this play Genest says that it "is chiefly made up of the first three acts of Shakspeare's Henry the 6th—part 2d—it ends with a narration of Suffolk's death, and with the breaking out of Cade's rebellion—Crown has enlarged the parts of the Queen, Suffolk, and the Cardinal—he sometimes uses Shakespeare's own words, and sometimes alters them, making large additions of his own.—Dr. Johnson says of the scene in which Cardinal Beaufort dies, that the beauties of it rise out of nature and truth, the superficial reader cannot miss them; the profound can imagine nothing beyond them—yet even in this scene Crown has made insipid additions—it is preceded by about 30 or 40 lines—Gloucester's Ghost appears to the Cardinal—and he falls into a swoon—In the Prologue Crown professes to have mended a good old play—adding—

'To-day we bring old gather'd herbs 't is true,
But such as in sweet Shakspeare's garden grow.
And all his plants immortal you esteem,
Your mouths are never out of taste with him.'

* * * He concludes the Prologue with saying that he had sprinkled—'A little vinegar against the Pope.'" Genest adds: "He should have said—*not a little*" (vol. i. p. 303). Langbaine tells us that it was printed in quarto "and dedicated to Sr Charles Sidley" (*sic*). He adds: "This Play was oppos'd by the Popish Faction, who by their Power at Court got it suppress't: however it was well receiv'd by the Rest of the Audience" (Account of the English Dramatick Poets, p. 96). The official prohibition of this version of Crowne's does not seem to have procured for the suppressed play any factitious popularity, such as very often attaches to a play suppressed for political reasons.

Henry VI. does not seem to have been heard of on the English stage again till Theodore Cibber's adaptation produced at Drury Lane, July 5th, 1723, which does not appear, however, to have contained any portion of Shakespeare's First Part of Henry VI.

Neither Garrick, nor Edmund Kean, nor any other of our great Shakespearian actors, with one exception, seems to have ever contemplated the representation of this play. Charles Kemble, however, prepared a condensed version of the three parts of Henry VI. in one play, which, with the exception of a few words, is entirely taken from Shakespeare, and as an arrangement for the stage is very ingenious. We purpose printing this condensed version of Kemble's—which does not appear ever to have been acted or published—at the end of the Third Part of Henry VI., from the unique copy in the possession of Mr. Henry Irving.

CRITICAL REMARKS.

It is easy to underrate the merits of this play, knowing as we do that a very small portion of it is Shakespeare's own work. But if we look at the purpose of it, and judge it, not by the same standard with which we should judge such historical plays as King John, or the two parts of Henry IV., we shall find that it possesses no small amount of merit. It professes to be nothing more than a compendious and dramatic sketch of the events which led to the fatal Wars of the Roses, that contention between the Houses of York and Lancaster with which the two other parts of Henry VI. deal. If we read the play carefully and without prejudice, we must admit that it fulfils this purpose very effectively. We are carried along through a series of more or less spirited scenes; and two of the characters, at least, excite both our interest and sympathy, namely, those of Talbot and Joan of Arc. The hero of this play, undoubtedly, is the great Talbot, who is here represented as a

thorough type of that heroic Englishman who even in these degenerate days is not, thank Heaven, an extinct being. We know from contemporary records that this play, either in its original edition, or after it had been touched up by Shakespeare, was a very popular one. Men and women were to be found in those days, who would flock to a theatre to witness a mimic representation of the brave deeds of such a hero as Talbot, even as they might be found nowadays, though perhaps in a lower rank of life, crowding the theatre where the heroic deeds of a Gordon were represented. The scenes, in which Talbot is the chief figure, are among the best in this play; and in act ii. a very powerful dramatic situation is only just missed. Had Shakespeare dealt with this play as he dealt with his material in other cases, he would have made of the scene between Talbot and the Countess of Auvergne very much more than is made of it in the play before us. In fact, as long as we are allowed to follow Talbot's fortunes, without the interruption of those tedious quarrels between Gloucester and Winchester, our interest never flags; while in the scene between the great general and his son, when the shadow of death lies dark and heavy on them both, a degree of pathos is reached far above the general standard of the chronicle plays.

With regard to Joan of Arc, her character is drawn with a very vague and uncertain touch. It is almost impossible to say whether the author intended to admire her as a heroine, or to despise her as an impostor. Every now and then, the genuineness of her enthusiasm, the nobleness of her self-sacrifice, and the almost superhuman courage which she displays—courage moral as well as physical—lead us to believe that the author in his own heart was above that vulgar and debased prejudice which would deform this heroic girl into a charlatan and strumpet. Such a height does this inconsistency attain in act v. scene 4 that it is really impossible to understand the author's drift, unless we are to imagine that, in ministering to the worst prejudices of the spectators, he was deliberately sacrificing his own convictions. There is a genuine ring in the speech, addressed by her to her English persecutors, which is certainly not to be found in the absolutely inconsistent and cowardly pleas which she makes for a respite of her sentence. Nor is the scene between her and the fiends (act v. scene 3) dramatically credible. It strikes one as written in to please the vulgar, and to have been no part of the play as originally designed by the author. The renunciation of her father, at the beginning of act v. scene 4, is equally difficult to reconcile with her character in other parts of the play. There seems to be no object in her claiming to be of noble birth, when she herself, in act i. scene 2, has proudly declared that she is really a shepherd's daughter. The author does not succeed in conveying to us—supposing that such was his intention—the impression that Joan was a hypocrite or a conscious impostor. Whether her visions were real or imaginary, there can be no doubt that she herself thoroughly believed in them. It is on her religious mission that she lays the greatest stress throughout. It is by her faith in this religious mission that she is sustained through every difficulty, that she is proof against physical fear, and—what is still more remarkable—proof against the discouragement which defeat, in her difficult and anomalous position, might fairly inspire. We feel at the end of this play that, in spite of her supposed traffic with fiends, or her miserable self-accusation of incontinency, it is by her faith and by her purity that she will be enabled to meet the terrible death, to which she is condemned, without any outward sign or inward feeling of fear. Let it be understood that we are not now discussing Joan of Arc from the historic point of view, but from the dramatic point of view, in which, on the whole, she is presented to us in this play. While we are on this subject it may not be out of place to remark that it would have been a daring thing for any dramatist, in the time of the great "virgin queen" Elizabeth, to have attempted, too boldly or too openly, to exalt into a heroine the French peasant girl who, undoubtedly, did rescue her country from the domination of a foreign power. Joan did something more than mount a horse at the head of her troops, and address to them inspiriting harangues. Per-

haps Elizabeth would have done quite as much, had she had the opportunity.

The construction of this play, always keeping in view its object and the vast number of incidents which it embraces, is not by any means so unskilful as that of many other contemporary plays, including even some of those to which Shakespeare can fairly lay claim as his own. The dramatist evidently set before himself the task of showing how the great Civil War began, and how the evils, which beset the reign of Henry VI., had their primary origin in his unhappy marriage with Regnier's daughter. Appropriately enough the play ends with the speech of the treacherous Suffolk, setting forth the purpose which he but too well fulfilled. There are many passages which we might detach from the whole, passages which, in spite of the unskilful treatment of the blank verse, are yet full of vigour, and by no means unworthy of Shakespeare's pen. Such for instance is the speech of the Third Messenger in act i. scene 1; Talbot's speech in act i. scene 4, descriptive of his own treatment by the French; the whole of the scene between Mortimer and Richard Plantagenet, containing some masterly touches of pathos; the scene between Winchester and Gloucester, act iii. scene 1; Pucelle's appeal to Burgundy; Talbot's denunciation of the cowardice of Fastolfe, and, notably, King Henry's speech in the same scene. Of the scene between Talbot and his son we have already spoken; this is generally admitted to be one of those which bears most traces of Shakespeare's hand. Certainly it also bears traces of belonging to his earliest period, and has evidently not been revised with any care; nor has it enjoyed those finishing touches which it was his delight to put to those of his works, either adopted or of his own creation, for which he felt particular affection; but there is true feeling and dramatic power in both the scenes between father and son. Talbot's dying speech in act iv. scene 7 is a very fine one; and the scene between Suffolk and Margaret, though somewhat disfigured by the number of "*Asides*" in it, is nevertheless very dramatic.

Finally we may dismiss this play with an exhortation to all students of Shakespeare not to slight it, but rather to study it as a most interesting specimen of the dramatic literature of our country in the time of Shakespeare's youth; a period which, from the vigour and brilliancy of some of the work which it produced, was no unfit herald to the twenty years when Shakespeare's sun eclipsed all the lesser lights of the poetic heaven, those years which gave to us the most noble storehouse of great thoughts, of tender sentiments, and of subtle analysis of human nature which the literature of any country possesses.

KING HENRY VI.—PART I.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Westminster Abbey.*

Dead March. The Corpse of KING HENRY *the Fifth, in state, is brought in, attended on by the* DUKE OF BEDFORD, *Regent of France; the* DUKE OF GLOSTER, *Protector; the* DUKE OF EXETER, *the* EARL OF WARWICK, *the* BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, *Heralds, &c.*

Bed. Hung be the heavens with black, yield day to night!
Comets, importing change of times and states,
Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky,
And with them scourge the bad revolting stars
That have consented unto[1] Henry's death!
Henry the Fifth, too famous to live long!
England ne'er lost a king of so much worth.
Glo. England ne'er had a king until his time.
Virtue he had, deserving to command:
[His brandish'd sword did blind men with his beams;[2] 10
His arms spread wider than a dragon's wings;]
His sparkling eyes, replete with wrathful fire,
More dazzled and drove back his enemies 13
Than mid-day sun fierce bent against their faces.
What should I say? his deeds exceed all speech:
He ne'er lift[3] up his hand but conquered.
Exe. We mourn in black: why mourn we not in blood?
Henry is dead, and never shall revive:
Upon a wooden coffin we attend;
And death's dishonourable victory 20
We with our stately presence glorify,
Like captives bound to a triumphant car.
[What! shall we curse the planets of mishap
That plotted thus our glory's overthrow?
Or shall we think the subtle-witted French
Conjurers and sorcerers, that, afraid of him,
By magic verses have contriv'd his end?]
Win. He was a king bless'd of the King of kings.
Unto the French the dreadful judgment-day
So dreadful will not be as was his sight.[4] 30
The battles of the Lord of hosts he fought:
The church's prayers made him so prosperous.

[1] *Consented unto,* conspired together to bring about.
[2] *His beams, i.e.* its (the sword's) beams.
[3] *Lift,* old form of past tense = lifted.
[4] *His sight, i.e.* the sight of him.

Glo. The church! where is it? Had not churchmen pray'd,
His thread of life had not so soon decay'd:
None do you like but an effeminate prince,
Whom, like a school-boy, you may over-awe.
Win. Gloster, whate'er we like, thou art protector,
And lookest to command the prince and realm.
Thy wife is proud; she holdeth thee in awe,
More than God or religious churchmen may.
Glo. Name not religion, for thou lov'st the flesh,
And ne'er throughout the year to church thou go'st,
Except it be to pray against thy foes.
Bed. Cease, cease these jars, and rest your minds in peace!
Let's to the altar:—heralds, wait on us:
Instead of gold, we'll offer up our arms;—
Since arms avail not now that Henry's dead.—
[Posterity, await for wretched years,
When at their mothers' moist eyes babes shall suck;
Our isle be made a nourish[1] of salt tears,
And none but women left to wail the dead.]
Henry the Fifth, thy ghost I invocate:—
Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils!
Combat with adverse planets in the heavens!
A far more glorious star thy soul will make
Than Julius Cæsar or bright ——

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My honourable lords, health to you all!
Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,
Of loss, of slaughter and discomfiture:
Guienne, Champagne, Rheims, Rouen, Orleans,
Paris, Guysors,[2] Poictiers, are all quite lost.
Bed. What say'st thou, man! before dead Henry's corse
Speak softly, or the loss of those great towns
Will make him burst his lead,[3] and rise from death.
Glo. Is Paris lost? is Rouen yielded up?
If Henry were recall'd to life again,
These news would cause him once more yield the ghost.
Exe. How were they lost? what treachery was us'd?
Mess. No treachery; but want of men and money.
Amongst the soldiers this is muttered,
That here you maintain several factions,
And whilst a field should be dispatch'd and fought,
You are disputing of your generals:
[One would have lingering wars, with little cost;
Another would fly swift, but wanteth wings;
A third man thinks, without expense at all,
By guileful fair words peace may be obtain'd.]
Awake, awake, English nobility!
Let not sloth dim your honours new-begot:
Cropp'd are the flower-de-luces in your arms;
Of England's coat one half is cut away.
Exe. Were our tears wanting to this funeral,
These tidings would call forth their flowing tides.
Bed. Me they concern; Regent I am of France.—
Give me my steeled coat! I'll fight for France.
Away with these disgraceful wailing robes!
[Wounds will I lend the French, instead of eyes,
To weep their intermissive miseries.]

Enter a second Messenger.

Mess. Lords, view these letters, full of bad mischance.
France is revolted from the English quite,
Except some petty towns of no import:
The Dauphin Charles is crowned king in Rheims;
The Bastard of Orleans[4] with him is join'd;
Reignier, Duke of Anjou,[4] doth take his part;
The Duke Alençon flieth to his side.
Exe. The Dauphin crown'd king! and all fly to him!
O, whither shall we fly from this reproach?
Glo. We will not fly, but to our enemies' throats:—
Bedford, if thou be slack, I'll fight it out.
Bed. Gloster, why doubt'st thou of my forwardness?

[1] *Nourish* = nurse.
[2] *Guysors, i.e. Gisors*, the capital of Le Vexin.
[3] *His lead, i.e.* his *leaden* or inner coffin.
[4] *Orleans*—*Anjou*, the emphasis must be laid on the second syllable of *Orleans*, and on the last syllable of *Anjou* respectively, in order to make these two lines scan.

An army have I muster'd in my thoughts,
Wherewith already France is overrun.

Enter a third Messenger.

Mess. My gracious lords, to add to your laments,
Wherewith you now bedew King Henry's hearse,
I must inform you of a dismal fight
Betwixt the stout Lord Talbot and the French.
Win. What! wherein Talbot overcame? is't so?
Mess. O, no; wherein Lord Talbot was o'erthrown:
The circumstance I'll tell you more at large.
The tenth of August last, this dreadful lord,
Retiring from the siege of Orleans,
Having scarce full six thousand in his troop,
By three and twenty thousand of the French
Was round encompassed and set upon.
No leisure had he to enrank his men;
He wanted pikes to set before his archers;
Instead whereof sharp stakes, pluck'd out of hedges,
They pitched in the ground confusedly,
To keep the horsemen off from breaking in.
More than three hours the fight continued;
Where valiant Talbot, above human thought,
Enacted wonders with his sword and lance;
Hundreds he sent to hell, and none durst stand him;
Here, there, and everywhere, enrag'd he flew:
The French exclaim'd, the devil was in arms;
All the whole army stood agaz'd on[1] him:
His soldiers, spying his undaunted spirit,
Cried out amain, A Talbot! ho! a Talbot!
And rush'd into the bowels of the battle.
Here had the conquest fully been seal'd up,
If Sir John Fastolfe had not play'd the coward:
He, being in the vaward,[2]—plac'd behind,
With purpose to relieve and follow them,—
Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroke.
Hence grew the general wreck and massacre;
Enclosed were they with their enemies:
A base Walloon, to win the Dauphin's grace,
Thrust Talbot with a spear into the back;
Whom all France, with their chief assembled strength,
Durst not presume to look once in the face.

Bed. Is Talbot slain? then I will slay myself,
For living idly here in pomp and ease,
Whilst such a worthy leader, wanting aid,
Unto his dastard foemen is betray'd.
Mess. O no, he lives; but is took prisoner,
And Lord Scales with him, and Lord Hungerford:
Most of the rest slaughter'd or took likewise.
Bed. His ransom there is none but I shall pay:
I'll hale[3] the Dauphin headlong from his throne,—
[His crown shall be the ransom of my friend;
Four of their lords I'll change for one of ours.—]
Farewell, my masters; to my task will I;
[Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make,
To keep our great Saint George's feast withal:]
Ten thousand soldiers with me I will take,
Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake.
Mess. So you had need; for Orleans is besieg'd;
The English army is grown weak and faint:
The Earl of Salisbury craves a supply,[4]
And hardly keeps his men from mutiny,
Since they, so few, watch such a multitude.
Exe. Remember, lords, your oaths to Henry sworn,
Either to quell the Dauphin utterly,
Or bring him in obedience to your yoke.
Bed. I dó remember 't; and here take my leave,
To go about my preparation. [*Exit.*
Glo. I'll to the Tower, with all the haste I can,
To view the artillery and munition;
And then I will proclaim young Henry king. [*Exit.*
Exe. To Eltham will I, where the young king is,
Being ordain'd his special governor;
And for his safety there I 'll best devise. [*Exit.*
Win. Each hath his place and function to attend:
I am left out; for me no thing remains.
But long I will not be Jack out of office:

[1] *Agaz'd on*, *i.e.* aghast at. [2] *Vaward*, vanguard. [3] *Hale*, drag. [4] *Supply*, *i.e.* of troops; reinforcements.

The king from Eltham I intend to steal, 176
And sit at chiefest stern of public weal.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *France. Before Orleans.*

Flourish of Trumpets. Enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, REIGNIER, *and others, marching with forces.*

Char. Mars his[1] true moving, even as in the heavens
So in the earth, to this day is not known:
Late did he shine upon the English side;
Now we are victors; upon us he smiles.
What towns of any moment but we have?
At pleasure here we lie, near Orleans;
Otherwhiles[2] the famish'd English, like pale ghosts,
Faintly besiege us one hour in a month.

Alen. They want their porridge and their fat bull-beeves:
[Either they must be dieted like mules 10
And have their provender tied to their mouths,
Or piteous they will look, like drowned mice.]

Reig. Let's raise the siege: why lie we idly here?
Talbot is taken, whom we wont[3] to fear:
Remaineth none but mad-brain'd Salisbury;
And he may well in fretting spend his gall,—
Nor men nor money hath he to make war.

Char. Sound, sound alarum! we will rush on them.
Now for the honour of the fórlorn[4] French!
Him I forgive my death that killeth me 20
When he sees me go back one foot or flee.
[*Exeunt.*

Alarums; Excursions; the French are beaten back by the English with great loss. Re-enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, REIGNIER, *and others.*

Char. Who ever saw the like? what men have I!—
Dogs! cowards! dastards!—I would ne'er have fled,
But that they left me 'midst my enemies.

Reig. That Salisbury's a desperate homicide;
He fighteth as one weary of his life.
The other lords, like lions wanting food,
Do rush upon us as their hungry[5] prey.

[*Alen.* Froissart, a countryman of ours, records,
England all Olivers and Rowlands[6] bred 30
During the time Edward the Third did reign.
More truly now may this be verified;
For none but Samsons and Goliases[7]
It sendeth forth to skirmish. One to ten!
Lean raw-bon'd rascals! who would e'er suppose
They had such courage and audacity?]

Char. Let's leave this town; for they are hare-brain'd slaves,
And hunger will enforce them be more eager:
[Of old I know them; rather with their teeth
The walls they 'll tear down than forsake the siege. 40

Reig. I think, by some odd gimmals[8] or device,
Their arms are set like clocks, still to strike on;
Else ne'er could they hold out so as they do.
By my consent, we 'll even let them alone.]

Alen. Be it so.

Enter the BASTARD *of Orleans.*

Bast. Where's the Prince Dauphin? I have news for him.

Char. Bastard of Orleans, thrice welcome to us.

Bast. Methinks your looks are sad, your cheer[9] appall'd:
Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence?
Be not dismay'd, for succour is at hand: 50
A holy maid hither with me I bring,
Which, by a vision sent to her from heaven,
Ordained is to raise this tedious siege,
And drive the English forth the bounds of France.
[The spirit of deep prophecy she hath,
Exceeding the nine sibyls of old Rome:
What's past and what's to come she can descry.]

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[1] *Mars his*, a form of the possessive *Mars's*.
[2] *Otherwhiles*, sometimes. [3] *Wont* = were wont.
[4] *Fórlorn*, perhaps = *fore-lorn*, or *lost*, *i.e.* who had previously perished; or it may simply mean wretched, miserable.
[5] *Hungry* = for which they are hungry.
[6] *Olivers and Rowlands*, alluding to Charlemagne's two famous knights. [7] *Goliases*, *i.e.* Goliahs or Goliaths.
[8] *Gimmals*, an old name for part of the mechanism of a watch; literally, a double ring. [9] *Cheer*, countenance.

Speak, shall I call her in? [Believe my words,
For they are certain and unfallible.]
Char. Go, call her in. [*Exit Bastard.*] But first, to try her skill, 60
Reignier, stand thou as Dauphin in my place:
Question her proudly; let thy looks be stern:
By this means shall we sound what skill she hath.

Re-enter the BASTARD *of Orleans, with* LA PUCELLE.

Reig. Fair maid, is 't thou wilt do these wondrous feats? 64
Puc. Reignier, is 't thou that thinkest to beguile me?—
Where is the Dauphin?—Come, come from behind;

Puc. Lo, whilst I waited on my tender lambs,
And to sun's parching heat display'd my cheeks,
God's mother deigned to appear to me.—(Act I. 2. 76-78.)

I know thee well, though never seen before.
Be not amaz'd, there 's nothing hid from me:
In private will I talk with thee apart.— 69
Stand back, you lords, and give us leave awhile.
Reig. She takes upon her bravely at first dash.
Puc. Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter,
My wit untrain'd in any kind of art.
[Heaven and our Lady gracious hath it pleas'd
To shine on my contemptible estate:]
Lo, whilst I waited on my tender lambs,
And to sun's parching heat display'd my cheeks,
God's mother deigned to appear to me,
And, in a vision full of majesty,
Will'd me to leave my base vocation, 80
And free my country from calamity:
Her aid she promis'd and assur'd success:
[In cómplete glory she reveal'd herself;
And, whereas I was black and swart[1] before,
With those clear rays which she infus'd on me
That beauty am I bless'd with which you see.]
Ask me what question thou canst possible,
And I will answer unpremeditated:
My courage try by combat, if thou dar'st,

[1] *Swart*, swarthy, dark-complexioned.

And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex. 90
Resolve on[1] this,—thou shalt be fortunate,
If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.
Char. Thou hast astonish'd me with thy high terms:
Only this proof I 'll of thy valour make,—
In single combat thou shalt buckle[2] with me,
And if thou vanquishest, thy words are true;
Otherwise I renounce all confidence.
Puc. I am prepar'd: here is my keen-edg'd sword,
Deck'd with five flower-de-luces on each side;
The which at Touraine, in Saint Katharine's churchyard, 100
Out of a deal old iron I chose forth.
Char. Then come on, o' God's name; I fear no woman.
Puc. And while I live, I 'll ne'er fly from a man.
[*Here they fight, and La Pucelle overcomes.*
Char. Stay, stay thy hands! thou art an Amazon,
And fightest with the sword of Deborah.
Puc. Christ's mother helps me, else I were too weak.
Char. Whoe'er helps thee, 't is thou that must help me:
[Impatiently I burn with thy desire;[3]
My heart and hands thou hast at once subdu'd.]
Excellent Pucelle, if thy name be so, 110
Let me thy servant, and not sovereign, be:
'T is the French Dauphin sueth to thee thus.
Puc. I must not yield to any rites of love,
For my profession 's sacred from above:
When I have chased all thy foes from hence,
Then will I think upon a recompense.
Char. Meantime look gracious on thy prostrate thrall.[4]
[*Reig.* My lord, methinks, is very long in talk.
Alen. Doubtless he shrives this woman to her smock;
Else ne'er could he so long protract his speech.
Reig. Shall we disturb him, since he keeps no mean?[5] 121
Alen. He may mean more than we poor men do know: 122
These women are shrewd tempters with their tongues.]
Reig. My lord, where are you? what devise you on?
Shall we give over Orleans, or no?
Puc. Why, no, I say, distrustful recreants!
Fight till the last gasp; I will be your guard.
Char. What she says, I 'll confirm: we 'll fight it out.
Puc. Assign'd am I to be the English scourge.
This night the siege assuredly I 'll raise: 130
Expect Saint Martin's summer, halcyon days,
Since I have entered into these wars.
[Glory is like a circle in the water,
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
Till, by broad spreading, it disperse to nought.
With Henry's death the English circle ends;
Dispersed are the glories it included.
Now am I like that proud insulting ship
Which Cæsar and his fortune bare at once.]
Char. Was Mahomet inspired with a dove?
Thou with an eagle art inspired, then. 140
[Helen, the mother of great Constantine,
Nor yet Saint Philip's daughters, were like thee.
Bright star of Venus, fall'n down on the earth,
How may I reverent worship thee enough?]
Alen. Leave off delays, and let us raise the siege.
Reig. Woman, do what thou canst to save our honours;
Drive them from Orleans, be immortaliz'd.
Char. Presently we 'll try:—come, let 's away about it:—
No prophet will I trust, if she prove false. 150
[*Exeunt.*

[SCENE III. *London. Before the Gates of the Tower.*

Enter the DUKE OF GLOSTER, *with his Servingmen in blue coats.*

Glo. I am come to survey the Tower this day:
Since Henry's death, I fear, there is conveyance.[6]

[1] *Resolve on, i.e.* be sure of. [2] *Buckle*, contend.
[3] *Thy desire, i.e.* desire for thee.
[4] *Thrall*, bondman. [5] *Mean*, moderation.
[6] *Conveyance*, dishonesty.

Where be these warders, that they wait not here?
Open the gates; 't is Gloster[1] that calls. 4
[*Servants knock.*
First Warder. [*Within*] Who's there that knocks so imperiously?
First Serv. It is the noble Duke of Gloster.[1]
Second Warder. [*Within*] Whoe'er he be, you may not be let in.
First Serv. Villains, answer you so the lord protector?
First Warder. [*Within*] The Lord protect him! so we answer him:
We do no otherwise than we are will'd. 10
Glo. Who willed you? or whose will stands but mine?
There's none protector of the realm but I.—
Break up[2] the gates, I'll be your warrantize:[3]
Shall I be flouted thus by dunghill grooms?
[*Gloster's men rush at the Tower Gates, and Woodvile the Lieutenant speaks within.*

Glo. What! am I dar'd and bearded to my face?
Draw, men, for all this privileged place;
Blue coats to tawny.—Priest, beware your beard.—(Act i. 3. 45–47.)

Woodv. What noise is this? what traitors have we here? 15
Glo. Lieutenant, is it you whose voice I hear?
Open the gates; here's Gloster that would enter.
Woodv. Have patience, noble duke; I may not open;
The Cardinal of Winchester forbids:
From him I have express commandement[4] 20
That thou nor none of thine shall be let in.
Glo. Faint-hearted Woodvile, prizest him 'fore me,—
Arrogant Winchester, that haughty prelate,
Whom Henry, our late sovereign, ne'er could brook?
Thou art no friend to God or to the king:
Open the gates, or I'll shut thée out shortly.

[1] *Gloster*, to be pronounced as a trisyllable here = *Glo-ces-ter.*
[2] *Break up* = break open. [3] *Warrantize*, surety.
[4] *Commandement*, the old way of spelling *commandment;* the word here is intended to be a quadrisyllable.

Serving-men. Open the gates unto the lord protector,
We'll burst them open, if you come not quickly.

[*Gloster's Serving-men rush again at the Tower Gates.*

Enter to the Protector at the Tower Gates WINCHESTER, *with his Serving-men in tawny coats.*

Win. How now, ambitious Humphrey! what means this?
Glo. Peel'd[1] priest, dost thou command me to be shut out?
Win. I do, thou most usurping proditor,[2]
And not protector, of the king or realm.
Glo. Stand back, thou manifest conspirator,
Thou that contriv'dst[3] to murder our dead lord;
Thou that giv'st whores indulgences to sin:
I'll canvass[4] thee in thy broad cardinal's hat,
If thou proceed in this thy insolence.
Win. Nay, stand thou back; I will not budge a foot:
This be Damascus, be thou cursed Cain,
To slay thy brother Abel, if thou wilt.
Glo. I will not slay thee, but I'll drive thee back:
Thy scarlet robes as a child's bearing-cloth
I'll use to carry thee out of this place.
Win. Do what thou dar'st; I beard thee to thy face.
Glo. What! am I dar'd and bearded to my face?
Draw, men, for all this privileged place;
Blue coats to tawny[5].—Priest, beware your beard;
I mean to tug it and to cuff you soundly:
Under my feet I'll stamp thy cardinal's hat;
In spite of pope or dignities of church,
Here by the cheeks I'll drag thee up and down.
Win. Gloster, thou 'lt answer this before the pope.
Glo. Winchester goose! I cry, a rope! a rope!—
Now beat them hence; why do you let them stay?—
Thee I'll chase hence, thou wolf in sheep's array.—
Out, tawny coats!—out, scarlet hypocrite!

Here Gloster's men beat out the Cardinal's men; enter, in the hurly-burly, the Mayor of London and his officers.

May. Fie, lords! that you, being supreme magistrates,
Thus contumeliously should break the peace!
Glo. Peace, mayor![6] thou know'st little of my wrongs:
Here's Beaufort, that regards nor God nor king,
Hath here distrain'd[7] the Tower to his use.
Win. Here's Gloster too, a foe to citizens,
One that still motions[8] war, and never peace,
O'ercharging your free purses with large fines;
That seeks to overthrow religion,
Because he is protector of the realm,
And would have armour here out of the Tower,
To crown himself king, and suppress the prince.
Glo. I will not answer thee with words, but blows. [*Here they skirmish again.*
May. Nought rests for me in this tumultuous strife,
But to make open proclamation:
Come, officer; as loud as e'er thou canst.
Off. [*Reads*] All manner of men assembled here in arms this day against God's peace and the king's: we charge and command you, in his highness' name, to repair to your several dwelling-places; and not to wear, handle, or use any sword, weapon, or dagger henceforward, upon pain of death.
Glo. Cardinal, I'll be no breaker of the law:
But we shall meet, and break[9] our minds at large.
Win. Gloster, we'll meet; to thy dear cost, be sure:
Thy heart-blood I will have for this day's work.
May. I'll call for clubs,[10] if you will not away.
This cardinal's more haughty than the devil.
Glo. Mayor,[11] farewell: thou dost but what thou mayst.

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[1] *Peel'd, i.e.* shaven. [2] *Proditor*, betrayer.
[3] *Contriv'dst* = plottedst.
[4] *Canvass*, a word of uncertain meaning. See note 85.
[5] *Tawny*, the colour of the livery which Winchester's servants wore.
[6] *Mayor*, pronounced as if written *major*.
[7] *Distrain'd*, seized. [8] *Motions* = incites.
[9] *Break*, broach, disclose.
[10] *For clubs, i.e.* for the peace-officers, who were armed with clubs. [11] *Mayor*, pronounced as a dissyllable.

Win. Abominable Gloster, guard thy head;
For I intend to have it ere[1] long.

[*Exeunt, severally, Gloster and Winchester with their Serving-men.*

May. See the coast clear'd, and then we will depart.—
Good God, these nobles[2] should such stomachs[3] bear! 90
I myself fight not once in forty year.

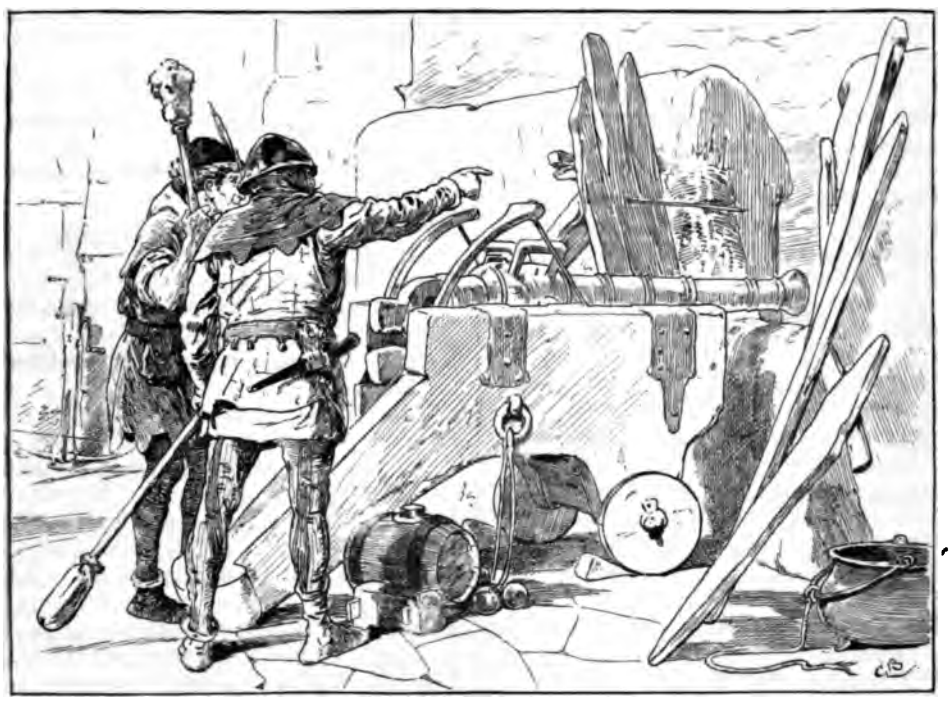
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *France. Before Orleans.*

Enter, on the walls, the Master Gunner and his Son.

M. Gun. Sirrah, thou know'st how Orleans is besieg'd,
And how the English have the suburbs won.

Son. Father, I know; and oft have shot at them,
Howe'er, unfortunate, I miss'd my aim.



M. Gun. In yonder tower, to o'erpeer the city.—(Act i. 4. 11.)

M. Gun. But now thou shalt not. Be thou rul'd by me: 5
Chief master-gunner am I of this town;
Something I must do to procure me grace.
The prince's 'spials have informed me
How the English, in the suburbs close intrench'd,
Wont[4] through a secret grate of iron bars 10
In yonder tower, to o'erpeer the city; 11
And thence discover how with most advantage
They may vex us with shot or with assault.
To intercept this inconvenience,
A piece of ordnance 'gainst it I have plac'd;
And even for these three days have I watch'd,
If I could see them.
Now do thou watch, for I can stay no longer.
If thou spy'st any, run and bring me word;
And thou shalt find me at the governor's. 20

[*Exit.*

[1] *Ere*, to be pronounced as a dissyllable.
[2] *These nobles*, i.e. that these nobles.
[3] *Stomachs*, angry tempers. [4] *Wont*, are accustomed.

Son. Father, I warrant you; take you no care;
I'll never trouble you, if I may spy them.
[*Exit.*

Enter, on the turret, the LORDS SALISBURY *and* TALBOT, SIR WILLIAM GLANSDALE, SIR THOMAS GARGRAVE, *and others.*

Sal. Talbot, my life, my joy, again return'd!
How wert thou handled, being prisoner?
Or by what means got'st thou to be releas'd?
Discourse, I prithee, on this turret's top.
[*Tal.* The Duke of Bedford had a prisoner
Called the brave Lord Ponton de Santrailles;
For him was I exchang'd and ransomed.
But with a baser man of arms by far,
Once, in contempt, they would have barter'd me:
Which I, disdaining, scorn'd; and craved death
Rather than I would be so vile-esteem'd.
In fine, redeem'd I was as I desir'd.
But, O, the treacherous Fastolfe wounds my heart!
Whom with my bare fists I would execute,
If I now had him brought into my power.
Sal. Yet tell'st thou not how thou wert entertain'd.]
Tal. With scoffs, and scorns, and contumelious taunts.
In open market-place produc'd they me,
To be a public spectacle to all:
Here, said they, is the terror of the French,
The scarecrow that affrights our children so.
Then broke I from the officers that led me,
And with my nails digg'd stones out of the ground,
To hurl at the beholders of my shame:
My grisly[1] countenance made others fly;
None durst come near for fear of sudden death.
In iron walls they deem'd me not secure;
So great fear of my name 'mongst them was spread,
That they suppos'd I could rend bars of steel,
And spurn in pieces posts of adamant:
Wherefore a guard of chosen shot[2] I had,
That walk'd about me every minute-while;
And if I did but stir out of my bed,
Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.

Enter the Son with a linstock.

Sal. I grieve to hear what torments you endur'd,
But we will be reveng'd sufficiently.
Now it is supper-time in Orleans:
Here, through this secret grate, I count each one,
And view the Frenchmen how they fortify:
Let us look in; the sight will much delight thee.—
[Sir Thomas Gargrave, and Sir William Glansdale,
Let me have your express opinions
Where is best place to make our battery next.
Gar. I think, at the north gate; for there stand lords.
Glan. And I, here, at the bulwark of the bridge.]
Tal. For aught I see, this city must be famish'd,
Or with light skirmishes enfeebled.[3]
[*A shot comes from the town. Salisbury and Gargrave fall.*
Sal. O Lord, have mercy on us, wretched sinners!
[*Gar.* O Lord, have mercy on me, woful man!]
Tal. What chance is this that suddenly hath cross'd us?
Speak, Salisbury; at least, if thou canst speak:
How far'st thou, mirror of all martial men?
[One of thy eyes and thy cheek's side struck off!—]
Accursed tower! accursed fatal hand
That hath contriv'd this woeful tragedy!
[In thirteen battles Salisbury o'ercame;
Henry the Fifth he first train'd to the wars;
Whilst any trump did sound, or drum struck up,
His sword did ne'er leave striking in the field.
Yet liv'st thou, Salisbury? though thy speech doth fail,
One eye thou hast, to look to heaven for grace:
The sun with one eye vieweth all the world.—]
Heaven, be thou gracious to none alive,
If Salisbury wants mercy at thy hands!—
Bear hence his body; I will help to bury it.—

[1] *Grisly*, grim, terrible. [2] *Shot*, *i.e.* marksmen.

[3] *Enfeebled*, pronounced here as a quadrisyllable.

[Sir Thomas Gargrave, hast thou any life?
Speak unto Talbot; nay, look up to him.]
Salisbury, cheer thy spirit with this comfort;
Thou shalt not die whiles— 91
He beckons with his hand, and smiles on me,
As who should say, "When I am dead and gone,
Remember to avenge me on the French."—
Plantagenet, I will; [and, Nero-like,
Play on the lute, beholding the towns burn:
Wretched shall France be only in my name.]
[*Here an alarum is heard, and it thunders and lightens.*
What stir is this? what tumult's in the heavens?
Whence cometh this alarum and this noise?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, my lord, the French have gather'd head: 100
The Dauphin, with one Joan la Pucelle join'd,—
A holy prophetess new risen up,—
Is come with a great power[1] to raise the siege.
[*Salisbury lifteth himself up and groans.*
Tal. Hear, hear how dying Salisbury doth groan!
It irks his heart he cannot be reveng'd.—
[Frenchmen, I'll be a Salisbury to you:—
Pucelle or puzzel, dolphin or dogfish,
Your hearts I'll stamp out with my horse's heels,
And make a quagmire of your mingled brains.—]
Convey me Salisbury into his tent, 110
Then we'll try what these dastard Frenchmen dare.
[*Alarum. Exeunt bearing out the bodies.*

SCENE V. *Before one of the gates of Orleans. Alarums. Skirmishings. Enter* TALBOT *pursuing the* DAUPHIN, *and drives him in, and exit: then enter* LA PUCELLE, *driving Englishmen before her, and exit after them: then re-enter* TALBOT.

Tal. Where is my strength, my valour, and my force?
Our English troops retire, I cannot stay them;
A woman clad in armour chaseth them. 3
Here, here she comes.

Re-enter LA PUCELLE.

I'll have a bout with thee;
[Devil or devil's dam, I'll conjure thee:]
Blood will I draw on thee,—thou art a witch,—
And straightway give thy soul to him thou serv'st.
Puc. Come, come, 't is only I that must disgrace thee. [*Here they fight.*
Tal. Heavens, can you suffer hell so to prevail?
[My breast I'll burst with straining of my courage, 10
And from my shoulders crack my arms asunder,
But I will châstise this high-minded strumpet.]
[*They fight again.*
Puc. [*Retiring*] Talbot, farewell; thy hour is not yet come:
I must go victual Orleans forthwith.
[*A short alarum.*
O'ertake me, if thou canst; I scorn thy strength.
Go, go, cheer up thy hunger-starved men;
Help Salisbury to make his testament:
This day is ours, as many more shall be.
[*La Pucelle enters the town with French soldiers.*
Tal. My thoughts are whirled like a potter's wheel;
I know not where I am, nor what I do: 20
A witch, by fear, not force, like Hannibal,
Drives back our troops and conquers as she lists:
[So bees with smoke, and doves with noisome stench,
Are from their hives and houses driven away.]
They call'd us, for our fierceness, English dogs;
Now, like to whelps, we crying run away.
[*A short alarum.*
Hark, countrymen! either renew the fight,
Or tear the lions out of England's coat;[2]
Renounce your style,[3] give sheep in lions' stead:

[1] *Power*, force, army.

[2] *Coat*, coat of arms. [3] *Style*, title.

[Sheep run not half so timorous from the wolf,
Or horse or oxen from the leopard,[1]
As you fly from your oft-subdued slaves.]
[*Alarum. Another skirmish.*
It will not be:—retire into your trenches:
You all consented unto Salisbury's death,
For none would strike a stroke in his revenge.—
Pucelle is enter'd into Orleans,
In spite of us or aught that we could do.
O, would I were to die with Salisbury!
The shame hereof will make me hide my head.
[*Alarum; retreat. Exeunt Talbot and forces.*

SCENE VI. *The same.*

Enter, on the walls, LA PUCELLE, CHARLES, *The* BASTARD *of Orleans,* REIGNIER, ALENÇON, *and Soldiers.*

Puc. Advance[2] our waving colours on the walls;
Rescu'd is Orleans from the English:[3]—
Thus Joan la Pucelle hath perform'd her word.
Char. Divinest creature,[4] Astræa's daughter,
How shall I honour thee for this success?
[Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens,
That one day bloom'd and fruitful were the next.—]
France, triumph in thy glorious prophetess!—
Recover'd is the town of Orleans:
More blessed hap did ne'er befall our state.
Reig. Why ring not out the bells throughout the town?
Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires
And feast and banquet in the open streets
To celebrate the joy that God hath given us.
Alen. All France will be replete with mirth and joy,
When they shall hear how we have play'd the men.[5]
Char. 'Tis Joan, not we, by whom the day is won;
For which I will divide my crown with her;
[And all the priests and friars in my realm
Shall in procession sing her endless praise.
A statelier pyramis[6] to her I'll rear
Than Rhodope's of Memphis ever was:
In memory of her when she is dead,
Her ashes, in an urn more precious
Than the rich-jewel'd coffer of Darius,
Transported shall be at high festivals
Before the kings and queens and peers of France.]
No longer on Saint Denis will we cry,
But Joan la Pucelle shall be France's saint.
Come in, and let us banquet royally,
After this golden day of victory.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *France. Before Orleans.*

Enter to the gate a French Sergeant and two Sentinels.

Serg. Sirs, take your places, and be vigilant:
If any noise or soldier you perceive
Near to the walls, by some apparent[7] sign
Let us have knowledge at the court of guard.[8]
First Sent. Sergeant, you shall. [*Exit Sergeant.*] Thus are poor servitors,
When others sleep upon their quiet beds,
Constrain'd to watch in darkness, rain, and cold.

Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, *and Forces, with scaling-ladders, their drums beating a dead march.*

Tal. Lord Regent, and redoubted Burgundy,—
[By whose approach the regions of Artois,
Walloon, and Picardy are friends to us,—]
This happy night the Frenchmen are secure,[9]

[1] *Leopard*, here pronounced as a trisyllable.
[2] *Advance*, lift up.
[3] *English*, pronounced as a trisyllable.
[4] *Creature*, here pronounced as a trisyllable.
[5] *Play'd the men*, *i.e.* play'd the part of men.
[6] *Pyramis*, pyramid. [7] *Apparent*, manifest.
[8] *Court of guard*, *i.e.* the guard-room, or the courtyard adjoining.
[9] *Secure*, careless, unsuspicious.

Having all day carous'd and banqueted: 12
Embrace we, then, this opportunity,
As fitting best to quittance[1] their deceit,
Contriv'd by art and baleful sorcery.
Bed. Coward of France!—how much he wrongs his fame,
Despairing of his own arm's fortitude,
To join with witches and the help of hell!
Bur. Traitors have never other company.
But what 's that Pucelle, whom they term so pure? 20
Tal. A maid, they say.
Bed. A maid! and be so martial!
Bur. Pray God she prove not masculine ere long;
[If underneath the standard of the French
She carry armour, as she hath begun.]
Tal. Well, let them practise[2] and converse with spirits:

Tal. God is our fortress, in whose conquering name
Let us resolve to scale their flinty bulwarks.—(Act ii. 1. 26, 27.)

God is our fortress, in whose conquering name 26
Let us resolve to scale their flinty bulwarks.
Bed. Ascend, brave Talbot; we will follow thee.
Tal. Not all together: better far, I guess,
That we do make our entrance several ways:
That, if it chance the one of us do fail, 31
The other yet may rise against their force.
Bed. Agreed: I 'll to yon corner.
Bur. And I to this.
Tal. And here will Talbot mount, or make his grave.—
Now, Salisbury, for thee, and for the right
Of English Henry, shall this night appear 36
How much in duty I am bound to both.

[*The English scale the walls, crying "St. George!" "A Talbot!" and all enter the town.*

Sent. Arm! arm! the enemy doth make assault!

The French leap over the walls in their shirts. Enter several ways, the BASTARD *of Orleans,* ALENÇON, *and* REIGNIER, *half ready and half unready.*

Alen. How now, my lords! what, all unready[3] so?

[1] *Quittance*, requite. [2] *Practise*, plot. [3] *Unready, i.e.* undressed.

Bast. Unready! ay, and glad we scap'd so well. 40
Reig. 'T was time, I trow, to wake and leave our beds,
Hearing alarums at our chamber-doors.
Alen. Of all exploits since first I follow'd arms,
Ne'er heard I of a warlike enterprise
More venturous or desperate than this.
Bast. I think this Talbot be a fiend of hell.
Reig. If not of hell, the heavens, sure, favour him.
Alen. Here cometh Charles: I marvel how he sped.
Bast. Tut, holy Joan was his defensive guard.

Enter CHARLES *and* LA PUCELLE.

Char. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitful dame? 50
Didst thou at first, to flatter us withal,
Make us partakers of a little gain,
That now our loss might be ten times so much?
Puc. Wherefore is Charles impatient with his friend?
At all times will you have my power alike?
Sleeping or waking, must I still prevail,
Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?—
Improvident soldiers! had your watch been good,
This sudden mischief never could have fall'n.
Char. Duke of Alençon, this was your default, 60
That, being captain of the watch to-night,
Did look no better to that weighty charge.
Alen. Had all your quarters been as safely kept
As that whereof I had the government,
We had not been thus shamefully surpris'd.
Bast. Mine was secure.
Reig. And so was mine, my lord.
Char. And, for myself, most part of all this night,
Within her[1] quarter and mine own precinct
I was employ'd in passing to and fro,
About relieving of the sentinels: 70
Then how, or which way, should they first break in?

[1] *Her*, i.e. Joan's.

Puc. Question, my lords, no further of the case, 72
How, or which way: 't is sure they found some place
But weakly guarded, where the breach was made.
And now there rests no other shift but this;
To gather our soldiers, scatter'd and dispers'd,
And lay new platforms[2] to endamage them.

Alarums. Enter an English Soldier, crying "A Talbot! a Talbot!" They fly, leaving their clothes behind.

Sold. I 'll be so bold to take what they have left.
The cry of Talbot serves me for a sword;
For I have loaden me with many spoils, 80
Using no other weapon but his name. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *Orleans. Within the town.*

Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, *a Captain, and others.*

Bed. The day begins to break, and night is fled,
Whose pitchy mantle over-veil'd the earth.
Here sound retreat, and cease our hot pursuit.
[*Retreat sounded.*
Tal. Bring forth the body of old Salisbury,
And here advance[3] it in the market-place,
The middle centre of this cursed town.
Now have I paid my vow unto his soul;
For every drop of blood was drawn from him
There hath at least five Frenchmen died to-night.
And that hereafter ages may behold 10
What ruin happened in revenge of him,
Within their chiefest temple I 'll erect
A tomb, wherein his corpse shall be interr'd:
Upon the which, that every one may read,
Shall be engrav'd the sack of Orleans,
The treacherous manner of his mournful death
And what a terror he had been to France.
But, lords, in all our bloody massacre,
I muse[4] we met not with the Dauphin's grace,
His new-come champion, virtuous Joan of Arc,
Nor any of his false confederates. 21

[2] *Platforms*, plans. [3] *Advance*, lift up. [4] *Muse*, wonder.

Bed. 'T is thought, Lord Talbot, when the fight began,
Rous'd on the sudden from their drowsy beds,
They did, amongst the troops of armed men,
Leap o'er the walls for refuge in the field.
Bur. Myself—as far as I could well discern
For smoke and dusky vapours of the night—
Am sure I scar'd the Dauphin and his trull,
[When arm in arm they both came swiftly running,
Like to a pair of loving turtle-doves,
That could not live asunder day or night.]
After that things are set in order here,
We 'll follow them with all the power we have.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. All hail, my lords! Which of this princely train
Call ye the warlike Talbot, for his acts
So much applauded through the realm of France?
Tal. Here is the Talbot: who would speak with him?
Mess. The virtuous lady, Countess of Auvergne,
With modesty admiring thy renown,
By me entreats, great lord, thou wouldst vouchsafe
To visit her poor castle where she lies,[1]
That she may boast she hath beheld the man
Whose glory fills the world with loud report.
Bur. Is it even so? Nay, then, I see our wars
Will turn unto a peaceful comic sport,
When ladies crave to be encounter'd with.—
You may not, my lord, despise her gentle suit.
Tal. Ne'er trust me then; for when a world of men
Could not prevail with all their oratory,
Yet hath a woman's kindness over-rul'd:—
And therefore tell her I return great thanks,
And in submission will attend on her.—
Will not your honours bear me company?
Bed. No, truly, no; 't is more than manners will:
And I have heard it said, unbidden guests
Are often welcomest when they are gone.

[1] *Lies*, dwells.

Tal. Well then, alone, since there 's no remedy,
I mean to prove this lady's courtesy.—
Come hither, captain. [*Whispers*] You perceive my mind?
Capt. I do, my lord, and mean accordingly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Auvergne. The* COUNTESS'S *castle.*

Enter the COUNTESS *and her Porter.*

Count. Porter, remember what I gave in charge;
And when you have done so, bring the keys to me.
Port. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*
Count. The plot is laid: if all things fall out right,
I shall as famous be by this exploit
As Scythian Tomyris by Cyrus' death.
Great is the rumour of this dreadful knight,
And his achievements of no less account:
Fain would mine eyes be witness with mine ears,
To give their censure[2] of these rare reports.

Enter Messenger and TALBOT.

Mess. Madam,
According as your ladyship desir'd,
By message crav'd, so is Lord Talbot come.
Count. And he is welcome. What! is this the man?
Mess. Madam, it is.
Count. Is this the scourge of France?
Is this the Talbot, so much fear'd abroad
That with his name the mothers still their babes?
I see report is fabulous and false:
I thought I should have seen some Hercules,
A second Hector, for his grim aspect,
And large proportion of his strong-knit limbs.
Alas, this is a child, a silly dwarf!
[It cannot be this weak and writhled[3] shrimp
Should strike such terror to his enemies.]
Tal. Madam, I have been bold to trouble you;
But since your ladyship is not at leisure,
I'll sort[4] some other time to visit you. [*Going.*

[2] *Censure*, judgment.
[3] *Writhled*, wrinkled.
[4] *Sort*, choose.

Count. What means he now? Go ask him whither he goes.
Mess. Stay, my Lord Talbot; for my lady craves 29
To know the cause of your abrupt departure.

Count. Is this the Talbot, so much fear'd abroad
That with his name the mothers still their babes?—(Act ii. 3. 16, 17.)

Tal. Marry, for that she's in a wrong belief,
I go to certify her Talbot's here.

Re-enter Porter with keys.

Count. If thou be he, then art thou prisoner.
Tal. Prisoner! to whom?
Count. To me, blood-thirsty lord;
And for that cause I train'd[1] thee to my house.
Long time thy shadow hath been thrall[2] to me,
For in my gallery thy picture hangs:
But now the substance shall endure the like;
And I will chain these legs and arms of thine,
That hast by tyranny, these many years, 40
Wasted our country, slain our citizens,
And sent our sons and husbands captivate.[3]
Tal. [*Laughing*] Ha, ha, ha!
Count. Laughest thou, wretch? thy mirth shall turn to moan.
Tal. I laugh to see your ladyship so fond[4]
To think that you have aught but Talbot's shadow
Whereon to practise your severity.
Count. Why, art not thou the man?
Tal. I am indeed.
Count. Then have I substance too.
Tal. No, no, I am but shadow of myself: 50
You are deceiv'd, my substance is not here;
For what you see is but the smallest part
And least proportion of humanity:
I tell you, madam, were the whole frame here,
It is of such a spacious lofty pitch,
Your roof were not sufficient to contain 't.
Count. This is a riddling merchant for the nonce;
He will be here, and yet he is not here:
How can these contrarieties agree?
Tal. That will I show you presently. 60
[*He winds his horn. Drums strike up: then a peal of ordnance. The gates being forced, enter Soldiers.*
How say you, madam? are you now persuaded
That Talbot is but shadow of himself?
These are his substance, sinews, arms, and strength,
With which he yoketh your rebellious necks,
Razeth your cities, and subverts your towns,
And in a moment makes them desolate.
Count. Victorious Talbot! pardon my abuse:[5]
I find thou art no less than fame hath bruited,
And more than may be gathered by thy shape.
Let my presumption not provoke thy wrath;
For I am sorry that with reverence 71
I did not entertain thee as thou art.

[1] *Train'd*, decoyed. [2] *Thrall*, captive.
[3] *Captivate*, made captive. [4] *Fond*, foolish.
[5] *Abuse*, offence; or, perhaps, deception.

Tal. Be not dismay'd, fair lady; nor misconstrue 73
The mind of Talbot, as you did mistake
The outward composition of his body.
What you have done hath not offended me:
Nor other satisfaction do I crave,
But only, with your patience, that we may
Taste of your wine, and see what cates[1] you have; 79
For soldiers' stomachs always serve them well.
Count. With all my heart; and think me honoured
To feast so great a warrior in my house.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *London. The Temple-garden.*

Enter the EARLS OF SOMERSET, SUFFOLK, *and* WARWICK; RICHARD PLANTAGENET, VERNON, *and a Lawyer.*

Plan. Great lords and gentlemen, what means this silence?
Dare no man answer in a case of truth?
Suf. Within the Temple-hall we were too loud;
The garden here is more convenient.
Plan. Then say at once if I maintain'd the truth;
Or else[2] was wrangling Somerset in the error?
Suf. Faith, I have been a truant in the law,
And never yet could frame my will to it;
And therefore frame the law unto my will.
Som. Judge you, my Lord of Warwick, then, between us. 10
War. Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch;
Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth;[3]
Between two blades, which bears the better temper:
Between two horses, which doth bear him[4] best;
Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye;—
I have perhaps some shallow spirit of judgment;
But in these nice sharp quillets[5] of the law,
Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.

[1] *Cates*, dainties.
[2] *Or else*, or in other words.
[3] *Mouth*, bark.
[4] *Bear him*, *i.e.* carry himself.
[5] *Quillets*, subtleties.

Plan. Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance:
The truth appears so naked on my side, 20
That any purblind eye may find it out.
Som. And on my side it is so well apparell'd,
So clear, so shining, and so evident
That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye.
Plan. Since you are tongue-ti'd and so loath to speak,
In dumb significants[6] proclaim your thoughts:
Let him that is a true-born gentleman,
And stands upon the honour of his birth,
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
From off this brier pluck a white rose with me. 30
Som. Let him that is no coward nor no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party[7] of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.
War. I love no colours;[8] and without all colour
Of base insinuating flattery,
I pluck this white rose with Plantagenet.
Suf. I pluck this red rose with young Somerset;
And say withal, I think he held the right.
Ver. Stay, lords and gentlemen, and pluck no more,
Till you conclude that he, upon whose side 40
The fewest roses are cropp'd from the tree,
Shall yield the other in the right opinion.[9]
Som. Good Master Vernon, it is well objected:[10]
If I have fewest, I subscribe in silence.
Plan. And I.
Ver. Then for the truth and plainness of the case,
I pluck this pale and maiden blossom here,
Giving my verdict on the white rose side.
Som. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off,
Lest, bleeding, you do paint the white rose red, 50
And fall on my side so, against your will.

[6] *Dumb significants*, mute indications, or signs.
[7] *Party*, side.
[8] *Colours*, used in a double sense; in the ordinary one, and in that of "pretexts."
[9] *Shall yield the other, &c.*, *i.e.* shall admit that the other is in the right.
[10] *Well objected*, well proposed.

Ver. If I, my lord, for my opinion bleed,
Opinion shall be surgeon to my hurt, 53
And keep me on the side where still I am.
Som. Well, well, come on: who else?
Law. Unless my study and my books be false,
The argument you held was wrong in you;
[*To Somerset.*
In sign whereof I pluck a white rose too.
Plan. Now, Somerset, where is your argument?
Som. Here in my scabbard, meditating that
Shall dye your white rose in a bloody red. 61
Plan. Meantime your cheeks do counterfeit our roses;
For pale they look with fear, as witnessing
The truth on our side.
Som. No, Plantagenet,
'T is not for fear; but anger[1] that thy cheeks
Blush for pure shame to counterfeit our roses,
And yet thy tongue will not confess thy error.
Plan. Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset?
Som. Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet?
Plan. Ay, sharp and piercing, to maintain his truth; 70
Whiles thy consuming canker eats his falsehood.
Som. Well, I'll find friends to wear my bleeding rose,
That shall maintain what I have said is true,
Where false Plantagenet dare not be seen.
Plan. Now, by this maiden blossom in my hand,
I scorn thee and thy faction, peevish boy.
Suf. Turn not thy scorns this way, Plantagenet.
Plan. Proud Pole, I will; and scorn both him and thee.
Suf. I'll turn my part thereof into thy throat.
Som. Away, away, good William de la Pole!
We grace the yeoman by conversing with him. 81
War. Now, by God's will, thou wrong'st him, Somerset;
His grandfather was Lionel Duke of Clarence,

[1] *But anger*, i.e. but for anger.

Third son to the third Edward King of England: 84
Spring crestless yeomen[2] from so deep a root?
Plan. He bears him on the place's privilege,
Or durst not, for his craven heart, say thus.
Som. By him that made me, I'll maintain my words
On any plot of ground in Christendom.
Was not thy father, Richard Earl of Cambridge, 90
For treason executed in our late king's days?
And, by his treason, stand'st not thou attainted,
Corrupted, and exempt[3] from ancient gentry?
His trespass yet lives guilty in thy blood;
And, till thou be restor'd, thou art a yeoman.
Plan. My father was attached,[4] not attainted,
Condemn'd to die for treason, but no traitor;
And that I'll prove on better men than Somerset,
Were growing time once ripen'd to my will.
For your partaker[5] Pole, and you yourself, 100
I'll note you in my book of memory,
To scourge you for this apprehension:[6]
Look to it well and say you are well warn'd.
Som. Ah, thou shalt find us ready for thee still;
And know us, by these colours, for thy foes,
For these my friends, in spite of thee, shall wear.
Plan. And, by my soul, this pale and angry rose,
As cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,
Will I for ever, and my faction, wear,
Until it wither with me to my grave, 110
Or flourish to the height of my degree.
Suf. Go forward, and be chok'd with thy ambition!
And so, farewell, until I meet thee next. [*Exit.*
Som. Have with thee, Pole.—Farewell, ambitious Richard. [*Exit.*
Plan. How I am brav'd, and must perforce endure it!
War. This blot, that they object against your house,

[2] *Crestless yeomen*, i.e. yeomen who have no right to a coat of arms.
[3] *Exempt*, excluded.
[4] *Attached*, arrested.
[5] *Partaker*, confederate.
[6] *Apprehension*, opinion.

Shall be wip'd out in the next parliament,
Call'd for the truce of Winchester and Gloster;
And if thou be not then created York,
I will not live to be accounted Warwick. 120
Meantime, in signal of my love to thee,
Against proud Somerset and William Pole,
Will I upon thy party wear this rose:
And here I prophesy,—this brawl to-day,
Grown to this faction in the Temple-garden,
Shall send, between the red rose and the white,
A thousand souls to death and deadly night.
Plan. Good Master Vernon, I am bound to you,
That you on my behalf would pluck a flower.
Ver. In your behalf still will I wear the same. 130
Law. And so will I.
Plan. Thanks, gentle sir.
Come, let us four to dinner: I dare say
This quarrel will drink blood another day.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *A room in the Tower of London.*

Enter MORTIMER, *brought in a chair by two Gaolers.*

Mor. Kind keepers of my weak decaying age,
Let dying Mortimer here rest himself.—
Even like a man new haled[1] from the rack,
So fare my limbs with long imprisonment;
And these grey locks, the pursuivants of death,[2]
Nestor-like aged,[3] in[4] an age of care,
Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer.
[These eyes, like lamps whose wasting oil is spent,
Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent;[5]]
Weak shoulders, overborne with burthening grief, 10
And pithless[6] arms, like to a withered vine
That droops his sapless branches to the ground:
Yet are these feet—whose strengthless stay is numb,
Unable to support this lump of clay— 14
Swift-winged with desire to get a grave,
As witting[7] I no other comfort have.
But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come?
First Gaol. Richard Plantagenet, my lord, will come:
We sent unto the Temple, to his chamber;
And answer was return'd that he will come. 20
Mor. Enough: my soul shall then be satisfied.
Poor gentleman! his wrong doth equal mine.
Since Henry Monmouth[8] first began to reign,
Before whose glory I was great in arms,
This loathsome sequestration[9] have I had;
And even since then hath Richard been obscur'd,
Depriv'd of honour and inheritance.
But now, the arbitrator of despairs,
Just death, kind umpire of men's miseries,
With sweet enlargement doth dismiss me hence: 30
I would his troubles likewise were expir'd,
That so he might recover what was lost.

Enter RICHARD PLANTAGENET.

First Gaol. My lord, your loving nephew now is come.
Mor. Richard Plantagenet, friend, is he come?
Plan. Ay, noble uncle, thus ignobly us'd,
Your nephew, late despised[10] Richard, comes.
Mor. Direct mine arms I may embrace his neck,
And in his bosom spend my latter gasp:
O, tell me when my lips do touch his cheeks,
That I may kindly give one fainting kiss.—
And now declare, sweet stem from York's great stock, 41
Why didst thou say, of late thou wert despis'd?
Plan. First, lean thine aged back against mine arm;
And, in that ease, I'll tell thee my disease.[11]
This day, in argument upon a case,
Some words there grew 'twixt Somerset and me;

[1] *Haled*, dragged.
[2] *Pursuivants of death*, *i.e.* the heralds who announce the approach of death.
[3] *Nestor-like aged*, *i.e.* made as old as Nestor.
[4] *In* = by. [5] *Exigent*, end. [6] *Pithless*, without vigour.
[7] *Witting*, knowing.
[8] *Henry Monmouth*, *i.e.* Henry V.
[9] *Sequestration*, imprisonment; literally, seclusion.
[10] *Late despised*, *i.e.* lately despised.
[11] *Disease*, uneasiness of mind.

Among which terms he us'd his lavish tongue,
And did upbraid me with my father's death:
Which obloquy set bars before my tongue,
Else with the like I had requited him. 50
Therefore, good uncle, for my father's sake,
In honour of a true Plantagenet,
And for alliance' sake,[1] declare the cause
My father, Earl of Cambridge, lost his head.

Mor. That cause, fair nephew, that imprison'd me, 55
And hath detain'd me all my flowering youth
Within a loathsome dungeon, there to pine,
Was cursed instrument of his decease.

Plan. Discover more at large what cause that was;
For I am ignorant, and cannot guess. 60

Plan. Here dies the dusky torch of Mortimer.—(Act ii. 5. 122.)

Mor. I will, if that my fading breath permit,
And death approach not ere my tale be done.
Henry the Fourth, grandfather to this king,
Depos'd his nephew Richard,—Edward's son,
[The first-begotten and the lawful heir
Of Edward king, the third of that descent:]
During whose reign the Percies of the north,
Finding his usurpation most unjust,
Endeavour'd my advancement to the throne:
The reason mov'd these warlike lords to this 70
Was, for that—young King Richard thus removed,
Leaving no heir begotten of his body— 72
I was the next by birth and parentage;
[For by my mother I derived am
From Lionel Duke of Clarence, the third son
Unto the third King Edward; whereas he
From John of Gaunt doth bring his pedigree,
Being but fourth of that heroic line.]
But mark: as, in this haughty[2] great attempt,
They laboured to plant the rightful heir, 80
I lost my liberty, and they their lives.
Long after this, when Henry[3] the Fifth,
Succeeding his sire Bolingbroke, did reign,

[1] *For alliance' sake, i.e.* for the sake of our relationship.

[2] *Haughty* = high. [3] *Henry*, pronounced as a trisyllable.

Thy father, Earl of Cambridge, then deriv'd
From famous Edmund Langley, Duke of York,
Marrying my sister that thy mother was,
Again, in pity of my hard distress,
Levied an army, weening[1] to redeem
And have install'd me in the diadem:
But, as the rest, so fell that noble earl, 90
And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimers,
In whom the title rested, were suppress'd.
Plan. Of which, my lord, your honour is the last.
Mor. True; and thou seest that I no issue have,
And that my fainting words do warrant death:
Thou art my heir; the rest I wish thee gather:
But yet be wary in thy studious care.
Plan. Thy grave admonishments prevail with me:
But yet, methinks, my father's execution
Was nothing less than bloody tyranny. 100
Mor. With silence, nephew, be thou politic:
Strong-fixed is the house of Lancaster
And like a mountain, not to be remov'd.
[But now thy uncle is removing hence;
As princes do their courts, when they are cloy'd
With long continuance in a settled place.]
Plan. O, uncle, would some part of my young years
Might but redeem the passage of your age!
Mor. Thou dost then wrong me,—as that slaughterer doth
Which giveth many wounds when one will kill. 110
Mourn not, except thou sorrow for my good;
Only give order for my funeral:
And so farewell; and fair be all thy hopes
And prosperous be thy life in peace and war! [*Dies.*
Plan. And peace, no war, befall thy parting soul!
In prison hast thou spent a pilgrimage,
And like a hermit overpass'd thy days.—
Well, I will lock his counsel in my breast;
And what I do imagine, let that rest.—
Keepers, convey him hence; and I myself 120
Will see his burial better than his life.
[*Exeunt Gaolers, bearing out the body of Mortimer.*
Here dies the dusky torch of Mortimer,
Chok'd with ambition of the meaner sort:—
And for those wrongs, those bitter injuries,
Which Somerset hath offer'd to my house,
I doubt not but with honour to redress;
And therefore haste I to the parliament,
Either to be restored to my blood,
Or make my ill the advantage of my good. 129
[*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *London. The Parliament-house.*

Flourish. Enter KING HENRY, EXETER, GLOSTER, WARWICK, SOMERSET, *and* SUFFOLK; *the* BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *and others.* GLOSTER *offers to put up a bill;* WINCHESTER *snatches it, and tears it.*

Win. Com'st thou with deep-premeditated lines,
With written pamphlets studiously devis'd,
Humphrey of Gloster? If thou canst accuse,
Or aught intend'st to lay unto my charge,
Do it without invention, suddenly;
As I with sudden and extemporal speech
Purpose to answer what thou canst object.
Glo. Presumptuous priest! this place commands my patience,
Or thou shouldst find thou hast dishonour'd me.
Think not, although in writing I preferr'd[2] 10
The manner of thy vile outrageous crimes,
That therefore I have forg'd, or am not able
Verbatim to rehearse the method of my pen:
[No, prelate; such is thy audacious wickedness,
Thy lewd, pestiferous, and dissentious pranks,
As[3] very infants prattle of thy pride.]

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[1] *Weening*, thinking.

[2] *Preferr'd, i.e.* "as a charge against thee." [3] *As* = that.

Thou art a most pernicious usurer;
Froward by nature, enemy to peace;
Lascivious, wanton, more than well beseems
A man of thy profession and degree; 20
And for thy treachery, what's more manifest,—
In that thou laid'st a trap to take my life,
As well at London bridge as at the Tower?
[Beside, I fear me, if thy thoughts were sifted,
The king, thy sovereign, is not quite exempt
From envious malice of thy swelling heart.]

Win. Gloster, I do defy thee.—Lords, vouchsafe
To give me hearing what I shall reply.
Were I ambitious, covetous, or worse,
As he will have me, how am I so poor? 30
Or how haps it I seek not to advance
Or raise myself, but keep my wonted calling?
And for dissension, who preferreth peace
More than I do?—except I be provok'd.
No, my good lords, it is not thát offends;
[It is not thát that hath incens'd the duke:]
It is, because no one should sway but he;
[No one but he should be about the king;]
And that engenders thunder in his breast,
And makes him roar these accusations forth.
But he shall know I am as good—

Glo. As good! 41
Thou bastard of my grandfather!—

Win. Ay, lordly sir; for what are you, I pray,
But one imperious in another's throne?

Glo. Am I not lord protector, saucy priest?

Win. And am not I a prelate of the church?

Glo. Yes, as an outlaw in a castle keeps,
And useth it to patronage[1] his theft.

Win. Unreverent Gloster!

Glo. Thou art reverend
Touching thy spiritual function, not thy life.

[*Win.* This Rome shall remedy.

War. Roam thither, then. 51

Som. My lord, it were your duty to forbear.

War. Ay, see the bishop be not overborne.

Som. Methinks my lord should be religious,
And know the office that belongs to such.

War. Methinks his lordship should be humbler;
It fitteth not a prelate so to plead.

Som. Yes, when his holy state is touch'd so near.

War. State holy or unhallow'd, what of that?
Is not his grace protector to the king? 60

Plan. [*Aside*] Plantagenet, I see, must hold his tongue,
Lest it be said "Speak, sirrah, when you should;
Must your bold verdict enter talk with lords?"
Else would I have a fling at Winchester.]

King. Uncles of Gloster and of Winchester,
The special watchmen of our English weal,
I would prevail, if prayers[2] might prevail,
To join your hearts in love and amity.
O, what a scandal is it to our crown,
That two such noble peers as ye should jar! 70
Believe me, lords, my tender years can tell
Civil dissension is a viperous worm
That gnaws the bowels of the commonwealth.

[*A noise within*, "Down with the tawny-coats!"

What tumult 's this?

War. An uproar, I dare warrant,
Begun through malice of the bishop's men.

[*A noise again*, "Stones! stones!"

Enter the MAYOR OF LONDON, *attended.*

May. O, my good lords,—and virtuous Henry,—
Pity the city of London, pity us!
The bishop and the Duke of Gloster's men,
Forbidden late to carry any weapon, 79
Have fill'd their pockets full of pebble stones,
And banding themselves in contrary parts,
Do pelt so fast at one another's pate,
That many have their giddy brains knock'd out:
Our windows are broke down in every street,
And we, for fear, compell'd to shut our shops.

Enter, skirmishing, the Serving-men of GLOSTER *and* WINCHESTER *with bloody pates.*

King. We charge you, on allegiance to ourself,
To hold your slaughtering hands and keep the peace.—
Pray, uncle Gloster, mitigate this strife.

[1] *To patronage, i.e.* to maintain.

[2] *Prayers*, pronounced as a dissyllable.

First Serv. Nay, if we be forbidden stones, we'll fall to it with our teeth. 90
Sec. Serv. Do what ye dare, we are as resolute. [*Skirmish again.*
[*Glo.* You of my household, leave this peevish[1] broil,
And set this unaccustom'd[2] fight aside.
Third Serv. My lord, we know your grace to be a man
Just and upright; and, for your royal birth,
To none inferior but his majesty:
And, ere that we will suffer such a prince,
So kind a father of the commonweal,
To be disgraced by an inkhorn mate,[3] 99
We, and our wives and children, all will fight,
And have our bodies slaughter'd by thy foes.
First Serv. Ay, and the very parings of our nails
Shall pitch a field when we are dead.
[*Skirmish again.*]
Glo. Stay, stay!
And if you love me, as you say you do,
Let me persuade you to forbear awhile,
King. O, how this discord doth afflict my soul!—
Can you, my Lord of Winchester, behold
My sighs and tears, and will not once relent?
Who should be pitiful, if you be not?
Or who should study to prefer a peace, 110
If holy churchmen take delight in broils?
War. My lord protector, yield;—yield, Winchester;—
Except you mean, with obstinate repulse,
To slay your sovereign, and destroy the realm.
[You see what mischief, and what murder too,
Hath been enacted through your enmity:
Then be at peace, except ye thirst for blood.]
Win. He shall submit, or I will never yield.
[*Glo.* Compassion on the king commands me stoop; 119
Or I would see his heart out, ere the priest
Should ever get that privilege of me.
War. Behold, my Lord of Winchester, the duke
Hath banish'd moody discontented fury,
As by his smoothed brows it doth appear:
Why look you still so stern and tragical?]
Glo. Here, Winchester, I offer thee my hand. 126
[*King.* Fie, uncle Beaufort! I have heard you preach
That malice was a great and grievous sin;
And will not you maintain the thing you teach,
But prove a chief offender in the same? 130
War. Sweet king! — the bishop hath a kindly gird.[4]—
For shame, my Lord of Winchester, relent!
What, shall a child instruct you what to do?]
Win. Well, Duke of Gloster, I will yield to thee;
Love for thy love, and hand for hand I give.
Glo. [*Aside*] Ay, but, I fear me, with a hollow heart.—[*Holding Winchester's right hand in his.*]
See here, my friends and loving countrymen;
This token serveth for a flag of truce
Betwixt ourselves and all our followers:
So help me God, as I dissemble not! 140
Win. [*Aside*] So help me God, as I intend it not!
King. O loving uncle, kind Duke of Gloster,[5]
How joyful am I made by this contract!—
Away, my masters! trouble us no more;
But join in friendship, as your lords have done.
First Serv. Content: I'll to the surgeon's.
Sec. Serv. And so will I.
Third Serv. And I will see what physic the tavern affords.
[*Exeunt Serving-men, Mayor, &c.*
War. Accept this scroll, most gracious sovereign, 149
Which in the right of Richard Plantagenet
We do exhibit to your majesty.
Glo. Well urg'd, my Lord of Warwick: for, sweet prince,
An if your grace mark every circumstance,
You have great reason to do Richard right;
Especially for those occasions
At Eltham Place I told[6] your majesty.

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[1] *Peevish*, foolish.
[2] *Unaccustom'd*, unseemly (Johnson). Perhaps it only means unusual, or strange.
[3] *Inkhorn mate*, *i.e.* bookish fellow.
[4] *A kindly gird*, *i.e.* gentle reproof; some explain it "a reproach in kind," "an appropriate rebuke."
[5] *Gloster*, here a trisyllable = Glo-ces-ter.
[6] *I told*, *i.e.* of which I told.

King. And those occasions, uncle, were of force:
Therefore, my loving lords, our pleasure is
That Richard be restored to his blood. 159
War. Let Richard be restored to his blood;
So shall his father's wrongs be recompens'd.
Win. As will the rest, so willeth Winchester.
King. If Richard will be true, not that alone,
But all the whole inheritance I give
That doth belong unto the house of York,
[From whence you spring by lineal descent.
Plan. Thy humble servant vows obedience
And faithful service till the point of death.]
King. Stoop then and set your knee against my foot;
And, in reguerdon[1] of that duty done, 170
I gird thee with the valiant sword of York:
Rise, Richard, like a true Plantagenet,
And rise created princely Duke of York.
Plan. And so thrive Richard as thy foes may fall!
And as my duty springs, so perish they
That grudge[2] one thought against your majesty!
All. Welcome, high prince, the mighty Duke of York!
Som. [*Aside*] Perish, base prince, ignoble Duke of York!
Glo. Now will it best avail your majesty
To cross the seas, and to be crown'd in France:
The presence of a king engenders love 181
Amongst his subjects and his loyal friends,
As it disanimates his enemies.
King. When Gloster says the word, King Henry goes;
For friendly counsel cuts off many foes.
Glo. Your ships already are in readiness.
[*Sennet. Flourish. Exeunt all but Exeter.*
Exe. Ay, we may march in England or in France,
Not seeing what is likely to ensue.
This late dissension grown betwixt the peers
Burns under feigned ashes of forg'd love 190
And will at last break out into a flame:
[As fester'd members rot but by degree,
Till bones and flesh and sinews fall away,
So will this base and envious discord breed.[3]]
And now I fear that fatal prophecy 195
Which in the time of Henry nam'd the Fifth
Was in the mouth of every sucking babe,—
That Henry born at Monmouth should win all,
And Henry born at Windsor should lose all:
Which is so plain, that Exeter doth wish 200
His days may finish ere that hapless time.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II. *France. Before Rouen.*

Enter LA PUCELLE *disguised, and Soldiers dressed like countrymen, with sacks upon their backs.*

Puc. These are the city gates, the gates of Rouen,
Through which our policy must make a breach:
Take heed, be wary how you place your words;
Talk like the vulgar sort of market men
That come to gather money for their corn.
If we have entrance,—as I hope we shall,—
And that we find the slothful watch but weak,
I'll by a sign give notice to our friends,
That Charles the Dauphin may encounter them.
First Sol. Our sacks shall be a mean to sack the city, 10
And we be lords and rulers over Rouen;
Therefore we'll knock. [*Knocks.*
Watch. [*Within*] *Qui va là?*
Puc. *Paysans, pauvres gens de France;*
Poor market-folks, that come to sell their corn.
Watch. [*Opening the gates; the market-bell rings*] Enter, go in; the market-bell is rung.
Puc. Now, Rouen,[4] I'll shake thy bulwarks to the ground.
[*La Pucelle, and Soldiers, enter the town.*

Enter CHARLES, *the* BASTARD *of Orleans,* ALENÇON, REIGNIER, *and Forces.*

Char. Saint Denis bless this happy stratagem!
And once again we'll sleep secure in Rouen.

[1] *Reguerdon,* reward.
[2] *Grudge,* maliciously cherish; or, perhaps, murmur.
[3] *Breed,* increase of itself.
[4] *Rouen,* written in F. 1 *Roan,* and intended to be pronounced as a monosyllable.

Bast. Here enter'd Pucelle and her practisants;[1] 20
Now she is there, how will she specify
Where is the best and safest passage in?
Reign. By thrusting out a torch from yonder tower;
[Which, once discern'd, shows that her meaning is,—
No way to that,[2] for weakness, which she enter'd.]

Enter LA PUCELLE *on the battlements, thrusting out a torch burning.*

Puc. Behold, this is the happy wedding torch
That joineth Rouen unto her countrymen,
But burning fatal to the Talbotites!
Bast. See, noble Charles, the beacon of our friend;
The burning torch in yonder turret stands. 30
Char. Now shine it like a comet of revenge,
A prophet to the fall of all our foes!
Reign. Defer no time, delays have dangerous ends;
Enter, and cry "The Dauphin!" presently,
And then do execution on the watch.
[*They enter the town. Exit La Pucelle above. Exeunt.*

Alarums. Enter from the town TALBOT *and English Soldiers.*

Tal. France, thou shalt rue this treason with thy tears,
If Talbot but survive thy treachery.
Pucelle, that witch, that damned sorceress,
Hath wrought this hellish mischief unawares,
That[3] hardly we escap'd the pride[4] of France. 40
[*Exeunt into the town.*

Alarums: excursions. Enter from the town, BEDFORD, *brought in sick in a chair, with* TALBOT, BURGUNDY, *and the English Forces. Then, enter on the walls* LA PUCELLE, CHARLES, BASTARD, ALENÇON, *and* REIGNIER.

Puc. Good morrow, gallants! want ye corn for bread?
[I think the Duke of Burgundy will fast,
Before he 'll buy again at such a rate: 48
'T was full of darnel;—do you like the taste?
Bur. Scoff on, vile fiend and shameless courtezan!
I trust ere long to choke thee with thine own,
And make thee curse the harvest of that corn.
Char. Your grace may starve, perhaps, before that time.]
Bed. O, let no words, but deeds, revenge this treason!
Puc. What will you do, good gray-beard? break a lance, 50
And run a tilt at death within a chair?
Tal. Foul fiend of France, and hag of all despite,
[Encompass'd with thy lustful paramours!]
Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant age,
And twit with cowardice a man half dead?
Damsel, I 'll have a bout with you again,
Or else let Talbot perish with this shame.
Puc. Are ye so hot, sir?—yet, Pucelle, hold thy peace;
If Talbot do but thunder, rain will follow.
[*Talbot and the rest of the English whisper together in council.*
God speed the parliament! who shall be the speaker? 60
Tal. Dare ye come forth and meet us in the field?
Puc. Belike your lordship takes us, then, for fools,
To try if that our own be ours or no.
Tal. I speak not to that railing Hecaté,
But unto thee, Alençon, and the rest;
Will ye, like soldiers, come and fight it out?
Alen. Signior, no.
Tal. Signior, hang!—base muleters of France!
Like peasant foot-boys do they keep the walls,
And dare not take up arms like gentlemen. 70
Puc. Captains, away! let 's get us from the walls;
For Talbot means no goodness by his looks.—
God be wi' you, my lord! we came up but to tell you
That we are here. [*Exeunt La Pucelle and the others from the walls.*
Tal. And there will we be too, ere it be long,
Or else reproach be Talbot's greatest fame!—

[1] *Practisants, i.e.* fellow plotters.
[2] *To that, i.e.* compared with that.
[3] *That, i.e.* so that. [4] *Pride* = picked forces.

Vow, Burgundy, by honour of thy house—
Prick'd on by public wrongs sustain'd in France—
Either to get the town again or die:
And I,—as sure as English Henry lives, 80
And as his father here was conqueror,—
[As sure as in this late betrayed town
Great Cœur-de-lion's heart was buried,—]
So sure I swear to get the town or die.

Bur. My vows are equal partners with thy vows.

Tal. But, ere we go, regard this dying prince, 86
The valiant Duke of Bedford.—Come, my lord,
We will bestow you in some better place,
Fitter for sickness and for crazy[1] age.

Bed. Lord Talbot, do not so dishonour me:
Here will I sit before the walls of Rouen, 91
And will be partner of your weal or woe.

Bur. Courageous Bedford, let us now persuade you.

Puc. Dismay not, princes, at this accident.—(Act iii. 3. 1.)

Bed. Not to be gone from hence; for once I read, 94
That stout Pendragon,[2] in his litter, sick,
Came to the field, and vanquished his foes:
Methinks I should revive the soldiers' hearts,
Because I ever found them as myself.

Tal. Undaunted spirit in a dying breast!—
Then be it so:—heavens keep old Bedford safe!— 100
And now no more ado, brave Burgundy,
But gather we our forces out of hand, 102
And set upon our boasting enemy.

[*Exeunt into the town, Burgundy, Talbot, and Forces, leaving Bedford and attendants.*

Alarums: excursions. Enter SIR JOHN FASTOLFE *and a* CAPTAIN.

Cap. Whither away, Sir John Fastolfe, in such haste?

Fast. Whither away! to save myself by flight:
We are like to have the overthrow again.

[1] *Crazy*, decrepit.
[2] *Pendragon*, Uther Pendragon, father of King Arthur.

Cap. What! will you fly, and leave Lord Talbot?
Fast. Ay,
All the Talbots in the world, to save my life. [*Exit.*
Cap. Cowardly knight! ill fortune follow thee! [*Exit.*

Retreat: excursions. Re-enter, from the town, LA PUCELLE, ALENÇON, CHARLES, *and French Soldiers; exeunt flying.*

Bed. Now, quiet soul, depart when heaven please, 110
For I have seen our enemies' overthrow.
[What is the trust or strength of foolish man?
They that of late were daring with their scoffs
Are glad and fain by flight to save themselves.]
[*Bedford dies, and is carried in by two in his chair.*

Alarums. Re-enter TALBOT, BURGUNDY, *and the rest.*

Tal. Lost, and recovered in a day again!
This is a double honour, Burgundy:
Let Heaven have glory for this victory!
Bur. Warlike and martial Talbot, Burgundy
Enshrines thee in his heart, and there erects
Thy noble deeds as valour's monuments. 120
Tal. Thanks, gentle duke. [But where is Pucelle now?
I think her old familiar[1] is asleep:
Now where's the Bastard's braves, and Charles his gleeks?[2]
What, all amort?[3] Rouen hangs her head for grief
That such a valiant company are fled.]
Now will we take some order[4] in the town,
Placing therein some expert officers;
And then depart to Paris to the king,
For there young Henry with his nobles lie.
Bur. What wills Lord Talbot pleaseth Burgundy. 130
Tal. But yet, before we go, let's not forget
The noble Duke of Bedford late deceas'd,
But see his exequies fulfill'd in Rouen:
A braver soldier never couched lance,
A gentler heart did never sway in court;
But kings and mightiest potentates must die,
For that's the end of human misery. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The plains near Rouen.*

Enter CHARLES, *the* BASTARD *of Orleans,* ALENÇON, LA PUCELLE, *and Forces.*

Puc. Dismay not,[5] princes, at this accident,
Nor grieve that Rouen is so recovered:
[Care is no cure, but rather córrosive,
For things that are not to be remedi'd.]
Let frantic Talbot triumph for a while,
And like a peacock sweep along his tail;
We'll pull his plumes and take away his train,
If Dauphin and the rest will be but rul'd.
Char. We have been guided by thee hitherto
And of thy cunning[6] had no diffidence:[7] 10
One sudden foil shall never breed distrust.
[*Bast.* Search out thy wit for secret policies,
And we will make thee famous through the world.
Alen. We'll set thy statue in some holy place,
And have thee reverenc'd like a blessed saint:
Employ thee, then, sweet virgin, for our good.]
Puc. Then thus it must be; this doth Joan devise:
By fair persuasions, mix'd with sugar'd words,
We will entice the Duke of Burgundy
To leave the Talbot and to follow us. 20
Char. Ay, marry, sweeting, if we could do that,
France were no place for Henry's warriors;
[Nor should that nation boast it so with us,
But be extirped[8] from our provinces.
Alen. For ever should they be expuls'd[9] from France,
And not have title of an earldom here.]
Puc. Your honours shall perceive how I will work
To bring this matter to the wished end. 28
[*Drum sounds afar off.*
Hark! by the sound of drum you may perceive
Their powers are marching unto Paris-ward.

[1] *Familiar, i.e.* familiar demon.
[2] *Gleeks,* scoffs. [3] *All amort* = quite dispirited.
[4] *Take some order, i.e.* make some necessary dispositions.
[5] *Dismay not, i.e.* be not dismayed.
[6] *Cunning,* skill. [7] *Diffidence,* distrust.
[8] *Extirped,* rooted out. [9] *Expuls'd,* expelled.

An English march. Enter, and pass over at a distance, TALBOT *and his Forces.*

There goes the Talbot, with his colours spread,
And all the troops of English after him. 32

A French march. Enter the DUKE OF BURGUNDY *and Forces.*

Now in the rearward comes the duke and his:
Fortune in favour makes him lag behind.
Summon a parley; we will talk with him.
[*Trumpets sound a parley.*

Char. A parley with the Duke of Burgundy!

Bur. Who craves a parley with the Burgundy?

Puc. The princely Charles of France, thy countryman.

Bur. What say'st thou, Charles? for I am marching hence.

Char. Speak, Pucelle, and enchant him with thy words. 40

Puc. Brave Burgundy, undoubted hope of France!
Stay, let thy humble handmaid speak to thee.

Bur. Speak on; but be not over-tedious.

Puc. Look on thy country, look on fertile France,
And see the cities and the towns defac'd
By wasting ruin of the cruel foe!
[As looks the mother on her lowly babe
When death doth close his tender dying eyes,
See, see the pining malady of France;] 49
Behold the wounds, the most unnatural wounds,
Which thou thyself hast given her woful breast.
O, turn thy edged sword another way;
Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that help.
One drop of blood drawn from thy country's bosom
Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign gore:
Return thee, therefore, with a flood of tears,
And wash away thy country's stained spots.

Bur. Either she hath bewitch'd me with her words,
Or nature makes me suddenly relent.

Puc. Besides, all French and France exclaims on thee, 60
Doubting thy birth and lawful progeny.
[Who join'st thou with, but with a lordly nation,
That will not trust thee but for profit's sake?]
When Talbot hath set footing once in France,
And fashion'd thee that instrument of ill,
Who then but English Henry will be lord,
And thou be thrust out like a fugitive?
Call we to mind,—and mark but this for proof,—
Was not the Duke of Orleans thy foe?
And was he not in England prisoner? 70
But when they heard he was thine enemy,
They set him free without his ransom paid,
In spite of Burgundy and all his friends.
[See, then, thou fight'st against thy countrymen,
And join'st with them will be thy slaughtermen.]
Come, come, return; return, thou wandering lord;
Charles and the rest will take thee in their arms.

Bur. [*Aside*] I'm vanquished; these haughty[1] words of hers 78
Have batter'd me like roaring cannon-shot,
And made me almost yield upon my knees.—
Forgive me, country, and sweet countrymen!
And, lords, accept this hearty kind embrace:
My forces and my power of men are yours:—
So farewell, Talbot; I'll no longer trust thee.

Puc. Done like a Frenchman,—[*Aside*] turn, and turn again!

Char. Welcome, brave duke! thy friendship makes us fresh.

Bast. And doth beget new courage in our breasts.

[*Alen.* Pucelle hath bravely play'd her part in this,
And doth deserve a coronet of gold.

Char. Now let us on, my lords, and join our powers, 90
And seek how we may prejudice the foe.]
[*Exeunt.*

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[1] *Haughty*, high-spirited.

SCENE IV. *Paris. A room in the palace.*

Enter KING HENRY, GLOSTER, BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, YORK, SUFFOLK, SOMERSET, WARWICK, EXETER, VERNON, BASSET, *and others. To them* TALBOT *and some of his Officers.*

Tal. My gracious prince,—and honourable peers,—
Hearing of your arrival in this realm,
I have awhile given truce unto my wars,
To do my duty to my sovereign:
In sign whereof, this arm—that hath reclaim'd
To your obedience fifty fortresses,
Twelve cities, seven walled towns of strength,
Beside five hundred prisoners of esteem—
Lets fall his sword before your highness' feet,
[*Kneeling.*
And with submissive loyalty of heart 10
Ascribes the glory of his conquest got
First to my God, and next unto your grace.
[*Kneels.*
King. Is this Lord Talbot, uncle Gloucester,[1]
That hath so long been resident in France?
Glo. Yes, if it please your majesty, my liege.
King. Welcome, brave captain and victorious lord!
When I was young,—as yet I am not old,—
I do remember how my father said
A stouter champion never handled sword.
Long since we were resolved[2] of your truth, 20
Your faithful service, and your toil in war;
Yet never have you tasted our reward, 22
Or been reguerdon'd[3] with so much as thanks,
Because till now we never saw your face:
Therefore, stand up; and, for these good deserts,
We here create you Earl of Shrewsbury;
And in our coronation take your place.
[*Sennet. Flourish.* [*Exeunt all but Vernon and Basset.*
Ver. Now, sir, to you, that were so hot at sea,
Disgracing of these colours that I wear
In honour of my noble Lord of York,— 30
Dar'st thou maintain the former words thou spak'st?
Bas. Yes, sir; as well as you dare patronage[4]
The envious barking of your saucy tongue
Against my lord the Duke of Somerset.
Ver. Sirrah, thy lord I honour as he is.
Bas. Why, what is he? as good a man as York.
Ver. Hark ye; not so: in witness, take ye that. [*Strikes him.*
Bas. Villain, thou know'st the law of arms is such,
That whoso draws a sword, 't is present[5] death
Or else this blow should broach thy dearest blood. 40
But I 'll unto his majesty, and crave
I may have liberty to venge this wrong;
When thou shalt see I 'll meet thee to thy cost.
Ver. Well, miscreant, I 'll be there as soon as you;
And, after, meet you sooner than you would.]
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Paris. A hall of state in the palace.*

Enter KING HENRY, GLOSTER, BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, YORK, SUFFOLK, SOMERSET, WARWICK, TALBOT, EXETER, *the* GOVERNOR OF PARIS, *and others.*

Glo. Lord bishop, set the crown upon his head.

Win. God save King Henry, of that name the sixth!
Glo. Now, governor of Paris, take your oath,
That you elect no other king but him;
[*Governor kneels.*
Esteem none friends but such as are his friends,
And none your foes but such as shall pretend[6]
Malicious practices against his state:
This shall ye do, so help you righteous God!
[*The Governor of Paris takes the oath of allegiance; then exit with his train.*

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[1] *Gloucester*, so spelt in Folio in this place, to be pronounced as a trisyllable.
[2] *Resolved*, assured.
[3] *Reguerdon'd*, recompensed.
[4] *Patronage*, make good.
[5] *Present*, immediate.
[6] *Pretend*, purpose.

Enter SIR JOHN FASTOLFE.

Fast. My gracious sovereign, as I rode from Calais,
To haste unto your coronation, 10
A letter was deliver'd to my hands,
Writ to your grace from Philip Duke of Burgundy. [*Presents a letter.*

Tal. Shame to the Duke of Burgundy and thee!
I vow'd, base knight, when I did meet thee next,
To tear the garter from thy craven's leg,— [*Plucking it off.*
Which I have done,—because unworthily
Thou wast installed in that high degree.—
Pardon me, princely Henry, and the rest:
This dastard, at the battle of Patay,
When but in all I was six thousand strong 20
And that the French were almost ten to one,—
Before we met, or that a stroke was given,
Like to a trusty squire, did run away:
In which assault we lost twelve hundred men;
Myself, and divers gentlemen beside,
Were there surpris'd and taken prisoners.
Then judge, great lords, if I have done amiss;
Or whether that such cowards ought to wear
This ornament of knighthood, yea or no.

Glo. To say the truth, this fact was infamous,
And ill beseeming any common man, 31
Much more a knight, a captain, and a leader.

Tal. When first this order was ordain'd, my lords,
Knights of the garter were of noble birth,
Valiant and virtuous, full of haughty[1] courage,
Such as were grown to credit by the wars;
Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress,
But always resolute in most[2] extremes.
He, then, that is not furnish'd in this sort
Doth but usurp the sacred name of knight, 40
Profaning this most honourable order,
And should—if I were worthy to be judge—
Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born swain
That doth presume to boast of gentle blood.

King. Stain to thy countrymen, thou hear'st thy doom!
Be packing, therefore, thou that wast a knight:
Henceforth we banish thee, on pain of death. [*Exit Fastolfe.*

And now, my lord protector, view the letter
Sent from our uncle Duke of Burgundy.

Glo. What means his grace, that he hath chang'd his style? 50
No more but, plain and bluntly, "To the king!"
Hath he forgot he is his sovereign?
Or doth this churlish superscription
Pretend[3] some alteration in good will?
What's here?—[*Reads*] "I have, upon especial cause,—
Mov'd with compassion of my country's wreck,
Together with the pitiful complaints
Of such as your oppression feeds upon,—
Forsaken your pernicious faction
And join'd with Charles, the rightful King of France."
O monstrous treachery! can this be so,— 61
That in alliance, amity, and oaths,
There should be found such false dissembling guile?

King. What! doth my uncle Burgundy revolt?

Glo. He doth, my lord; and is become your foe.

King. Is that the worst this letter doth contain?

Glo. It is the worst, and all, my lord, he writes.

King. Why, then, Lord Talbot there shall talk with him
And give him chastisement for this abuse.—
My lord, how say you? are you not content?

Tal. Content, my liege! yes, but that I am prevented,[4] 71
I should have begg'd I might have been employ'd.

King. Then gather strength, and march unto him straight:
Let him perceive how ill we brook his treason,
And what offence it is to flout his friends.

Tal. I go, my lord; in heart desiring still
You may behold confusion of your foes. [*Exit.*

Enter VERNON *and* BASSET.

Ver. Grant me the combat, gracious sovereign!

Bas. And me, my lord, grant me the combat too!

York. This is my servant: hear him, noble prince! 80

[1] *Haughty*, i.e. high-minded. [2] *Most* = greatest. [3] *Pretend* = indicate, denote. [4] *Prevented*, anticipated.

Som. And this is mine: sweet Henry, favour him! 81

King. Be patient, lords; and give them leave to speak.—

Say, gentlemen, what makes you thus exclaim?

And wherefore crave you combat? or with whom?

Ver. With him, my lord; for he hath done me wrong.

Bas. And I with him; for he hath done me wrong. 86

King. What is that wrong whereof you both complain?

First let me know, and then I'll answer you.

Bas. Crossing the sea from England into France,

This fellow here, with envious carping tongue,

Upbraided me about the rose I wear; 91

King. Stain to thy countrymen, thou hear'st thy doom!
Be packing, therefore, thou that wast a knight.—(Act iv. 1. 45, 46.)

Saying, the sanguine colour of the leaves 92

Did represent my master's blushing cheeks,

When stubbornly he did repugn[1] the truth

About a certain question in the law

Argu'd betwixt the Duke of York and him;

With other vile and ignominious terms:

In confutation of which rude reproach,

And in defence of my lord's worthiness,

I crave the benefit of law of arms. 100

Ver. And that is my petition, noble lord:

For though he seem with forged quaint[2] conceit

To set a gloss upon his bold intent,

Yet know, my lord, I was provok'd by him;

And he first took exceptions at this badge,

Pronouncing that the paleness of this flower

Bewray'd[3] the faintness of my master's heart.

York. Will not this malice, Somerset, be left?

Som. Your private grudge, my Lord of York, will out,

Though ne'er so cunningly you smother it. 110

King. Good Lord, what madness rules in brainsick men,

When for so slight and frivolous a cause

Such factious emulations shall arise!—

Good cousins both, of York and Somerset,

Quiet yourselves, I pray, and be at peace.

York. Let this dissension first be tried by fight,

And then your highness shall command a peace.

Som. The quarrel toucheth none but us alone;

Betwixt ourselves let us decide it then.

York. There is my pledge; accept it, Somerset. 120

[1] *Repugn*, resist, oppose. [2] *Quaint*, artful. [3] *Bewray'd*, betrayed.

Ver. Nay, let it rest where it began at first.
Bas. Confirm it so, mine honourable lord.
Glo. Confirm it so! Confounded be your strife! 123
And perish ye, with your audacious prate!
Presumptuous vassals, are you not asham'd
With this immodest clamorous outrâge
To trouble and disturb the king and us?—
And you, my lords,—methinks you do not well
To bear with their perverse objections;
Much less to take occasion from their mouths
To raise a mutiny betwixt yourselves: 131
Let me persuade you take a better course.
Exe. It grieves his highness:—good my lords, be friends.
King. Come hither, you that would be combatants:
Henceforth I charge you, as you love our favour,
Quite to forget this quarrel and the cause.—
And you, my lords, remember where we are;
In France, amongst a fickle wavering nation:
If they perceive dissension in our looks,
And that within ourselves we disagree, 140
How will their grudging stomachs[1] be provok'd
To wilful disobedience, and rebel!
[Beside, what infamy will there arise,
When foreign princes shall be certified
That for a toy, a thing of no regard,
King Henry's peers and chief nobility
Destroy'd themselves, and lost the realm of France!]
O, think upon the conquest of my father;
My tender years; and let us not forego
Thât for a trifle that was bought with blood!
Let me be umpire in this doubtful strife. 151
I see no reason, if I wear this rose,
[*Putting on a red rose.*
That any one should therefore be suspicious
I more incline to Somerset than York:
Both are my kinsmen, and I love them both:
As well they may upbraid me with my crown,
Because, forsooth, the king of Scots is crown'd.
But your discretions better can persuade
Than I am able to instruct or teach:
And therefore, as we hither came in peace, 160
So let us still continue peace and love.—
Cousin of York, we institute your grace 162
To be our regent in these parts of France:—
And, good my Lord of Somerset, unite
Your troops of horsemen with his bands of foot;—
And, like true subjects, sons of your progenitors,
Go cheerfully together, and digest
Your angry choler on your enemies.
Ourself, my lord protector, and the rest
After some respite, will return to Calais; 170
From thence to England; where I hope ere long
To be presented, by your victories,
With Charles, Alençon, and that traitorous rout.
[*Flourish. Exeunt all but York, Warwick, Exeter and Vernon.*
War. My Lord of York, I promise you, the king
Prettily, methought, did play the orator.
York. And so he did; but yet I like it not,
In that he wears the badge of Somerset.
War. Tush, that was but his fancy, blame him not;
I dare presume, sweet prince, he thought no harm.
York. An if I wist he did,—but let it rest; 180
Other affairs must now be managed.
[*Exeunt* [*all but Exeter.*
Exe. Well didst thou, Richard, to suppress thy voice;
For, had the passions of thy heart burst out,
I fear we should have seen decipher'd there
More rancorous spite, more furious raging broils,
Than yet can be imagin'd or suppos'd.
But howsoe'er, no simple man that sees
This jarring discord of nobility,
This shouldering of each other in the court,
This factious bandying of their favourites, 190
But that it doth presage some ill event.
'T is much[2] when sceptres are in children's hands;
But more when envy breeds unkind division;
There comes the ruin, there begins confusion.
[*Exit.*]

[1] *Stomachs*, anger, passions.

[2] *'T is much*, i.e. it is a serious matter.

[SCENE II. *Before Bourdeaux.*

Enter TALBOT, *with his Forces.*

Tal. Go to the gates of Bourdeaux, trumpeter;
Summon their general unto the wall.
Trumpet sounds a parley. Enter, on the walls, the General of the French Forces and others.
English John Talbot, captains, calls you forth,
Servant in arms to Harry King of England;
And thus he would,—Open your city gates;
Be humble to us; call my sovereign yours,
And do him homage as obedient subjects;
And I'll withdraw me and my bloody power:
But, if you frown upon this proffer'd peace,
You tempt the fury of my three attendants, 10
Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire;
Who, in a moment, even with[1] the earth
Shall lay your stately and air-braving towers,
If you forsake the offer of our love.
Gen. Thou ominous and fearful owl of death,
Our nation's terror, and their bloody scourge!
The period of thy tyranny approacheth.
On us thou canst not enter but by death:
For, I protest, we are well fortified,
And strong enough to issue out and fight: 20
If thou retire, the Dauphin, well appointed,
Stands with the snares of war to tangle thee:
On either hand thee there are squadrons pitch'd,
To wall thee from the liberty of flight;
And no way canst thou turn thee for redress,
But death doth front thee with apparent spoil,
And pale destruction meets thee in the face.
Ten thousand French have ta'en the sacrament
To rive[2] their dangerous artillery
Upon no Christian soul but English Talbot. 30
Lo, there thou stand'st, a breathing valiant man,
Of an invincible unconquer'd spirit!
This is the latest glory of thy praise
That I, thy enemy, due[3] thee withal;
For ere the glass, that now begins to run,
Finish the process of his sandy hour,
These eyes, that see thee now well coloured,
Shall see thee withered, bloody, pale, and dead.
[*Drum afar off.*

[1] *Even with*, level with.
[2] *Rive*, discharge. [3] *Due*, *i.e.* endue.

Hark! hark! the Dauphin's drum, a warning bell,
Sings heavy music to thy timorous soul; 40
And mine shall ring thy dire departure out.
[*Exeunt General, &c.*
Tal. He fables not; I hear the enemy:
Out, some light horsemen, and peruse[4] their wings.
O, negligent and heedless discipline!
How are we park'd and bounded in a pale,—
A little herd of England's timorous deer,
Maz'd[5] with a yelping kennel of French curs!
If we be English deer, be then in blood;[6]
Not rascal-like,[7] to fall down with a pinch,
But rather, moody-mad and desperate stags, 50
Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of steel,
And make the cowards stand aloof at bay:
Sell every man his life as dear as mine,
And they shall find dear deer of us, my friends.—
God and St. George, Talbot and England's right,
Prosper our colours in this dangerous fight!
Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *Plains in Gascony.*

Enter YORK, *with Forces; to him a Messenger.*

York. Are not the speedy scouts return'd again,
That dogg'd the mighty army of the Dauphin?
Mess. They are return'd, my lord, and give it out
That he is march'd to Bourdeaux with his power,
To fight with Talbot: as he march'd along,
By your espials were discovered
Two mightier troops than that the Dauphin led,
Which join'd with him, and made their march for Bourdeaux.
York. A plague upon that villain Somerset,
That thus delays my promised supply 10
Of horsemen, that were levied for this siege!
Renowned Talbot doth expect my aid;

[4] *Peruse*, examine. [5] *Maz'd*, bewildered.
[6] *In blood*, *i.e.* in condition; a technical term in sporting.
[7] *Rascal-like*, *i.e.* like a lean deer, one out of condition.

And I am louted[1] by a traitor villain 13
And cannot help the noble chevalier:
God comfort him in this necessity!
If he miscarry, farewell wars in France.

Enter SIR WILLIAM LUCY.

Lucy. Thou princely leader of our English strength,
Never so needful on the earth of France,
Spur to the rescue of the noble Talbot,
Who now is girdled with a waist of iron 20
And hemm'd about with grim destruction:
To Bourdeaux, warlike duke! to Bourdeaux, York!
Else, farewell Talbot, France, and England's honour.

Tal. O young John Talbot! I did send for thee
To tutor thee in stratagems of war.—(Act iv. 5. 1, 2.)

York. O God, that Somerset—who in proud heart 24
Doth stop my cornets[2]—were in Talbot's place!
So should we save a valiant gentleman
By forfeiting a traitor and a coward.
[Mad ire and wrathful fury makes me weep,
That thus we die, while rémiss traitors sleep.]
Lucy. O, send some succour to the distress'd lord! 30
York. He dies, we lose; I break my warlike word;
We mourn, France smiles; we lose, they daily get; 32
All 'long of[3] this vile traitor Somerset.
Lucy. Then God take mercy on brave Talbot's soul;
And on his son young John, who two hours since
I met in travel toward his warlike father!
This seven years did not Talbot see his son;
And now they meet where both their lives are done.

[1] *Louted*, treated like a lout, made a fool of.
[2] *Cornets*, troops of cavalry.
[3] *'Long of*, because of.

York. Alas, what joy shall noble Talbot have
To bid his young son welcome to his grave? 40
Away! vexation almost stops my breath,
That sunder'd friends greet in the hour of death.—
Lucy, farewell: no more my fortune can,
But curse the cause[1] I cannot aid the man.—
[Maine, Blois, Poictiers, and Tours, are won away,
Long all of[2] Somerset and his delay.]
[*Exit with his soldiers.*

Lucy. Thus, while the vulture of sedition
Feeds in the bosom of such great commanders,
Sleeping neglection doth betray to loss
The conquest of our scarce cold conqueror, 50
That ever-living man of memory,
Henry the Fifth:—whiles they each other cross,
Lives, honours, lands, and all, hurry to loss.
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *Other plains in Gascony.*

Enter SOMERSET, *with his Forces; a Captain of* TALBOT'S *with him.*

Som. It is too late; I cannot send them now:
This expedition was by York and Talbot
Too rashly plotted: all our general force
Might with a sally of the very town
Be buckled with: the over-daring Talbot
Hath sullied all his gloss of former honour
By this unheedful, desperate, wild adventure:
York set him on to fight and die in shame,
That, Talbot dead, great York might bear the name.

Cap. Here is Sir William Lucy, who with me 10
Set from our o'ermatch'd forces forth for aid.

Enter SIR WILLIAM LUCY.

Som. How now, Sir William! whither were you sent?

Lucy. Whither, my lord?—from bought and sold Lord Talbot;
Who, ring'd about with bold adversity,
Cries out for noble York and Somerset,
To beat assailing death from his weak legions:
And whiles the honourable captain there
Drops bloody sweat from his war-wearied limbs,
[And, in advantage lingering, looks for rescue,]
You, his false hopes, the trust of England's honour, 20
Keep off aloof with worthless emulation.[3]
Let not your private discord keep away
The levied succours that should lend him aid,
While he, renowned noble gentleman,
Yields up his life unto a world of odds:
[Orleans the Bastard, Charles, and Burgundy,
Alençon, Reignier, compass him about,
And Talbot perisheth by your default.]

Som. York set him on; York should have sent him aid.

Lucy. And York as fast upon your grace exclaims; 30
Swearing that you withhold his levied horse,
Collected for this expedition.

Som. York lies; he might have sent and had the horse;
I owe him little duty, and less love;
And take foul scorn to fawn on him by sending.

Lucy. The fraud of England, not the force of France,
Hath now entrapp'd the noble-minded Talbot:
Never to England shall he bear his life;
But dies, betray'd to fortune by your strife.

Som. Come, go; I will dispatch the horsemen straight: 40
Within six hours they will be at his aid.

Lucy. Too late comes rescue: he is ta'en or slain;
For fly he could not, if he would have fled;
And fly would Talbot never, though he might.

Som. If he be dead, brave Talbot, then adieu!

Lucy. His fame lives in the world, his shame in you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The English camp near Bourdeaux.*

Enter TALBOT *and* JOHN *his son.*

Tal. O young John Talbot! I did send for thee

[1] *The cause*, him who is the cause that.
[2] *Long all of*, all because of.
[3] *Worthless emulation*, *i.e.* unworthy rivalry.

To tutor thee in stratagems of war, 2
That Talbot's name might be in thee reviv'd
When sapless age and weak unable limbs
Should bring thy father to his drooping chair,
But, O malignant and ill-boding stars!—
Now thou art come unto a feast of death,
A terrible and unavoided[1] danger:
Therefore, dear boy, mount on my swiftest horse;
And I'll direct thee how thou shalt escape 10
By sudden flight: come, dally not, be gone.

John. Is my name Talbot? and am I your son?

And shall I fly? O, if you love my mother,
Dishonour not her honourable name,
To make a bastard and a slave of me!
The world will say, he is not Talbot's blood,
That basely fled when noble Talbot stood.

Tal. Fly, to revenge my death, if I be slain.

John. He that flies so will ne'er return again.

Tal. If we both stay, we both are sure to die. 20

John. Then let me stay; and, father, do you fly:

Your loss is great, so your regard[2] should be;
My worth unknown, no loss is known in me.
Upon my death the French can little boast;
In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost.
Flight cannot stain the honour you have won;
But mine it will, that no exploit have done:
[You fled for vantage, every one will swear;
But, if I bow, they'll say it was for fear.
There is no hope that ever I will stay, 30
If the first hour I shrink and run away.]
Here on my knee I beg mortality,
Rather than life preserv'd with infamy.

Tal. Shall all thy mother's hopes lie in one tomb?

John. Ay, rather than I'll shame my mother's womb.

Tal. Upon my blessing, I command thee go.

John. To fight I will, but not to fly the foe.

Tal. Part of thy father may be sav'd in thee.

John. No part of him but will be sham'd in me.

Tal. Thou never hadst renown, nor canst not lose it. 40

John. Yes, your renowned name: shall flight abuse it?

Tal. Thy father's charge shall clear thee from that stain.

John. You cannot witness for me, being slain.
If death be so apparent,[3] then both fly.

Tal. And leave my followers here, to fight and die?

My age was never tainted with such shame.

John. And shall my youth be guilty of such blame?

No more can I be severed from your side,
Than can yourself yourself in twain divide:
Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I; 50
For live I will not, if my father die.

Tal. Then here I take my leave of thee, fair son,

Born to eclipse thy life this afternoon.
Come, side by side together live and die;
And soul with soul from France to heaven fly.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene VI. *A field of battle.*

Alarum: excursions, wherein Talbot's Son is hemmed about, and Talbot *rescues him.*

Tal. Saint George and victory! fight, soldiers, fight:

The regent hath with Talbot broke his word,
And left us to the rage of France his sword.
Where is John Talbot?—Pause, and take thy breath;
I gave thee life and rescued thee from death.

John. O, twice my father, twice am I thy son!

The life thou gav'st me first was lost and done,
Till with thy warlike sword, despite of fate,
To my determin'd time thou gav'st new date.

Tal. When from the Dauphin's crest thy sword struck fire, 10

It warm'd thy father's heart with proud desire
Of bold-fac'd victory. [Then leaden age,

[1] *Unavoided* = unavoidable.
[2] *Your regard, i.e.* your care for your own safety.
[3] *Apparent*, manifest.

Quicken'd with youthful spleen[1] and warlike rage,
Beat down Alençon, Orleans, Burgundy,
And from the pride of Gallia rescued thee.
The ireful bastard Orleans—that drew blood
From thee, my boy, and had the maidenhood
Of thy first fight—I soon encounter'd,
And, interchanging blows, I quickly shed
Some of his bastard blood; and in disgrace
Bespoke him thus,—"Contaminated, base,
And misbegotten blood I spill of thine,
Mean and right poor, for that pure blood of mine
Which thou didst force from Talbot, my brave boy:"
Here, purposing the Bastard to destroy,
Came in strong rescue.] Speak, thy father's care,—
Art thou not weary, John? how dost thou fare?
Wilt thou yet leave the battle, boy, and fly,
Now thou art seal'd the son of chivalry?
Fly, to revenge my death when I am dead:
The help of one stands me in little stead.
[O, too much folly is it, well I wot,[2]
To hazard all our lives in one small boat!
If I to-day die not with Frenchmen's rage,
To-morrow I shall die with mickle[3] age:]
By me they nothing gain an if I stay;
'T is but the shortening of my life one day:
In thee thy mother dies, our household's name,
My death's revenge, thy youth, and England's fame:
All these and more we hazard by thy stay;
All these are sav'd if thou wilt fly away.

John. The sword of Orleans hath not made me smart;
These words of yours draw life-blood from my heart:
On that advantage, bought with such a shame,—
To save a paltry life, and slay bright fame,—
Before young Talbot from old Talbot fly,
The coward horse that bears me fall and die!
[And like[4] me to the peasant boys of France,
To be shame's scorn and subject of mischance!
Surely, by all the glory you have won,
An if I fly, I am not Talbot's son:
Then talk no more of flight, it is no boot;[5]
If son to Talbot, die at Talbot's foot.]

Tal. Then follow thou thy desperate sire of Crete,[6]
Thou Icarus; thy life to me is sweet:
If thou wilt fight, fight by thy father's side;
And, cómmendable prov'd, let's die in pride.

[*Exeunt.*

[1] *Spleen*, ardour. [2] *Wot*, know. [3] *Mickle*, much. [4] *Like*, liken.

Scene VII. *Another part of the field.*

Alarum: excursions. Enter Talbot *wounded, supported by a Servant.*

Tal. Where is my other life?—mine own is gone;—
O, where's young Talbot? where is valiant John?—
Triumphant death, smear'd[7] with captivity,
Young Talbot's valour makes me smile at thee:
When he perceiv'd me shrink and on my knee,
His bloody sword he brandish'd over me,
And, like a hungry lion, did commence
Rough deeds of rage and stern impatience;
[But when my angry guardant[8] stood alone,
Tend'ring my ruin, and assail'd of none,]
Dizzy-ey'd fury and great rage of heart
Suddenly made him from my side to start
Into the clust'ring battle of the French;
And in that sea of blood my boy did drench
His over-mounting spirit; and there di'd,
My Icarus, my blossom, in his pride.

Serv. O my dear lord, lo, where your son is borne!

Enter Soldiers, with the body of young Talbot.

Tal. [Thou antic death, which laugh'st us here to scorn,
Anon, from thy insulting tyranny,
Coupled in bonds of perpetuity,
Two Talbots, winged through the lither[9] sky,
In thy despite shall 'scape mortality.—]
O thou, whose wounds become hard-favour'd death,
Speak to thy father ere thou yield thy breath!

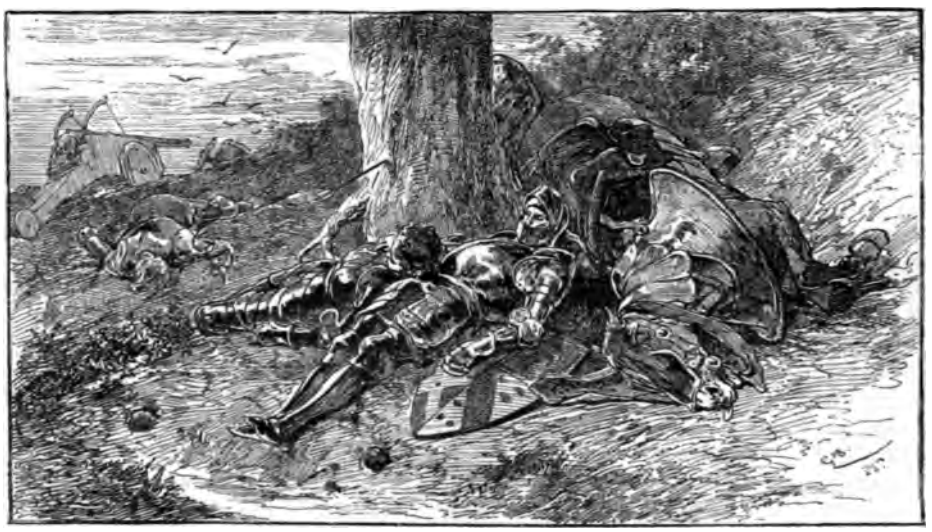
[5] *No boot*, no use.
[6] *Sire of Crete*, *i.e.* Dædalus, father of Icarus.
[7] *Smear'd*, stained, dishonoured.
[8] *Guardant*, defender. [9] *Lither*, yielding

Brave death by speaking, whether he will or no; 25
Imagine him a Frenchman and thy foe.—
Poor boy! he smiles, methinks, as who would say,
Had death been French, then death had died to-day.—
Come, come and lay him in his father's arms:
My spirit can no longer bear these harms. 30
Soldiers, adieu! I have what I would have,
Now my old arms are young John Talbot's grave. [*Dies.*

[*Alarums. Exeunt Soldiers and Servant, bearing the two bodies.*

Enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, BURGUNDY, BASTARD, LA PUCELLE, *and Forces.*

Char. Had York and Somerset brought rescue in,
We should have found a bloody day of this.



Tal. Now my old arms are young John Talbot's grave.—(Act iv 7. 32.)

Bast. How the young whelp of Talbot's, raging-wood,[1] 35
Did flesh his puny sword in Frenchmen's blood!
Puc. Once I encounter'd him, and thus I said:
"Thou maiden youth, be vanquish'd by a maid:"
But, with a proud majestical high scorn,
He answer'd thus: "Young Talbot was not born 40
To be the pillage of a giglot[1] wench:"
So, rushing in the bowels of the French,
He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.
Bur. Doubtless he would have made a noble knight:
See, where he lies inhearsed in the arms 45
Of the most bloody nurser of his harms!
Bast. Hew them to pieces, hack their bones asunder,
Whose life was England's glory, Gallia's wonder.
Char. O, no, forbear! for that which we have fled
During the life, let us not wrong it dead. 50

[*Enter* SIR WILLIAM LUCY, *attended: a French Herald preceding.*

Lucy. Herald, conduct me to the Dauphin's tent,
Who hath obtain'd the glory of the day.
Char. On what submissive message art thou sent?

[1] *Raging-wood, i.e.* raging mad. [2] *Giglot,* wanton.

Lucy. Submission, Dauphin! 't is a mere French word; 54
We English warriors wot[1] not what it means.
I come to know what prisoners thou hast ta'en,
And to survey the bodies of the dead.
Char. For prisoners ask'st thou? hell our prison is.
But tell me whom thou seek'st.
Lucy. Where is the great Alcides[2] of the field, 60
Valiant Lord Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury,
Created, for his rare success in arms,
Great Earl of Washford,[3] Waterford, and Valence;
Lord Talbot of Goodrig and Urchinfield,
Lord Strange of Blackmere, Lord Verdun of Alton,
Lord Cromwell of Wingfield, Lord Furnival of Sheffield,
The thrice-victorious Lord of Falconbridge;
Knight of the noble order of Saint George,
Worthy Saint Michael, and the Golden Fleece;
Great marshal to our King Henry the Sixth 70
Of all his wars within the realm of France?
Puc. Here is a silly stately style indeed!
The Turk, that two and fifty kingdoms hath,
Writes not so tedious a style as this.—
Him that thou magnifi'st with all these titles,
Stinking and fly-blown, lies here at our feet.
Lucy. Is Talbot slain,—the Frenchmen's only scourge,
Your kingdom's terror and black Nemesis?
O, were mine eye-balls into bullets turn'd,
That I in rage might shoot them at your faces! 80
O, that I could but call these dead to life!
It were enough to fright the realm of France:
Were but his picture left amongst you here,
It would amaze[4] the proudest of you all.
Give me their bodies, that I may bear them hence,
And give them burial as beseems their worth.
Puc. I think this upstart is old Talbot's ghost,
He speaks with such a proud commanding spirit.
For God's sake, let him have 'em; to keep them here,
They would but stink, and putrefy the air. 90
Char. Go, take their bodies hence.
Lucy. I'll bear them hence;
But from their mighty ashes shall be rear'd
A phœnix that shall make all France afeard.
Char. So we be rid of them, do what thou wilt.
And now to Paris, in this conquering vein:
All will be ours, now bloody Talbot's slain.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *London. A room in the palace.*

Enter KING HENRY, GLOSTER, *and* EXETER.

King. Have you perus'd the letters from the pope,
The emperor and the Earl of Armagnac?
Glo. I have, my lord: and their intent is this,—
They humbly sue unto your excellence
To have a godly peace concluded of
Between the realms of England and of France.
King. How doth your grace affect[5] their motion?
Glo. Well, my good lord; and as the only means
To stop effusion of our Christian blood,
And stablish quietness on every side. 10
King. Ay, marry, uncle; for I always thought
It was both impious and unnatural
That such immanity[6] and bloody strife
Should reign among professors of one faith.
Glo. Beside, my lord, the sooner to effect
And surer bind this knot of amity,
The Earl of Armagnac—near kin to Charles,

[1] *Wot*, know. [2] *Alcides*, *i.e.* Hercules.
[3] *Washford*, the old name of Wexford, in Ireland.
[4] *Amaze*, fill with consternation.
[5] *Affect*, like. [6] *Immanity*, ferocity (Latin *immanitas*).

A man of great authority in France—
Proffers his only daughter to your grace
In marriage, with a large and sumptuous dowry. 20

King. Marriage! alas, uncle, my years are young!
And fitter is my study and my books
Than wanton dalliance with a paramour.
Yet, call the ambassadors; and, as you please,
So let them have their answers every one:
I shall be well content with any choice
Tends to God's glory and my country's weal.

Enter WINCHESTER *in Cardinal's habit, a Legate and two Ambassadors.*

[*Exe.* [*Aside*] What! is my Lord of Winchester install'd,
And call'd unto a cardinal's degree?
Then I perceive that will be verified
Henry the Fifth did sometime prophesy,— 31
"If once he come to be a cardinal,
He'll make his cap co-equal with the crown."]

King. My lords ambassadors, your several suits
Have been consider'd and debated on.
Your purpose is both good and reasonable;
And therefore are we certainly resolv'd
To draw conditions of a friendly peace;
Which by my Lord of Winchester we mean
Shall be transported presently to France. 40

Glo. And for the proffer of my lord your master,
I have inform'd his highness so at large,
As, liking of the lady's virtuous gifts,
Her beauty, and the value of her dower,
He doth intend she shall be England's queen.

King. In argument and proof of which contract,
Bear her this jewel, pledge of my affection.—
And so, my lord protector, see them guarded
And safely brought to Dover; where, inshipp'd,
Commit them to the fortune of the sea. 50

[*Exeunt all but Winchester and Legate.*

[*Win.* Stay, my lord legate: you shall first receive
The sum of money which I promised
Should be delivered to his holiness
For clothing me in these grave ornaments.

Leg. I will attend upon your lordship's leisure.

Win. [*Aside*] Now Winchester will not submit, I trow,
Or be inferior to the proudest peer.
Humphrey of Gloster, thou shalt well perceive
That, neither in birth, or for authority,
The bishop will be overborne by thee: 60
I'll either make thee stoop and bend thy knee,
Or sack this country with a mutiny. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *France. Plains in Anjou.*

Enter CHARLES, BURGUNDY, ALENÇON, BASTARD, REIGNIER, LA PUCELLE, *and Forces marching.*

Char. These news, my lords, may cheer our drooping spirits:
'T is said the stout Parisians do revolt
And turn again unto the warlike French.

Alen. Then march to Paris, royal Charles of France,
And keep not back your powers in dalliance.

Puc. Peace be amongst them, if they turn to us;
Else, ruin combat with their palaces!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Success unto our valiant general,
And happiness to his accomplices!

Char. What tidings send our scouts? I prithee, speak. 10

Mess. The English army, that divided was
Into two parts, is now conjoin'd in one,
And means to give you battle presently.

Char. Somewhat too sudden, sirs, the warning is;
But we will presently provide for them.

Bur. I trust the ghost of Talbot is not there:
Now he is gone, my lord, you need not fear.

Puc. Of all base passions, fear is most accurs'd:—
Command the conquest, Charles, it shall be thine;
Let Henry fret, and all the world repine. 20

Char. Then on, my lords; and France be fortunate! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Before Angiers.*

Alarum. Excursions. Enter LA PUCELLE.

Puc. The regent conquers, and the Frenchmen fly.

, ye charming spells and periapts;[1]
ice spirits that admonish me 3
e signs of future accidents.—
helpers, that are substitutes
ordly monarch of the north,
aid me in this enterprise!
[*Thunder.*

Enter Fiends.

ınd quick appearance argues proof
ustom'd diligence to me.
niliar spirits, that are cull'd 10
owerful legions under earth,
ıis once, that France may get the

[*They walk about, and speak not.*
not with silence over-long!
as wont to feed you with my blood,
ember off, and give it you,
f a further benefit,
ondescend to help me now.
[*They hang their heads.*
have redress?—My body shall
ense, if you will grant my suit.
[*They shake their heads.*
body, nor blood-sacrifice, 20
to your wonted furtherance?
ıy soul,—my body, soul, and all,
England give the French the foil.
[*They depart.*
rsake me!] Now the time is come,
must vail[3] her lofty-plumed crest,
head fall into England's lap.
t incantations are too weak,
strong for me to buckle with:[4]]
e, thy glory droopeth to the dust.
[*Exit.*

Re-enter LA PUCELLE *fighting ıand with* YORK: LA PUCELLE *is he French fly.*

nsel of France, I think I have you 30
your spirits now with spelling

hey can gain your liberty.—]
ize, fit for the devil's grace!

amulets. 2 *Where*, whereas.
er. 4 *Buckle with*, contend with.

See, how the ugly wench doth bend her brows,
As if, with Circe, she would change my shape!
Puc. Chang'd to a worser shape thou canst not be. 36
York. O, Charles the Dauphin is a proper[5] man;
No shape but his can please your dainty eye.
Puc. A plaguing mischief light on Charles and thee!
And may ye both be suddenly surpris'd 40
By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds!
York. Fell banning[6] hag, enchantress, hold thy tongue!
Puc. I prithee, give me leave to curse awhile.
York. Curse, miscreant, when thou comest to the stake. [*Exeunt.*

Alarums. Enter SUFFOLK, *leading in* MARGARET.

Suf. Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner. [*Gazes on her.*
O fairest beauty, do not fear nor fly!
For I will touch thee but with reverent hands,
And lay them gently on thy tender side.
I kiss these fingers [*Kissing her hand*] for eternal peace.
Who art thou? say, that I may honour thee. 50
Mar. Margaret my name, and daughter to a king,
The King of Naples,—whosoe'er thou art.
Suf. An earl I am, and Suffolk am I call'd.
Be not offended, nature's miracle,
Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me:
[So doth the swan her downy cygnets save,
Keeping them prisoners underneath her wings.]
Yet, if this servile usage once offend,
Go and be free again as Suffolk's friend.
[*She turns away as if going.*
O, stay! [*Aside*] I have no power to let her pass; 60
My hand would free her, but my heart says no.
[As plays the sun upon the glassy streams,
Twinkling another counterfeited beam,
So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.]
Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not speak:
I'll call for pen and ink, and write my mind.

5 *Proper*, good-looking. 6 *Banning*, cursing.

[Fie, de la Pole! disable[1] not thyself;
Hast not a tongue? is she not here thy prisoner?]
Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's sight?
Ay, beauty's princely majesty is such, 70
Confounds the tongue, and makes the senses rough.
Mar. Say, Earl of Suffolk—if thy name be so—
What ransom must I pay before I pass?
For I perceive I am thy prisoner.
Suf. [*Aside*] How canst thou tell she will deny thy suit,
Before thou make a trial of her love?
Mar. Why speak'st thou not? what ransom must I pay?
Suf. She's beautiful, and therefore to be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore to be won.
Mar. Wilt thou accept of ransom? yea, or no.
[*Suf.* [*Aside*] Fond man, remember that thou hast a wife; 80
Then how can Margaret be thy paramour?
Mar. I were best[2] to leave him, for he will not hear.
Suf. [*Aside*] There all is marr'd; there lies a cooling card.
Mar. He talks at random; sure, the man is mad.
Suf. [*Aside*] And yet a dispensation may be had.
Mar. And yet I would that you would answer me.]
Suf. [*Aside*] I'll win this Lady Margaret. For whom?
Why, for my king: tush, that's a wooden thing![3]
Mar. He talks of wood: it is some carpenter. 90
Suf. [*Aside*] Yet so my fancy[4] may be satisfied,
And peace established between these realms.
But there remains a scruple in that too;
For though her father be the King of Naples,
Duke of Anjou and Maine, yet is he poor,
And our nobility will scorn the match.

[1] *Disable*, disparage.
[2] *I were best*, *i.e.* it would be best for me.
[3] *A wooden thing*, *i.e.* a stupid thing, a mere block of wood.
[4] *Fancy*, love.

Mar. Hear ye, captain,—are you not at leisure?
Suf. [*Aside*] It shall be so, disdain they ne'er so much:
Henry is youthful, and will quickly yield.—
Madam, I have a secret to reveal. 100
Mar. [*Aside*] What though I be enthrall'd? he seems a knight,
And will not any way dishonour me.
Suf. Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.
Mar. [*Aside*] Perhaps I shall be rescu'd by the French;
And then I need not crave his courtesy.
Suf. Sweet madam, give me hearing in a cause—
Mar. [*Aside*] Tush, women have been captivate[5] ere now.
Suf. I prithee, lady, wherefore talk you so?
Mar. I cry you mercy, 't is but Quid for Quo.
Suf. Say, gentle princess, would you not suppose 110
Your bondage happy, to be made a queen?
Mar. To be a queen in bondage is more vile
Than is a slave in base servility;
For princes should be free.
Suf. And so shall you,
If happy England's royal king be free.
Mar. Why, what concerns his freedom unto me?
Suf. I'll undertake to make thee Henry's queen;
To put a golden sceptre in thy hand,
And set a precious crown upon thy head, 119
If thou wilt condescend to—
Mar. What?
Suf. His love.
Mar. I am unworthy to be Henry's wife.
Suf. No, gentle madam; I unworthy am
To woo so fair a dame to be his wife,
And have no portion in the choice myself.
How say you, madam,—are ye so content?
Mar. An if my father please, I am content.
Suf. Then call our captains and our colours forth— [*Troops come forward.*
And, madam, at your father's castle walls
We 'll crave a parley, to confer with him. 130

[5] *Captivate*, made captive.

HENRY VI. PART I.
Act V. Scene 3. line 111

Suffolk. Fair lovely princess would you not suppose
Your bondage happy, to be made a queen.

NY

ounded. Enter REIGNIER *on the walls.*

er, see, thy daughter prisoner! 131
whom?
To me.
Suffolk, what remedy?
ier, and unapt to weep
m on fortune's fickleness.
, there is remedy enough, my lord:
d for thy honour give consent,
er shall be wedded to my king;
with pain have woo'd and won
;
r easy-held imprisonment 139
l thy daughter princely liberty.
eaks Suffolk as he thinks?
Fair Margaret knows
k doth not flatter, face,[1] or feign.
on thy princely warrant, I descend
e answer of thy just demand.
[*Exit from the walls.*
l here, my lord, I will expect thy
.

s sound. Enter REIGNIER *below.*

elcome, brave earl, into our terri-

n Anjou what your honour pleases.
nks, Reignier, happy for so sweet
,
ade companion with a king:
wer makes your grace unto my
150
ace thou dost deign to woo her, little

rincely bride of such a lord,—
ition I may quietly
e own, the counties Maine and
,
oppression or the stroke of war,
er shall be Henry's, if he please.
t is her ransom,—I deliver her;
two counties I will undertake
shall well and quietly enjoy.
d I again, in Henry's royal name,
unto that gracious king, 161
ner hand, for sign of plighted faith.

[1] *Face*—put on a false face.

Suf. Reignier of France, I give thee kingly thanks, 163
Because this is in traffic of a king.—
[*Aside*] And yet, methinks, I could be well content
To be mine own attorney in this case.
I'll over, then, to England with this news,
And make this marriage to be solemniz'd.
[So farewell, Reignier: set this diamond safe
In golden palaces, as it becomes. 170
Reig. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace
The Christian prince, King Henry, were he here.]
Mar. Farewell, my lord: good wishes, praise, and prayers
Shall Suffolk ever have of Margaret. [*Going.*
Suf. Farewell, sweet madam: but hark you, Margaret,—
No princely commendations to my king?
Mar. Such commendations as becomes a maid,
A virgin and his servant, say to him.
Suf. Words sweetly plac'd and modestly directed.
But, madam, I must trouble you again; 180
No loving token to his majesty?
Mar. Yes, my good lord,—a pure unspotted heart,
Never yet taint[2] with love, I send the king.
Suf. And this withal. [*Kisses her.*
Mar. That for thyself: I will not so presume
To send such peevish[3] tokens to a king.
[*Exeunt Reignier and Margaret.*
Suf. O, wert thou for myself!—But, Suffolk, stay;
[Thou mayst not wander in that labyrinth;
There Minotaurs and ugly treasons lurk.
Solicit[4] Henry with her wondrous praise:] 190
Bethink thee on her virtues that surmount,[5]
And natural graces that extinguish art;
Repeat their semblance often on the seas,
That, when thou com'st to kneel at Henry's feet,
Thou mayst bereave him of his wits with wonder. [*Exit.*

[2] *Taint*, tainted.
[3] *Peevish*, silly, trifling.
[4] *Solicit*, move, excite.
[5] *Surmount*, are surpassing.

SCENE IV. *Camp of the* DUKE OF YORK *in Anjou.*

Enter YORK, WARWICK, *and others.*

[*York.* Bring forth that sorceress condemn'd to burn.

Enter LA PUCELLE, *guarded, and a Shepherd.*

Shep. Ah, Joan, this kills thy father's heart outright!
Have I sought every country far and near,
And, now it is my chance to find thee out,
Must I behold thy timeless[1] cruel death?
Ah, Joan, sweet daughter Joan, I'll die with thee!
Puc. Decrepid miser![2] base ignoble wretch!
I am descended of a gentler blood:
Thou art no father nor no friend of mine.
Shep. Out, out!—My lords, an please you, 't is not so; 10
I did beget her, all the parish knows:
Her mother liveth yet, can testify
She was the first fruit of my bachelorship.
War. Graceless! wilt thou deny thy parentage?
York. This argues what her kind of life hath been,—
Wicked and vile; and so her death concludes.
Shep. Fie, Joan, that thou wilt be so obstacle![3]
God knows thou art a collop[4] of my flesh;
And for thy sake have I shed many a tear.
Deny me not, I prithee, gentle Joan. 20
Puc. Peasant, avaunt!—You have suborn'd this man,
Of purpose to obscure my noble birth.
Shep. 'T is true, I gave a noble to the priest
The morn that I was wedded to her mother.—
Kneel down and take my blessing, good my girl.
Wilt thou not stoop? Now cursed be the time
Of thy nativity! I would the milk
Thy mother gave thee when thou suck'dst her breast,
Had been a little ratsbane for thy sake!
Or else, when thou didst keep my lambs afield, 30
I wish some ravenous wolf had eaten thee!
Dost thou deny thy father, cursed drab? 32
O, burn her, burn her! hanging is too good.
[*Exit.*
York. Take her away; for she hath liv'd too long,
To fill the world with vicious qualities.
Puc. First, let me tell you whom you have condemn'd:
Not one begotten of a shepherd swain,
But issued from the progeny of kings;
Virtuous and holy; chosen from above,
By inspiration of celestial grace, 40
To work exceeding miracles on earth.
I never had to do with wicked spirits:
But you,—that are polluted with your lusts,
Stain'd with the guiltless blood of innocents,
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices,—
Because you want the grace that others have,
You judge it straight a thing impossible
To compass wonders but by help of devils.
No, misconceived[5] Joan of Arc hath been
A virgin from her tender infancy,
Chaste and immaculate in very thought;
Whose maiden blood, thus rigorously effus'd,
Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heaven.
York. Ay, ay:—away with her to execution.
War. And hark ye, sirs; because she is a maid,
Spare for no faggots, let there be enow:
Place barrels of pitch upon the fatal stake,
That so her torture may be shortened.
Puc. Will nothing turn your unrelenting hearts?—
Then, Joan, discover thine infirmity,
That warranteth by law to be thy privilege.—
I am with child, ye bloody homicides:
Murder not then the fruit within my womb,
Although ye hale me to a violent death.
York. Now heaven forfend! the holy maid with child!
War. The greatest miracle that e'er ye wrought:
Is all your strict preciseness come to this?
York. She and the Dauphin have been juggling:[6]
I did imagine what would be her refuge.

[1] *Timeless,* untimely. [2] *Miser,* miserable wretch.
[3] *Obstacle, i.e.* obstinate.
[4] *A collop,* a piece: literally, a slice of meat.
[5] *Misconceived,* misunderstood.
[6] *Juggling,* pronounced here as a trisyllable.

ell, well, go to; we 'll have no bas-
ive; 70
since Charles must father it.
are deceiv'd; my child is none of his:
nçon that enjoy'd my love.
ençon! that notorious Machiavel!
if it had a thousand lives.
give me leave, I have deluded you:
ther Charles nor yet the duke I

er, King of Naples, that prevail'd.
married man! that 's most intoler-

ny, here's a girl! I think she knows
ll, 80
so many, whom she may accuse.
's sign she hath been liberal and

nd yet, forsooth, she is a virgin

hy words condemn thy brat and

reaty, for it is in vain.
en lead me hence; with whom I
my curse:
glorious sun reflex[1] his beams
ountry where you make abode;
ss and the gloomy shade of death
u, till mischief and despair 90
o break your necks or hang your-
[*Exit, guarded.*
eak thou in pieces, and consume to

accursed minister of hell!]

CARDINAL BEAUFORT, *Bishop of Winchester, attended.*

d regent, I do greet your excellence
s of commission from the king.
my lords, the states of Christen-

remorse[2] of these outrageous broils,
estly implor'd a general peace
r nation and the aspiring French;
t hand the Dauphin and his train
h, to confer about some matter. 101
all our travail turn'd to this

After the slaughter of so many peers, 103
So many captains, gentlemen, and soldiers,
That in this quarrel have been overthrown,
And sold their bodies for their country's benefit,
Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace?
Have we not lost most part of all the towns,
By treason, falsehood, and by treachery,
Our great progenitors had conquered?— 110
O, Warwick, Warwick! I foresee with grief
The utter loss of all the realm of France.

War. Be patient, York: if we conclude a peace,
It shall be with such strict and sévere covenants
As little shall the Frenchmen gain thereby.

Enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, BASTARD, REIGNIER, *and others.*

Char. Since, lords of England, it is thus agreed
That peaceful truce shall be proclaim'd in France,
We come to be informed by yourselves
What the conditions of that league must be.

York. Speak, Winchester; for boiling choler chokes 120
The hollow passage of my prison'd voice,
By sight of these our baleful enemies.

Car. Charles, and the rest, it is enacted thus:
That, in regard King Henry gives consent,
Of mere compassion and of lenity,
To ease your country of distressful war,
And suffer you to breathe in fruitful peace,
You shall become true liegemen to his crown:
And, Charles, upon condition thou wilt swear
To pay him tribute, and submit thyself, 130
Thou shalt be plac'd as viceroy under him,
And still enjoy thy regal dignity.

Alen. Must he be, then, a shadow of himself?
Adorn his temples with a coronet,
And yet, in substance and authority,
Retain but privilege of a private man?
This proffer is absurd and reasonless.

Char. 'Tis known already that I am possess'd
With more than half the Gallian territories,

[1] =reflect. [2] *Remorse*, pity.

And therein reverenc'd for their lawful king:
Shall I, for lucre of the rest unvanquish'd, 141
Detract so much from that prerogative,
As to be call'd but viceroy of the whole?
No, lord ambassador; I'll rather keep
That which I have than, coveting for more,
Be cast from possibility of all.

King. Your wondrous rare description, noble earl,
Of beauteous Margaret hath astonish'd me.—(Act v. 5. 1, 2.)

York. Insulting Charles! hast thou by secret means
Us'd intercession to obtain a league,
And, now the matter grows to compromise,
Stand'st thou aloof upon comparison? 150
Either accept the title thou usurp'st,
Of benefit[1] proceeding from our king
And not of any challenge of desert, 153
Or we will plague thee with incessant wars.

Reig. [*Aside to Charles*] My lord, you do not well in obstinacy
To cavil in the course of this contract:
If once it be neglected, ten to one
We shall not find like opportunity.

Alen. [*Aside to Charles*] To say the truth, it is your policy
To save your subjects from such massacre 160
And ruthless slaughters as are daily seen
By our proceeding in hostility;
And therefore take this compact of a truce,
Although you break it when your pleasure serves.

War. How say'st thou, Charles? shall our condition stand?

Char. It shall;
Only reserv'd, you claim no interest
In any of our towns of garrison.

York. Then swear allegiance to his majesty,
As thou art knight, never to disobey 170
Nor be rebellious to the crown of England,
Thou, nor thy nobles, to the crown of England.

[*Charles and the French nobles swear allegiance to King Henry.*

So, now dismiss your army when ye please;
Hang up your ensigns, let your drums be still,
For here we entertain a solemn peace.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *London. A room in the palace.*

Enter KING HENRY *in conference with* SUFFOLK; GLOSTER *and* EXETER.

King. Your wondrous rare description, noble earl,
Of beauteous Margaret hath astonish'd me:
Her virtues, graced with external gifts,
Do breed love's settled passions in my heart:
[And like as rigour of tempestuous gusts
Provokes the mightiest hulk against the tide,
So am I driven by breath of her renown,
Either to suffer shipwreck, or arrive
Where I may have fruition of her love.]

Suf. Tush, my good lord,—this superficial tale 10

[1] *Benefit*, used in its legal sense of property bestowed by the favour of the donor.

Is but a preface of her worthy praise; 11
The chief perfections of that lovely dame—
Had I sufficient skill to utter them—
Would make a volume of enticing lines,
Able to ravish any dull conceit:
And, which is more, she is not so divine,
So full-replete with choice of all delights,
But with as humble lowliness of mind,
She is content to be at your command;
Command, I mean, of virtuous chaste intents,
To love and honour Henry as her lord. 21
King. And otherwise will Henry ne'er presume.
Therefore, my lord protector, give consent
That Margaret may be England's royal queen.
Glo. So should I give consent to flatter sin.
You know, my lord, your highness is betroth'd
Unto another lady of esteem:

Suf. Thus Suffolk hath prevail'd.—(Act v. 5. 103.)

How shall we then dispense with that contract,
And not deface your honour with reproach?
Suf. As doth a ruler with unlawful oaths;
Or one that, at a triumph[1] having vow'd 31
To try his strength, forsaketh yet the lists
By reason of his adversary's odds:
A poor earl's daughter is unequal odds,
And therefore may be broke without offence.
Glo. Why, what, I pray, is Margaret more than that?
Her father is no better than an earl,
Although in glorious titles he excel.
Suf. O, yes, my lord, her father is a king,
The King of Naples and Jerusalem; 40
And of such great authority in France 41
As his alliance will confirm our peace,
And keep the Frenchmen in allegiance.
Glo. And so the Earl of Armagnac may do,
Because he is near kinsman unto Charles.
Exe. Beside, his wealth doth warrant liberal dower,
Where[2] Reignier sooner will receive than give
Suf. A dower, my lords! disgrace not so your king,
That he should be so abject, base, and poor,
To choose for wealth and not for perfect love.
Henry is able to enrich his queen 51
And not to seek a queen to make him rich:

[1] *Triumph*, tournament.

[2] *Where* = whereas.

So worthless peasants bargain for their wives,
As market-men for oxen, sheep, or horse. 54
Marriage is a matter of more worth
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship;
[Not whom we will, but whom his grace affects,
Must be companion of his nuptial bed:
And therefore, lords, since he affects[1] her most,
It most of all these reasons bindeth us, 60
In our opinions she should be preferr'd.]
For what is wedlock forced but a hell,
An age of discord and continual strife?
Whereas the contrary bringeth forth bliss,
And is a pattern of celestial peace.
Whom should we match with Henry, being a king,
But Margaret, that is daughter to a king?
Her peerless feature, joined with her birth,
Approves her fit for none but for a king:
Her valiant courage and undaunted spirit—
More than in women commonly is seen—
Will answer hope in issue of a king;
For Henry, son unto a conqueror,
Is likely to beget more conquerors,
If with a lady of so high resolve
As is fair Margaret he be link'd in love.
Then yield, my lords; and here conclude with me
That Margaret shall be queen, and none but she.

King. Whether it be through force of your report,
My noble Lord of Suffolk, or for that 80
My tender youth was never yet attaint
With any passion of inflaming love, 82
I cannot tell; but this I am assur'd,
I feel such sharp dissension in my breast,
Such fierce alarums both of hope and fear,
As I am sick with working of my thoughts.
Take, therefore, shipping; post, my lord, to France;
Agree to any covenants; and procure
That Lady Margaret do vouchsafe to come
Across the seas to England, and be crown'd 90
King Henry's faithful and anointed queen:
[For your expenses and sufficient charge,
Among the people gather up a tenth.]
Be gone, I say; for, till you do return,
I rest perplexed with a thousand cares.—
And you, good uncle, banish all offence:
If you do censure[2] me by what you were,
Not what you are, I know it will excuse
This sudden execution of my will.
And so, conduct me where, from company,[3] 100
I may revolve and ruminate my grief. [*Exit.*

Glo. Ay, grief, I fear me, both at first and last. [*Exeunt Gloster and Exeter.*

Suf. Thus Suffolk hath prevail'd; and thus he goes,
As did the youthful Paris once to Greece,
With hope to find the like event in love,
But prosper better than the Trojan did.
Margaret shall now be queen, and rule the king;
But I will rule both her, the king, and realm.
[*Exit.*

[1] *Affects* = loves.

[2] *Censure*, judge.

[3] *From company*, *i.e.* away from company.

MAP TO ILLUSTRATE KING HENRY VI.—PART I.

NOTES TO KING HENRY VI.—PART I.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

1. HENRY VI. was the only son of Henry V. and Katharine, daughter of Charles VI. of France. He succeeded to the throne in 1422 at the age of nine months, or thereabouts; and reigned really, or nominally, till 1461, when Edward IV. was proclaimed king. He was restored, by the Earl of Warwick, the King-Maker, for a brief period, in October, 1470; but, after the battle of Barnet in April, 1471, he was committed to the Tower, where he died—probably by the hand of an assassin—on the 23rd May in that same year.

2. JOHN DUKE OF BEDFORD, third son of Henry IV. by his first wife, Mary Bohun, daughter and co-heiress of Humphrey Bohun, Earl of Hereford and Nottingham, was born in 1390; created Constable of England about 1403, and Duke of Bedford in 1414. In 1416 he was sent with a large fleet to the relief of Harfleur, and gained a most important victory over the French. After accomplishing the relief of Harfleur he returned into England. Later on in the same year he was made "gouernour or regent of the realme, to hold and enioie the office so long as the king was occupied in the French wars" (Holinshed, vol. iii. p. 88). In 1420 he took part in the siege of Melun, and afterwards accompanied King Henry V. in his triumphal entry into Paris the same year. He was one of the godfathers of Henry VI., and helped to escort the queen from France in 1422. He was with Henry V. during his last illness. The king on his deathbed appointed him regent of France in 1422, and he continued to hold that position till his death in 1435, at Rouen; he was buried in Rouen Cathedral.

He appears among the Dramatis Personæ of Henry V., and in II. Henry IV. as Prince John of Lancaster. The Duke of Bedford was twice married; first to Anne, sister of Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, who died November 14, 1432, without issue; secondly to Jacqueline, daughter of Peter, Count of St. Pol (or "S Paule," as Holinshed writes it), by whom he had no issue.

Lewis XI., having been urged to deface a monument erected to the Duke of Bedford in Rouen Cathedral, refused to do so, declaring that he accounted it an honour to have the remains of so brave and illustrious a man in his dominions.

3. HUMPHREY DUKE OF GLOUCESTER was the fourth and youngest son of Henry IV. He married as his first wife, Jacqueline, Countess of Holland and Hainault, which union was annulled by Pope Martin V. Gloucester immediately married his mistress Eleanor, daughter of Lord Cobham. He was created Duke of Gloucester by his brother Henry V. in 1414. He fought with great bravery at Agincourt. He opposed at first the marriage of Henry VI. with Margaret, the daughter of René, Duke of Anjou and titular king of Naples; but afterwards appears to have expressed approbation of it. He excited the enmity both of the queen and of Suffolk, and was arrested on February 11th, 1447, on a charge of high treason. Seventeen days later he was found dead in his bed. There were no marks of violence on the body, and it is doubtful whether the suspicion of murder was really justified. He appears as Prince Humphrey of Gloucester in II. Henry IV., and as Duke of Gloucester in Henry V.; in the next play the circumstances of his disgrace and tragical death are treated. The Dukes of Gloucester seem to have been peculiarly unfortunate. Our readers will remember that Thomas of Woodstock, son of Edward III., afterwards Duke of Gloucester, was murdered in the reign of Richard II.

4. THOMAS BEAUFORT, Duke of Exeter, great uncle of Henry VI., was the third son of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, son of Edward III., "who caused all his natural children by Catherine Swinford, daughter of Sir Payn Roet, alias Guyen, king of arms, and widow of Sir Otes Swinford, Knight, to whom he was afterwards married, to be called *Beaufort*, from the Castle of *Beaufort* in the county of Anjou, the place of their nativity; which castle came, A. D. 1276, to the house of Lancaster by the marriage of Blanch, daughter of Robert I. Count of Artois, and widow of Henry I. King of Navarre, with Edmund (surnamed Crouchback) Earl of Lancaster, second son of Henry III. King of England." (Collins's Peerage of England, vol. i. pp. 222.)

Thomas Beaufort held the offices of Admiral of the Fleet, Captain of Calais, and Lord Chancellor of England under Henry IV. By the same king he was created Earl of Dorset and Knight of the Garter, and on November 18th, 1416, by Henry V. Duke of Gloucester. He figures in Henry V., where he is called by anticipation Duke of Gloucester, and is wrongly stated to have held the command of the rearguard at the battle of Agincourt. When that battle was fought he was at Harfleur, having been left in charge of that town after its capture by the king's army. He died, December 27th, 1426, and therefore could not have been present at the coronation of Henry VI., 1431, as he is represented to be. He married Margaret, daughter of Sir Thomas Neville, and left no issue; his large estates passing to his nephew, John Beaufort, second Duke of Somerset. He was buried at the abbey of St. Edmund's Bury, where in 1772 his body was found by some workmen employed in the ruins (see Collins, p. 223).

5. HENRY BEAUFORT (Cardinal Beaufort), brother of the above, was created Bishop of Lincoln in 1397; Bishop of Winchester in 1404; nominated Cardinal and Papal Legate in 1417; but did not obtain the royal license to accept these preferments till 1426. The quarrels between him

one.

e of Gloucester were constant, the greatest ting between them. The Cardinal won his ph over his rival in 1439; when, in spite of s strong opposition, the Duke of Orleans was rom prison. He followed Gloucester to the thin six weeks, on April 11th, 1447, after a illness.

N BEAUFORT, Earl, afterwards Duke of Somerset, second son of John, second Earl of Somerset, ndson of John Beaufort, the eldest brother of the auforts mentioned above. He succeeded his father, sequence of the death of his elder brother Henry, was unmarried, in 1418, "as third Earl of Somerset; in 1443, was created Duke of Somerset, and Earl of dale, and constituted lieutenant and captain general Aquitain; as also of the whole realm of France, and chy of Normandy. His Grace departed this life on ay 27th, 1444 (some say in 1443), and was buried at Winborne minster in Dorsetshire; leaving issue by Margaret his wife, widow of Sir Oliver St. John, and daughter to Sir John Beauchamp, of Bletshoe in the county of Bedford, Knight, (and heir to John her brother) an only daughter, Margaret, married to Edmund of Hadham, Earl of Richmond, eldest son of Owen ap Meridith ap Tudor, and Catherine of France, Queen of England, dowager to Henry V., and by him was mother of Henry VII." (Collins's Peerage of England, vol. i. p. 223). He was the chief supporter of the Lancastrian party at court, and bitterly opposed to the Duke of York. He was succeeded by his brother Edmund, who is the Duke of Somerset of II. King Henry VI.

7. RICHARD PLANTAGENET was the only son of Richard, Earl of Cambridge, the younger son of the Duke of York who figures in Richard II., and brother to the *Aumerle* of the same play, who afterwards became Duke of York, and was killed at Agincourt. His mother was Anne, daughter of Roger Mortimer; through whom, and her mother Philippa, he traced his descent from Lionel, Duke of Clarence, third son of Edward III. His father was executed for conspiracy against Henry V. in the year 1415. In 1425 he became Duke of York; Constable of England, 1430; Regent of France, after the death of the Duke of Bedford; recalled in 1446. He opposed Queen Margaret with the strongest persistence. In 1449 he was appointed Lieutenant of Ireland, and Protector of the Kingdom, 1454; the next year the Wars of the Roses began. He was killed at the battle of Wakefield, December 30, 1460. It is a remarkable thing that Henry IV. should have spared the uncle, Aumerle, when he joined a conspiracy against him; and that Henry V. should have spared Aumerle's nephew, who was destined in his own person, and in that of his son, to ruin and dethrone the House of Lancaster.

8. EARL OF WARWICK. There are supposed to be two Earls of Warwick introduced in this play. The first, who, according to this supposition, appears only in act i. scene 1, and is a *persona muta*, was, undoubtedly, Richard Beauchamp, who succeeded to the title in 1401, on the death of his father Thomas Beauchamp, condemned as a traitor in the reign of Richard II., but not executed. He was made lieutenant and deputy-regent in France by the Duke of Bedford when he was sent for into England by Cardinal Beaufort in 1425 (see Hall, p. 130). In 1427 he was recalled from France and appointed "governor" of the young king, Henry VI., and held this office nine years. In 1437 he was appointed Regent of France, and died at Rouen in 1439. He is the same Warwick who appears in Henry V. and also frequently in Henry IV.— where Shakespeare makes the mistake of causing the king to address him as "Nevil," and not as "Beauchamp" (II. Henry IV. iii. 1. 66). He was called "the Good," and "the Father of Courtesy."

The second Earl of Warwick of this play is supposed to be Richard Neville, called "the King-Maker," who is undoubtedly one of the principal characters in the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI. He was the eldest son of Ralph Richard Neville, Earl of Salisbury, who was son of Ralph de Neville, Earl of Westmoreland (see First and Second Parts of Henry IV. and Henry V.) by his second wife Joan, daughter of John of Gaunt and sister of the Duke of Exeter, and became Earl of Salisbury by his marriage with Alice, daughter of Thomas, Earl of Salisbury (see below). The young Richard Neville married Anne, the daughter of Richard Beauchamp mentioned above; and through her inherited the vast estates of the Warwick family; he was created Earl of Warwick, 1449, when he was about twenty-one years old, and not till five years after the marriage of Henry VI. and Margaret of Anjou, with which this play ends. As he was not born till 1428, it is difficult to see how he could have taken the prominent part assigned to the Earl of Warwick in act iii. and act iv. There is no reason why the Earl of Warwick, all through the play, should not be Richard Beauchamp; except that he is represented as being present at the execution of Joan of Arc; when, according to history, he would have been in England, as he was at that time governor of the young king Henry VI. That, however, is a very much slighter historical discrepancy than to suppose that the *Warwick* in all the scenes of this play, except act i. scene 1, was "the King-Maker." We have therefore only given Beauchamp Earl of Warwick among the Dramatis Personæ of this play.

9. EARL OF SALISBURY. Thomas Montague, or Montacute, fourth Earl of Salisbury, was the son of John the third Earl (see note to Dramatis Personæ, Richard II.). When Beauchamp was recalled from France to become the young king's governor, or tutor, the Earl of Salisbury was sent to take his place with the army. It was at his instigation that a determined attempt was made to take the city of Orleans, an attempt only partially successful: an outwork was captured, including a tower, in which the earl met his death a few days afterwards, on the 3rd November, 1428. He is supposed to have been "the first English gentleman that was slain by a cannon-ball" [French (on the authority of Camden), p. 130]. He married first Eleanor Holland, daughter of Thomas, second Earl of Kent, by whom he had issue one daughter, who married Richard Neville, father of "the King-Maker" (see above, under Earl of Warwick). The Earl of Salisbury was a patron of English literature

ydgate, and he married, as his second wife, laughter of Chaucer; but by her he left no

of SUFFOLK. William de la Pole, Earl, Marquis, f Suffolk, was the grandson of Michael de la of Suffolk, one of the favourites of Richard ther fell at the siege of Harfleur, 1415. His er Michael de la Pole was killed at Agincourt. ished himself at the battle of Verneuil, and to the chief command at the siege of Orleans ath of Salisbury. He was taken prisoner at Jergeau, May 18, 1429, and one of his brothers, ler Pole, was killed. He and his other brother ly ones among the prisoners taken whose lives l. He was present at the coronation of Henry in 1431. He was one of the representatives at the "diet" held at Tours in 1443 (see Ho- l. iii. p. 206), when a truce between the kings nd England was arranged. He is one of the n the next play, in which his death is recorded. was impeached by the Commons, and the king led to banish him. The ship in which he sailed y one of the ships of the Duke of Exeter, who onstable of the Tower. The captain of the pon himself to behead Suffolk, without any e coast of Kent near Dover.

TALBOT. Sir John Talbot, first Earl of Shrews- he second son of Sir Richard Talbot by his the sister of Lord L'Estrange of Blackmere. led his brother Gilbert Talbot; he married elder of the two daughters and co-heiress of l Furnivall, and was first summoned to Parlia- eleventh year of the reign of Henry IV. by the d Furnivall, and afterwards by the name of t of Hallamshire; in 1412 he was appointed reland; in 1414 he was appointed Lieutenant and in 1419, on the death of his elder brother returned to England, attended the king in he siege of Sene in Burgundy, and of Molyn n the Seine, and was with him at his trium- into Paris in 1420. He continued with Henry V. th of that king. In 1423 he was elected Knight er, and in 1425 he was, for the second time, ap- utenant of Ireland, and was made general of 1427. In 1429 he was taken prisoner at the tay, and after three years' captivity was set at a very heavy ransom. He immediately raised and returned to France; was created Earl of May 20th, 1442, and Earl of Wexford and about 1445. On July 20th, 1453, in attempting siege of Châtillon, he was mortally wounded, through the thigh by a cannon-ball, and his illed under him. He died on the battle-field of eighty; having been "victorious in forty tles and dangerous skirmishes" (Collins's l. iii. p. 16).

TALBOT was the eldest son of the preceding t his second wife, who was daughter and co- ichard Beauchamp Earl of Warwick. He was killed at the same battle as that which proved fatal to his father, having refused to save his life by flight.

13. EDMUND MORTIMER, EARL OF MARCH. It is presumed that Shakespeare means Edmund Mortimer, the last Earl of March. He was the eldest son of Roger Earl of March and Eleanor Holland, and grandson of the Edmund Mortimer who married Philippa, the daughter of Lionel Duke of Clarence, the second son of Edward III. It was to avenge Roger Mortimer's death, in 1398, that Richard II. set out on that expedition to Ireland, from which he returned only to find his kingdom practically taken from him by Bolingbroke. Edmund Mortimer, who was only seven years old when Richard II. was deposed, became, through the death of his father, the rightful heir to the English crown. The usurper Bolingbroke did not venture to take his life, but always regarded him with great jealousy; and it was in order to set aside Mortimer's undoubted right to the throne that Bolingbroke, or his friends, invented the fiction that Edmund, Earl of Lancaster, the second son of Henry III., from whom he himself was lineally descended by his mother Blanch, was really the eldest son; and that his brother Edward, afterwards Edward I., was made eldest son because of the deformity of Edmund; but the manifest improbability of this story, which was in violation of all known facts, induced Bolingbroke's friends to advise him to claim the crown on the ground that Richard II. had adopted him as his heir; and that, failing the Earl of March, he was, undoubtedly, the next heir male. It would seem that the young Earl of March was kept in a kind of honourable imprisonment in Windsor Castle, and that he was ultimately placed under the guardianship of the Prince of Wales, afterwards Henry V., to whom he was always a most devoted friend, serving under him at Harfleur and Agincourt, and at the siege of Melun. French says (p. 134) he "carried the sceptre at his queen Katharine's coronation, and was one of the chief, and without doubt one of the truest, mourners who followed his royal friend's protracted funeral procession through France to England." In 1422 Edmund Mortimer was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, where he died in January, 1424, at the age of thirty-two, at Trim Castle, a place which was long the residence of the governors of Ireland. French (pp. 135, 136) gives several proofs, taken from official documents of the time, which leave no doubt that the Earl of March not only had his liberty in the reign of Henry V., but that he was treated with every honour befitting his rank. He was married to Anne Stafford, daughter of Edmund, fifth Earl of Stafford, but left no issue, so that Richard Plantagenet became his heir. Mortimer's sister, Anne, married Richard, Earl of Cambridge, the father of the above-mentioned Richard Plantagenet who claimed the throne, through his mother, as the last descendant of Lionel, Duke of Clarence. The fearful obscurity that surrounds this character appears to have arisen from the mistake made by the chroniclers in confusing with the young Earl of March, his uncle, Edmund Mortimer, younger brother of Roger Mortimer, Earl of March, a mistake which Shakespeare has followed in the First Part of Henry IV. The reader of history becomes further confused by the fact that Holinshed persists in calling this

Sir Edmund Mortimer Earl of March, and in giving the same title to George of Dunbar, Earl of the Marches of Scotland, who had no more right to the title of Earl of March than he had to that of King of England.

14. SIR JOHN FASTOLFE, son of John Fastolfe, . . . was born "on Nov. 6, 1380, at Great Yarmouth, co. Norfolk; he was educated as a page in the household of Thomas Mowbray, the 'Duke of Norfolk' in *King Richard II.*, and afterwards attended Prince Thomas of Lancaster to Ireland in 1405. He accompanied Henry V. in his expedition to France in 1415" (French, p. 136), and was appointed by Thomas Duke of Exeter his lieutenant at Harfleur after its capture by the English army (see Hall, p. 62). He was not present at the battle of Agincourt, as the town and garrison of Harfleur were left in his charge. He distinguished himself on several occasions, notably at the siege of the Castle of Pacy, 1423, and was made deputy governor under the Duke of Bedford of the duchy of Normandy on this side of the river Seine, and governor of the counties of Anjou and Maine in the same year (see Hall, pp. 118, 119). He was superseded, however, in the latter office by Lord Talbot in 1427, and was "assigned to another place" (Hall, p. 141). "He remained in France under the Duke of York, who rewarded his services with a pension, and he at length retired from active service in 1440, to his estate at Caistor, near Great Yarmouth, where the remains exist of the stately castellated brick mansion, which he built from the proceeds, as alleged, of the ransom of John II., Duke of Alençon (son of the prince killed at Agincourt), who was taken prisoner by Fastolfe, at the battle of Verneuil, in 1424. Sir John died at Caistor, Nov. 6, 1459, leaving no issue by his wife, who pre-deceased him in 1446." . . . "Sir John bequeathed the greater part of his large estates to charitable and pious purposes, and in his lifetime had endowed Magdalene College, Oxford, with the manor of Caldecot, co. Suffolk, and the tenement called the 'Boar's Head' in Southwark" (*Ut supra*, pp. 137, 138). Many interesting letters from and concerning Sir John Fastolfe will be found in vol. i. of the Paston letters.

15. SIR WILLIAM LUCY. This is probably the same Sir William Lucy mentioned by Hall, as having been killed at the battle of Towcester. Hall says (p. 244): "and syr William Lucy, which made great hast to come to parte of the fight, and at his first approche was strikē in the hed wt an axe." French says (p. 139): "He married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Henry Percy of Athol, son of Sir Thomas, next brother of 'Hotspur,' but died without issue." There was another Sir William Lucy, one of the Lucys of Charlecote, three times sheriff of Warwickshire in King Henry VI.'s reign, who might have been the character introduced in this play.

16. SIR WILLIAM GLANSDALE. Hall mentions William Glasdale (*i.e.* Glansdale) as taking part in an expedition despatched by the Regent, the Duke of Bedford, under the command of the Earl of Salisbury, into Burgundy, in 1423. He was made captain of Malicorne in 1424 by the Earl of Salisbury. He is also mentioned (p. 145) as having been present at the siege of Orleans, when the Earl of Salisbury and Sir Thomas Gargrave were killed; "the keepynge of the toure and Bulwerke," when the fatal event happened, having been committed to his care (Hall, p. 145). He was killed at the siege of Orleans in the assault on the Bastille saincte Loure (Hall, p. 148), which the French, largely outnumbering the English, took by assault, and set on fire. It was bravely defended; but before Lord Talbot could come to the rescue of the small garrison it was taken, and "Willyam Gladdisdale the capitain was slain" (p. 148).

17. SIR THOMAS GARGRAVE. The only mention I can find in Hall of the above is the reference to his death at the siege of Orleans: "Sir Thomas Gargrave was likewise stricken so that he died in within two daies" (Hall, p. 145). Holinshed mentions a Sir *Robert* Gargrave who was made *captain* at Pontorson by the Duke of Gloucester in 1418 (p. 96).

18. MAYOR OF LONDON. "This is the first time that this important functionary is introduced in Shakespeare's plays. The events in act i. scene 3, and act iii. scene 1, both really occurred in 1425, during the time that the Lord Mayor was John Coventry, citizen and mercer; and it is recorded in history that he behaved manfully on the occasions, and put the Bishop of Winchester's faction to flight" (French, p. 141).

19. WOODVILE, LIEUTENANT OF THE TOWER, was a much more important character than we should be made to believe from the very small part that he takes in the action of this play. He was a member of a good Northamptonshire family. According to Hall[1] in the fifth year of Henry V. he was appointed captain at Harcourt in Normandy by the Duke of Clarence, and in the next year he was appointed captain at Dangu. In 1437 he married Jacqueline, the young widow of the Duke of Bedford. By her he had a numerous family, four sons and six daughters. The eldest son, Sir Antony Woodvile, is the Lord Rivers of the Third Part of Henry VI., and the Earl Rivers of Richard III. His eldest daughter, Elizabeth, married, first, Sir John Grey, and became afterwards the queen of Edward IV. Woodvile was created Knight of the Garter and Lord Rivers by Henry VI., and Earl Rivers by his son-in-law Edward IV. in 1466. The earldom became extinct on the death without issue of the third earl, the youngest son of Richard Woodvile, in 1491. In the third year of the reign of Henry VI. Woodvile was appointed Constable of the Tower. According to Hall his marriage greatly displeased his wife's family (see Hall, p. 185). He met his death in the disturbances which took place after Warwick had declared against Edward IV. in 1469. Hall gives the following account of his death: "The Northamptonshire men, with diuers of ye Northernmē by them procured, in this fury made them a capitayne, and called hym Robyn of Riddesdale, and sodaynly came to the manner of Grafton, where the erle Ryuers father to the Quene then lay whom they loued not, and there by force toke the sayd erle and syr Ihon his sonne, and brought them to Northampton, and there

[1] According to Holinshed the date in each case is one year later, viz. the sixth and seventh years respectively. This discrepancy of a year or even more between Hall and Holinshed is not uncommon.

iudgement stroke of their heddes, whose bodyes lemply enterred in the Blackefreers at North- ' (p. 274).

ENON of the White Rose, or York Faction, was pro- r Richard Vernon of Haddon Hall, near Bake- rbyshire, who, Courtenay says, was the speaker in iament held at Leicester. He does not appear to en in any way connected with the Sir Richard of the First Part of Henry IV., who died in 1452.

SSET of the Red Rose, or Lancaster Faction. It is n who this character was. Hall (p. 90) mentions liam Basset was appointed captain at Senclere . French (p. 143) says: "The person in this play e been one of the heroes of Agincourt, either Basset, who was one of the lances in the train of marshal, or Philip Basset, a lance in the retinue Botreaux." The family of Basset furnished many ished soldiers in the reigns of Henry III. and his mediate successors. One Robert Basset, alder- l afterwards Lord Mayor of London, distinguished ighly in the defence of the city of London against Nevill, the bastard son of Lord Fauconbridge in Holinshed, vol. iii. p. 323).

ARLES VII. KING OF FRANCE was the son of VI., and was born in 1403 and died in 1461. He ent of France for some time during the madness fortunate father. He was crowned at Rheims in subsequently recovered all the French conquests nd, except Calais.

IGNIER DUKE OF ANJOU was the second son of I. Duke of Anjou and Count of Provence. He Isabella, heiress of the Duchy of Lorraine, and d his brother Lewis III. in the dukedom of n 1434. Having been left heir to the kingdom s by the will of Queen Joanna II., he went to n 1438; but in 1442 was obliged to retire thence he victorious Alfonso of Arragon. He returned ine, where he lived till 1452; when he gave up by to his son, John of Calabria, and went to live . Of that duchy he was robbed by Lewis XI., d he retired thence to Provence, where he died, e left his estates to Charles du Maine, his nephew, e death they reverted to the crown of France. r Mary of Anjou was married to King Charles s daughter Margaret to Henry VI. He made beloved in all the countries which he governed, known as "Le bon roi René." His daughter seem to have inherited her father's virtues.

KE OF BURGUNDY. Philip III., called *Le Bon*, suc- is father Jean *Sans Peur* in 1419. He is the same Burgundy that appears in the last act of Henry h that king he signed the treaty of Troyes, by recognized Henry as Regent of France and heir tive to Charles VI.; but in 1425 he was recon- Charles VII., and signed the treaty of Arras. as three times married, his third wife being of Portugal, daughter of John I. and Philippa, of John of Gaunt; by her he became the father les the Bold," the well-known Duke of Burgundy, who was the great rival of Lewis XI. It was with Duke Philip that Lewis took refuge after having, when Dauphin, rebelled against his father. He died at Bruges on June 12th, 1467.

25. DUKE OF ALENÇON was John II., son of John I., whom he succeeded in 1415. He was twice condemned to death: first, for having had treasonable communications with the English in 1458; and secondly, in 1474, for having assisted Charles the Bold of Burgundy against Lewis XI. On both occasions he was pardoned, but died, after seventeen months of captivity, in 1476.

26. BASTARD OF ORLEANS. John, Count of Longueville and Dunois, born 1392, died 1470. He was one of the most distinguished of the French generals. In 1444 he was appointed lieutenant-general of France, and in 1450 he won the battle of Formigny. Hall (p. 144) has the following account of this personage: "Here must I a little digresse, and declare to you, what was this bastard of Orleance, whiche was not onely now capitain of the citee, but also after, by Charles the sixt made erle of Dunoys, and in great authoritie in Fraunce, and extreme enemie to the Englishe nacion, as by this story you shall apparauntly perceiue, of whose line and steme dyscend the Dukes of Longuile and the Marques of Rutylon. Lewes Duke of Orleance murthered in Paris, by Ihon duke of Burgoyne, as you before haue harde, was owner of the Castle of Concy, on the Frontiers of Fraunce toward Arthoys, wherof he made Constable the lord of Cauny, a man not so wise as his wife was faire, and yet she was not so faire, but she was as well beloued of the duke of Orleance, as of her husband. Betwene the duke and her husbande (I cannot tell who was father) she conceiued a child, and brought furthe a pretye boye called Ihon, whiche child beyng of the age of one yere, the duke disceased and not long after the mother, and the Lorde of Cawny ended their liues. The next of kynne to the lord Cawny challenged the enheritaunce, whiche was worth foure thousande crounes a yere, alledgyng that the boye was a bastard: and the kynred of the mothers side, for to saue her honesty, it plainly denied. In conclusion, this matter was in contenciō before the Presidentes of the parliament of Paris, and there hang in controuersie till the child came to the age of eight yeres old. At whiche tyme it was demaunded of hym openly whose sonne he was: his frēdes of his mothers side aduertised him to require a day to be aduised of so great an answer, whiche he asked, and to hym it was graūted. In y meane season his said frendes persuaded him to claime his inheritaunce, as sonne to the Lorde of Cawny, which was an honorable liuyng, and an aunciēt patrimony, affirming that if he said contrary, he not only slaūdered his mother, shamed himself, and stained his bloud, but also should haue no liuyng nor any thing to take to. The scholemaster thinkyng yt his disciple had well learned his lesson, and would reherse it accordyng to his instrucciō, brought hym before the Iudges at the daie assigned, and when the question was repeted to hym again, he boldy answered, my harte geueth me, and my noble corage telleth me, that I am the sonne of the noble Duke of Orleaunce, more glad to be his Bastarde, with a meane liuyng, then

the lawfull sonne of that coward cuckolde Cauny, with his foure thousande crounes. The Iustices muche merueiled at his bolde answere, and his mothers cosyns detested him for shamyng of his mother, and his fathers supposed kinne reioysed in gainyng the patrimony and possessions. Charles duke of Orleance heryng of this iudgement, toke hym into his family and gaue him great offices and fees, which he well deserued, for (duryng his captiuitie) he defēded his lādes, expulsed thenglishmen, and in conclusion procured his deliueraunce."

27. MARGARET D'ANJOU, the daughter of René, Duke of Anjou, married Henry VI. in 1445. She may be said virtually to have governed England and to have been the leader of the Lancastrian party; for all that was done both in the government of the country, and in the management of the campaign against the Yorkists, was done under her directions. Defeated at St. Albans, 1455, and at Northampton, 1460, she gained a decisive victory at Wakefield in that same year; but was defeated at Towcester, 1461, and was forced to fly to France. Having obtained very little help from Lewis XI., she returned to England; and was defeated at the battle of Hexham, 1463. On Warwick deserting the Yorkists and joining the Lancastrian party, the hopes of this indomitable woman revived. She was, however, defeated at Tewksbury, 1471; after which battle she had the agony of seeing her son murdered; and was herself afterwards imprisoned in the Tower. From the Tower she was removed to Windsor, and thence to Wallingford, having, according to Lingard, but "a weekly allowance of five merks for the support of herself and her servants" (vol. iv. p. 193). After being kept five years a prisoner she was ransomed for 50,000 golden crowns by her father, who sold "the kingdomes of Naples and both the Sicils with the countie of Provence" to Lewis XI. in return for the money lent (see Holinshed, iii. p. 321). She died in France in 1482.

28. COUNTESS OF AUVERGNE. About this lady I can find nothing historic; the incident in which she appears being taken from some old source no longer extant, or, perhaps, invented by one of the authors. In 1155 the territory of Auvergne was divided into two portions, one the *Comté*, which went to the younger branch of the house, and the other, the *Dauphiné*, which went to the elder branch. The latter passed by marriage, in 1428, to the House of Montmorency, a branch of the House of Bourbon. At the end of the thirteenth century the county of Auvergne was joined by marriage to the ancient family of La Tour, which was afterwards known as La Tour d'Auvergne. The county of Auvergne was bequeathed in 1524 by the Countess Anne to Catherine de Medicis. It was united to the French crown by Lewis XIII. in 1610.

29. JOAN OF ARC was born in 1409 at Domrémy. She was the daughter of Jacques D'Arc, and was herself employed as a shepherdess up to the age of eighteen years. At that age she left her home to seek Charles VII., inspired with a divine mission to rescue France, her country, from the hands of the English. Her great success was at the battle of Patay on February 17th, 1429, after which she wished to retire; but at the entreaty of the king she remained with the army. The next year she was taken prisoner at Compiègne by the Burgundians, on the 24th May, in a sortie. To the eternal disgrace of the English, to whose custody she was surrendered, she was condemned to death and burned alive at Rouen, May 14th, 1431. In 1456 the sentence was reversed by Charles VII., and the pope, Calixtus III., "rehabilitated her memory." Her story furnished Schiller with the subject of one of his finest tragedies, and our English poet Southey wrote a long poem on her life. In the last two centuries she has been honoured quite as much by Englishmen as by her own countrymen. The family of Joan of Arc was ennobled by Charles VI., and were allowed to take the surname of De Lys. Montaigne (in 1580) describes the coat of arms granted to her family, and mentions his having seen the house where Joan's father lived.

ACT I. SCENE 1.

30. Line 3: *Brandish your* CRYSTAL *tresses in the sky.*—Steevens quotes from "a Sonnet by Lord Sterline, 1604:

> When as those *chrystal* comets whiles appear."

Also from an old song "The falling out of Lovers is the renewing of Love:

> You *chrystal* planets shine all clear
> And light a lover's way."
> —Var. Ed. vol. xviii. p. 8.

Crisped, crested, tristful, have all been suggested as emendations; but the passages quoted by Steevens show that no alteration of the text is necessary.

31. Line 5: *That have* CONSENTED UNTO *Henry's death.*—Compare Beaumont and Fletcher's Knight of the Burning Pestle, ii. 5:

> Unworthy of the kindness I have shewn
> To thee, and thine; too late, I well perceive,
> Thou art *consenting to* my daughter's loss.
> —Works, vol. ii. p. 84;

where *consenting to* seems to have the same sense which we have given it in the foot-note to this passage. In sc. 5, lines 34, 35 of this act, Talbot says:

> You all *consented unto* Salisbury's death,
> For none would strike a stroke in his revenge.

There *consented unto* seems to have more than the ordinary sense of the word, and to = "were partly guilty of," or "responsible for." The distinction that Douce would suggest (see Douce, pp. 313, 314) between *consent* and *concent* does not appear to have much bearing upon this passage. There is no doubt, as regards their derivation, that the two words are perfectly distinct; *consent* being derived from the Latin *consentio*, and meaning, generally, "to agree together," in a good sense. There is no reason why it should not have borne the same sense, as the Latin original sometimes did, namely, "to agree to any wrong," "to conspire;" but to *concent* is derived from *concinno* (*con-cano* = "to sing together"), and never seems to have any sense but a good one. Spenser employs the word in one passage in The Fairy Queen, b. iv. c. ii. st. 2:

> Such musick is wise words with time *concented*,

where it certainly seems to have its original musical sense. This is the only instance of the use of the verb, in this sense, that I have been able to find.

32. Line 6: *Henry the Fifth, too famous to live long!*—Ff.

have "*King* Henry the Fifth," which is quite unnecessary, and spoils the metre. Most editors follow Pope in omitting it. Compare line 52 below of the same scene:

Henry the Fifth, thy ghost I invocate.

33. Line 27: *By* MAGIC VERSES *have contriv'd his end.* These were charms in rhyme, which were supposed, when recited by witches, to be fatal to the person against whom they were directed. To these magical verses we may suppose belong the grim, rhymed incantations in Middleton's Witch and Shakespeare's Macbeth. Steevens quotes Reginald Scot's Discoverie of Witchcraft, 1584: "The Irishmen addict themselves, &c., yea they will not sticke to affirme that they can *rime* either man or beast to death" (Var. Ed. vol. xviii. p. 10).

34. Line 50: *Our isle be made a* NOURISH *of salt tears.*—Pope's ingenious emendation *marish* (the old word for *marsh*) has been very generally adopted; but on mature consideration we have rejected it. Ritson quotes a very similar expression in support of that emendation from The Spanish Tragedy:

Made mountains *marsh*, with spring-tides of my tears.
—Var. Ed. vol. xviii. p. 11.

Steevens' note seems, however, to make it pretty certain that the Folio is right: "I have been informed that what we call at present a *stew*, in which fish are preserved alive, was anciently called a *nourish*. *Nourice*, however, Fr. a nurse, was anciently spelt many different ways, among which *nourish* was one. So, in Syr Eglamour of Artois, bl. l. no date:

Of that chylde she was blyth,
After *norysshes* she sent belive.

A *nourish* therefore in this passage of our author may signify a *nurse*, as it apparently does in The Tragedies of John Bochas, by Lydgate, b. i. c. xii.:

Athenes whan it was in his floures
Was called *nourish* of philosophers wise."
—Var. Ed. vol. xviii. p. 11.

35. Line 56: *Than Julius Cæsar or bright* ——.—The blank has been filled up, by various commentators, with the names of Francis Drake, Berenice, Alexander, &c. Surely there is no need of attempting to fill it up at all. It is much more dramatic that the speaker should be interrupted by the entrance of the messenger.

36. Line 60: *Guienne, Champagne, Rheims,* ROUEN, *Orleans.*—We have supplied *Rouen* here to make the line complete. It seems the more necessary because, in line 65 below, Gloucester asks:

Is Paris lost? Is *Rouen* yielded up?

The Folio simply has:

Guyen, Champaigne, Rheimes, Orleance.

37 Line 62: *What say'st thou, man! before dead Henry's corse.*—This line is arranged in F. 1 thus:

What say'st thou man, before dead Henry's Coarse?

So F. 2, F. 3, F. 4 substantially. We have printed it in the same way as Staunton, which seems much more effective from a dramatic point of view.

38. Line 64: *Will make him burst his* LEAD, *and rise from death.*—It may be worth noticing that in line 19 Exeter says:

Upon a *wooden* coffin we attend.

It would appear from this that the practice of putting bodies in a *leaden* case within a *wooden* coffin existed at least as early as Shakespeare's time. Monstrelet, in describing the interment of Duke Philip le Bon of Burgundy in 1467, says: "The heart and body of the duke were each put separately in a flat coffin, covered with a bier of Irish oak" (vol. ii. chap. cxlii. p. 347). Probably by bier he means what we call an outer coffin. That the inner coffin was of lead we know from what the chronicler says above (p. 346): "His body and bowels were each put into a well-closed coffin of lead."

39. Line 76: *A third* MAN *thinks, without expense at all.*—F. 1 omits *man*, which is supplied by F. 2. Surely no one with the vestige of an ear could print such a line as:

A *third thinks*, without expense at all.

Putting aside the fact that the halting rhythm is absolutely excruciating, the alliteration of *third* and *thinks* should be avoided, if there is any means of doing so.

40. Line 83: *their flowing tides.*—Ff. have *her;* the correction is Theobald's. If the reading of the Ff. be retained *her* must refer to England; but surely *their* makes much better sense.

41. Line 88: *To weep their* INTERMISSIVE *miseries.*—Warburton explains this epithet thus: "*i.e.* their miseries, which have had only a short intermission from Henry the Fifth's death to my coming amongst them" (Var. Ed. vol. xviii. p. 14).

42. Line 94: *Reignier, Duke of Anjou.*—Ff. have *Reynold* here; but, in scene 2, F. 1 has *Reigneir*, and afterwards in act ii. scene 1 *Reignier.*

43. Line 95: *The Duke Alençon flieth to his side.*—Ff. have "The Duke *of* Alençon." We have omitted *of* in order to improve the metre, as the whole of the passage certainly seems to be intended for blank verse.

44. Line 96: *The Dauphin* CROWN'D *king!* AND *all fly to him!—Crowned* has the *e* elided in F. 1. The line is usually printed:

The Dauphin *crowned* king! all fly to him!

in order to make the metre complete. We have retained the elided form of the Ff.; and have ventured to insert *and.* It is, perhaps, not a matter of much importance; but in speaking the line it will be seen that *king* is the word which has to be most emphasised by the speaker, and not *crowned.* In line 92 above, *crowned* is not elided in the Folio; the two syllables being necessary to the metre.

45. Lines 108 *et seq.*—This is one of the many liberties which the author of this play takes with chronology. The Battle of Patay, in which the great Talbot was taken prisoner, did not occur till the seventh year of Henry VI.'s reign, A.D. 1429. It was fought on June 18th—the fact that the day of the month coincides with that on which Waterloo was fought is worth noticing—and not on August 10th, as Shakespeare makes it (line 101). Hall (p. 150) gives the following description of the battle: "Wherfore, thei (*i.e.* the French) intendyng to stop hym a tyde, conueyed their company to a small village called Patay, whiche way, they knewe that the Englishmen

must nedes passe by. And first they appoynted their horsemen, whiche were well and richely furnished, to go before, and sodainly to set on the Englishemen, or they wer, either ware or set in ordre. The Englishmen commyng forwarde, perceiued the horsemen, and, imaginyng to deceiue their enemies, commaunded thi fotemen to enuirone & enclose thēselfes about with their stakes, but the French horsmen came on so fiersly, that the archers had no leyser, to set themselfes in a raie. There was no remedy but to fight at aduenture. This battaill, cōtinued by the space of thre long houres. And although thenglishmen wer ouerpressed, with the nombre of their aduersaries, yet thei neuer fledde backe one foote, till their capitain the lorde Talbot, was sore wounded at the backe, and so taken. Then their hartes began to faint, thei fled in whiche flight, ther wer slain aboue xij C. and taken. xl. wherof the lorde Talbot the lord Scales, the lord Hungerford (see below, line 146), and sir Thomas Rampston, were the chief: howbeit diuerse archers whiche had shot all their arrowes, hauyng only their swerdes, defended thēself, and with the help of some of the horsmen, cā safe to Meū."

46. Line 128: *Cried out amain, A Talbot!* HO! *A Talbot!* —Ff. have:

A Talbot! a Talbot! cried out amain:

which Pope altered to: "*A Talbot! Talbot! cried.*" Seymour suggested: "*A Talbot! cried, a Talbot.*" The whole of this speech is so spirited that it seems a pity to spoil it by a manifestly defective line. The emendation we have ventured to make seems preferable to the one quoted above.

47. Lines 130-134.—The conduct of Sir John Fastolfe at this battle is almost inexplicable. There can be no doubt he was one of the most trusted and valiant generals on the English side. His name occurs constantly in Hall and Holinshed; indeed, he appears to have distinguished himself both for generalship and courage on many occasions. In the battle known as the Battle of Herrings, which was fought in the year previous, 1428, Sir John Fastolfe, with only 1500 English, obtained a decisive victory over 10,000 of the French; and, afterwards, brought a large quantity of supplies which were under his charge safely to the camp before Orleans. Holinshed follows Hall's account of the Battle of Patay word for word. Hall says: "Frō this battaill, departed without any stroke striken, sir Ihon Fastolffe, thesame yere for his valiauntnes elected into the ordre of the Garter. For whiche cause the Duke of Bedford, in a great anger, toke from hym the Image of sainct George, and his Garter, but afterward, by meane of frendes, and apparant causes of good excuse by hym alledged, he was restored to the order again, against the mynd of the lorde Talbot" (p. 150). Monstrelet's account of the matter is as follows: "Sir John Fastolfe and the bastard de Thian had not dismounted, and, to save their lives, they, with many other knights, set off at full gallop." Further on he gives an explanation of Fastolfe's conduct more favourable to his reputation: "On the day of the battle of Patayе, before the English knew that their enemies were so near, Sir John Fastolfe, one of the chief captains, and who fled without striking a blow, assembled a council, when he remonstrated on the losses they had suffered before Orleans, at Gergeau, and other places, which had greatly lowered the courage of their men, and on the contrary raised that of the French, and which made him now advise that they should retire to some of their strong towns in the neighbourhood, and not think of combating the enemy until their men were more reconciled to their late defeats, and until the reinforcements should be sent them which the regent was expecting from England. This language was not very agreeable to some of the captains, more especially to lord Talbot, who declared that if the enemy came he would fight them."

"Sir John Fastolfe was bitterly reproached by the duke of Bedford for having thus fled from the battle,—and he was deprived of the order of the Garter: however, in time, the remonstrances he had made in council, previously to the battle, were considered as reasonable; and this, with other circumstances and excuses he made, regained him the order of the Garter. Nevertheless great quarrels arose between him and lord Talbot on this business, when the latter was returned from his captivity" (p. 555). Falstaff's excuse for his conduct may have been the right one; but one cannot help suspecting that there may also have been some feeling of jealousy on his part towards Talbot; for it will be remembered that he was superseded by that great general in 1427: "the lord Talbot, was made gouernor, of Aniow and Mayne, and Sir Ihon Fastolffe was assigned to another place" (Hall, p. 141).

48. Line 132: *He, being in the* VAWARD,—*plac'd behind.* —This seems to be a contradiction in terms. He could not be in the *van* and in the *rear* at the same time. Hanmer proposed to alter *vaward* to *rearward*. Steevens explains the apparent contradiction thus: "Some part of the *van* must have been *behind* the foremost line of it. We often say the *back front* of a house." And Mason adds: "When an army is attacked in the *rear*, the *van* becomes the *rear* in its turn, and of course the *reserve*." (Var. Ed. vol. xviii. p. 16). Clarke explains it that "Fastolfe, being in the front line of his own troop, at the head of his own division, was placed behind the main body of the army" (p. 306). From the description of the battle given by Shakespeare it would appear that the small body of English troops were surrounded, and that the general made a hasty attempt to form his archers in square surrounded by an impromptu defence of stakes. The rest of his forces under the command of Sir John Fastolfe were drawn up some little distance off in the rear of the archers with orders to go to their assistance immediately they commenced to attack the enemy. If such were the arrangement, the expression in the text is not inappropriate.

49. Line 146: *And Lord Scales with him, and Lord Hungerford.*—See the passage quoted from Hall above (note 45). *Lord Scales* was Thomas, seventh Lord Scales. He is one of the characters in the Second Part of Henry VI., and an account of him will be given in the notes on the Dramatis Personæ of that play. *Lord Hungerford* was Sir Walter Hungerford, who, according to French, was present at Agincourt; but he is not mentioned in the account of that battle by Hall, Holinshed,

or Monstrelet. Holinshed and Hall both mention that he was made Lieutenant of Chierburgh (Cherbourg) in place of Lord Grey of Codnor in 1418. "He was Steward of the Household in the beginning of the reign of Henry VI., and afterwards Treasurer" (French, p. 153).

50. Line 159: *The Earl of Salisbury* CRAVES A *supply.* —Ff. have:

The Earl of Salisbury *craveth* supply,

a very awkward line. If Salisbury were pronounced as a quadrisyllable, then we might read simply:

The Earl of *Salisbury craves* supply.

But I cannot find any satisfactory instance of the use of this name by Shakespeare other than as a trisyllable. I have therefore ventured to make the emendation printed in the text, which avoids the unrhythmical line given in Ff.

51. Line 171: *Being ordain'd his special governor.*—According to Hall the Duke of Exeter and Cardinal Beaufort were joint guardians of the young king: "And the custody of this young prince was apoyncted to Thomas duke of Excester, and to Henry Beaufford bishopp of Wynchester" (p. 115).

52. Line 174: *for me* NO THING *remains.*—Ff. read *nothing.* On account of the accent being required on *thing*, we have separated the two words. Compare note 136, King John.

53. Line 176: *The king from Eltham I intend to* STEAL. —Ff. read *send.* The emendation is Mason's conjecture, and is required both by the sense and by the verse, a rhymed couplet being doubtless intended to end the scene. The objection that the king was under the guardianship of the Duke of Exeter, and not of the speaker, the Cardinal (Beaufort), seems not of much force (see above, note 51). The second Article of Accusation brought by the Duke of Gloucester ran as follows: "Item my said lorde of Winchester, without the aduise and assent of my said lorde of Gloucester, or of the kynges counsail, purposed and disposed hym to set hande on the kynges persone, and to haue remoued hym from Eltham, the place that he was in to Windsore, to the entent to put him in suche gouernaunce as him list" (Hall, p. 131). It is doubtless this alleged abduction of the king that Beaufort is here supposed to contemplate, and to such an act the word *steal* is more appropriate than *send.*

ACT I. SCENE 2.

54. Lines 1, 2:

Mars his true moving, even as in the heavens
So in the earth, to this day is not known.

Steevens quotes from one of Nash's prefaces "before Gabriel Harvey's Hunt is Up, 1596: 'You are as ignorant in the true *movings* of my muse, as the astronomers are in the *true movings of Mars*, which to this day they could never attain to'" (Var. Ed. vol. xviii. p. 18). The motions of Mars were irregular and difficult to explain - at least to the old astronomers owing to the eccentricity of his orbit. Kepler's work on Mars (Comment. de Motibus Stellæ Martis[1]) was published first in 1609. For instances of this form of the genitive *Mars his* = Mars's, see in this play, iii. 2. 123, "*Charles his* gleeks;" and again iv. 6. 3: "*France his* sword." In the well-known passage in Hamlet, ii. 2. 512, in the Player's speech the Ff. have:

On *Mars his* armour forg'd for proof eterne,

which is much more grand, and suited to the majestic measure of the passage, than the commoner form *Mars's.*

55. Line 7: *Otherwhiles.*—Capell altered to *The whiles;* but unnecessarily. The word certainly does not occur elsewhere in Shakespeare; neither does he use *the whiles*, but *the whilst* or *the while.* Perhaps the MS. had *O' the whiles.* The sense is better suited by *The whilst;* but we hesitate to erase from the text a word so characteristic.

56. Line 13: *why lie we idly here?*—Ff. have *live.* We have adopted Walker's conjecture, which is supported by line 6 above:

At pleasure here we *lie*, near Orleans.

57. Line 19: *the fórlorn French.*—For the accent on *forlorn* see Two Gent. of Verona, i. 2. 124:

Poor *fórlorn* Proteus, passionate Proteus,

and v. 4. 12 of same play:

Thou gentle nymph cherish thy *fórlorn* swain.

It is doubtful whether *forlorn* really can bear the first meaning given in our foot-note, which is the one assigned to it by Staunton and Clarke; or whether *for* is anything more than the intensitive prefix. *Forlorn* is used as = "lost," "miserable;" it may refer here either to those who had been killed in the siege, or to those shut up in the besieged town.

58. Line 25: THAT *Salisbury's a desperate homicide.*—Ff. have:

Salisbury is a desperate homicide.

We have ventured to make a less halting line of it. Nor shall we scruple in trying to amend the many imperfect and unmetrical lines which disfigure this play; because we feel that we can scarcely be interfering with what was the outcome of Shakespeare's deliberate judgment, but that we are merely trying to repair blemishes which he carelessly passed over.

59. Line 30: *bred.*—Ff. have *breed;* the correction is Rowe's.

60. Line 41: *gimmals.*—Johnson says: "A *gimmal* is a piece of jointed work, where one piece moves within another, whence it is taken at large for an *engine.* It is now by the vulgar called a *gimcrack*" (Var. Ed. vol. xviii. p. 20). But surely the connection between *gimmal* and *gimcrack* is quite fanciful. *Gimbal, gimbol* (the modern form of the same word) is thus explained in Annandale's edition of Ogilvie's Imperial Dictionary: "[L. *gemellus*, twin, paired, double, from *geminus*, twin.] A contrivance, as a ring moving on horizontal pivots, for securing free motion in suspension, or for suspending anything, as a chronometer, so that it may keep a constant position or remain in equilibrium. The term is most commonly applied to two movable hoops or rings, the one moving within the other, and each perpendicularly to its plane, about two axes, at right angles to each other." A *gimmal-bit* is the double bit, the play of which in the

[1] To be found in vol. iii. of Frisch's edn. of Kepler's Works, Frankfort, 1858-70.

horse's mouth is obtained by means of double rings. Shakespeare uses the word in Henry V. (iv. 2. 49, 50):

> And in their pale dull mouths the *gimmal* bit
> Lies foul with chew'd grass, still and motionless.

Steevens quotes "The Vow-breaker, or The Faire Maide of Clifton, 1636:

> My actes are like the motionall *gymmals*
> Fixt in a watch."
> —Var. Ed. vol. xviii. p. 21.

May not gimmals mean those wheels in the mechanism of a watch or clock, which we call cog-wheels?

61. Line 48: *cheer.*—For a similar use by Shakespeare of this word = countenance, compare Midsummer's Night's Dream, iii. 2. 96:

> All fancy sick she is and pale of *cheer.*

And Titus Andronicus, i. 1. 264:

> Though chance of war hath wrought this change of *cheer.*

62. Line 56: *the* NINE *sibyls.*—There were *nine* sibylline books, as is well known; but the number of the sibyls has been variously given as three, four, seven, and even ten. In a note on The Hog Hath Lost His Pearl, act ii., Steevens says: "Of the Seven Worthies, the Ten Sibyls, and the Twelve Cæsars, I have seen many complete sets in old halls and on old staircases" (Dodsley, vol. xi. p. 447).

63. Lines 65–70.—The incident of Joan of Arc recognising Charles, who was unknown to her by sight, in spite of his attempting to pass off one of the lords about him as the Dauphin, is founded on the account given in the second and enlarged edition of Holinshed (1586–7): "Vnto the Dolphin into his gallerie when first she was brought, and he shadowing himselfe behind, setting other gaie lords before him to trie hir cunning from all the companie, with a salutation (that indeed marz all the matter) she pickt him out alone, who therevpon had hir to the end of the gallerie, where she held him an houre in secret and priuate talke, that of his pruie chamber was thought verie long, and therefere would haue broken it off; but he made them a sign to let hir saie on" (vol. iii. pp. 163, 164). Hall only says: "What should I reherse, how they saie, she knewe and called hym her kyng, whom she neuer saw before" (p. 148).

64. Line 72: *Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter.* — This is inconsistent with what Joan says afterwards (v. 4. 8, 9; 21, 22; 36–38) where she disowns her father and claims to be of noble birth. Hall says she was "a chamberleyn in a commen hostery" (p. 148); but says nothing about her father; while Holinshed says (p. 163) her father was "a sorie sheepheard;" and that she herself was "brought vp poorelie in their trade of keeping cattell."

65. Line 83: *In cómplete glory.*—For the accent compare Hamlet, i. 4. 52:

> That thou, dead corse, again in cómplete steel.

66. Lines 84–86. This apparently contradictory description of herself by Joan may have been suggested by the fact that while Hall speaks of "her foule face, that no one would desire it" (p. 148), Holinshed says: "of fauour was she counted likesome" (p. 163).

67. Line 91: *Resolve on this,—thou shalt be fortunate.*—Schmidt explains *resolve* in a different sense to that given in our foot-note. According to him it means: "come to a resolution on this supposition, that thou shalt be fortunate, etc." We find *resolved* used = "sure," "convinced" in III. Henry VI. ii. 2. 124, 125:

> I am *resolv'd*
> That Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue.

68. Line 99: *Deck'd with* FIVE *flower-de-luces.*—Ff. have *fine.* Steevens made the obvious correction. Holinshed's words are: "that with *fiue floure delices* was grauen on both sides" (vol. iii. p. 163).

69. Line 101: *Out of a deal old iron I chose forth.*—Ff. have "out of a *great* deal *of* old iron," making a most horribly unrhythmical line, which, one would think, no editor would care to print. We have followed Dyce. Steevens printed "Out of a deal *of;*" but, in his note, proposed "Out a deal of." The only objection to the reading of Dyce is that there is no other instance in Shakespeare of *deal* used = *deal of.* Here, again, it is evident the writer of this play followed Holinshed: "from saint Katharins church of Fierbois in Touraine (where she neuer had beene and knew not) in a secret place there *among old iron,* appointed she hir sword to be sought out and brought hir" (p. 163).

70. Line 102:

> *Then come* ON, *o' God's name; I fear no woman.*

I had inserted the *on* (which is necessary to the metre, and which might easily have been overlooked by the transcriber, coming before the *o'*), before I saw that Keightley had made the same emendation.

71. Line 131: *Expect* SAINT MARTIN'S SUMMER, HALCYON *days.*—Saint Martin's day is the 11th of November; and the brief period of fine weather, like a cold reflection of summer, which frequently occurs about that time of the year, was called Saint Martin's summer. Joan means to say that after the winter of misfortune will come the summer of success. *Halcyon* is the old name of the kingfisher, during the period of whose incubation the sea was supposed to remain "smooth and calm, that the mariner might venture on the sea with the happy certainty of not being exposed to storms or tempests; this period was therefore called, by Pliny and Aristotle, 'the halcyon days'" (Harting's Ornithology of Shakespeare, p. 275). The kingfisher does not build by the sea but by the banks of streams.

In Holland's Pliny (edn. 1601) bk. x. chap. xxxii. p. 287, we find the following: "They lay and sit about midwinter when daies be shortest: and the time whiles they are broodie is called the *Halcyon daies,* for during that season the sea is calme and navigable especially on the coast of Sicilies" . . . "Now about seven daies before mid-winter, that is to say, in the beginning of December they build and within as many daies after, they have hatched." Pliny says there are two kinds, one of which haunts rivers.

72. Lines 138, 139:

> *Now am I like that proud insulting ship*
> *Which Cæsar and his fortune bare at once.*

This alludes to the well-known story told by Plutarch in the life of Julius Cæsar. The incident is thus narrated in North's Plutarch: "Cæsar hearing that, straight discovered himselfe unto the maister of the pynnace, who at the first was amazed when he saw him; but Cæsar, &c., said unto him, Good fellow, be of good cheere, &c., and fear not, for *thou hast Cæsar and his fortune with thee*" (Var. Ed. vol. xviii. p. 27). Shakespeare uses *insult* in the sense of *to exult, to triumph*, in many passages, though in some of them it certainly has the implied sense of insolence. In Heywood's Captives, iii. 3:

> Howe the slave
> *Insults* in his damnation.
> —Bullen's Old Plays, vol. iv. p. 167.

it clearly has the sense of *exult*.

73. Line 140:

> *Was Mahomet inspired with a dove?*

Scot in his Discovery of Witchcraft (book xii. chap. xv.) gives the following description of this sacred bird. "Mahomet's pigeon, which would resort unto him, being in the middest of his campe, and picke a pease out of his eare; in such sort that many of the people thought that the holy ghost came and told him a tale in his eare: the same pigeon also brought him a scroll wherein was written, *Rex esto*, and laid the same in his neck." (Discovery of Witchcraft, 1654, p. 182.)

74. Line 142: *Helen, the mother of great Constantine.*—This was St. Helena, the first wife of Constantius Chlorus, and mother of Constantine the Great. Little is known of her origin except that she was not of high birth. In A.D. 292 according to some, according to others 296, Constantius divorced her at the bidding of Diocletian, in order to marry Theodora. Some of the historians say she was not married to him; but if so, she could not be divorced from him. One legend makes her the daughter of King Coel of Colchester and a native of Britain. When she was 64 years old she is said to have discovered, buried on Mount Calvary, the true cross on which our Lord was crucified. She died about the age of 80.

75. Line 143: *Saint Philip's daughters.*—See Acts of the Apostles, xxi. 9: "And the same man" (Philip, the Evangelist, one of the seven) "had *four daughters*, virgins, which did prophesy."

76. Line 145: *How may I* REVERENT *worship thee enough?*—Ff. have *reverently*. The very obvious correction which we have made is the same as that given in Collier's MS.

77. Line 148: *Drive them from Orleans, be immortaliz'd.*—Ff. have

> Drive them from Orleans, *and* be immortaliz'd.

The *and* here makes a most inharmonious line, so we have ventured to omit it.

ACT I. SCENE 3.

78. Line 1: *I am come to survey the Tower this day.*—This is a bad line, and can only be made to scan by accentuating *to*. The verse is very poor throughout this scene, part of which might just as well be in prose. Of the quarrel between Gloucester and the Cardinal, and of the incident on which this scene is founded, Hall gives the following account: "In this season fell a greate diuision in the realme of England, which, of a sparcle was like to growe to a greate flame. For whether the bishop of Winchester . . . enuied the authoritee of Humfrey duke of Gloucester Protector of the realme, or whether the duke had taken disdain at the riches and pompous estate of the bishop, sure it is that the whole realm was troubled with them and their partakers: so that the citezens of London fearyng that that should insue vpon the matter, wer faine to kepe daily and nightly, watches, as though their enemies were at hande, to besiege and destroie them: In so muche that all the shoppes within the citie of London wer shut in for feare of the fauorers of those two greate personages, for eche parte had assembled no small nombre of people" (p. 130). The first article of accusation brought by Gloucester against the Cardinal according to Hall ran thus: "First, where as he beyng protector and defendor of this lande, desired the toure to be opened to him, and to lodge him therein, Richard Woodeuile esquire, hauyng at that tyme the charge of the kepyng of the toure, refused his desire, and kepte the same toure against hym, vnduly and against reason, by the commaundement of my saied Lord of Winchester: and afterward in approuyng of thesaid refuse, he receiued thesaid Wodeuile, and cherished hym against the state and worship of the kyng, and of my saied lorde of Gloucester" (p. 130).

79. Line 2: *conveyance.*—Compare Pistol's well-known speech: "'*Convey*' the wise it call. 'Steal!' foh! a fico for the phrase" (Merry Wives, i. 2. 31, 32).

80. Line 4: *Open the gates; 't is Gloster that calls.*—The Var. Ed. prints without any comment:

> Open the gates *Gloster it is* that calls.

It appears that this emendation, which makes the line metrically correct, was Reed's. But we have not adopted it, because it seems evident that, both here and in line 6, *Gloster* is to be pronounced *Glo-ces-ter* as a trisyllable; while it is equally manifest that in line 17 it is, as usual, a dissyllable. We have not altered the spelling of the word, which is that of F. 1, and is never varied throughout the play.

81. Line 13: BREAK UP *the gates.—To break up*="to break open" was a common form of expression in Shakespeare's time. It occurs in more than one passage of the Bible (*e. g.* Matthew xxiv. 43); and, in relating the doings of the Kentish rebels under Jack Cade, Hall says (p. 222): "After this abstinence of warre agreed, the lusty Kentishe Capitayne, hopyng on more frendes, *brake vp* the gayles of the kinges benche and Marshalsea, and set at libertie, a swarme of galãtes, both mete for his seruice and apte for his enterprise." For a different use of the same phrase see Love's Labour's Lost, note 85.

82. Line 28: *We'll burst them open, if you come not quickly.*—Ff. have:

> *Or* we'll burst them open, if *that* you come not quickly.

Pope omits *Or* and *that* in order to make a verse. We have adopted his alteration; though it is possible the speech may have been intended for prose.

83. Line 30: PEEL'D *priest.*—This verb *to peel* is used with several different meanings, owing to three distinct verbs having been mixed up as the sources of its derivation. In its ordinary sense of "to strip off the skin or bark" it is derived from the French *peler;* while in the sense of "to pillage" it is derived from the French *piller.* Again, in the sense in which it is here used, "to deprive of hair," "to make bald," it would seem to be connected with the Latin *pilare.* In Merchant of Venice, i. 3. 85, the reading of the quarto is *pyl'd,* and of F. 1 *pil'd;* the line being printed in most modern editions:

> The skilful shepherd *peel'd* me certain wands.

But we may hold that the verb *to pill* used by Shakespeare in Richard II. ii. 1. 246; in Richard III. i. 3. 159; and Timon of Athens, iv. 1. 12 is a perfectly distinct word from *to peel,* and is really an abbreviated form of "to pillage." But in Measure for Measure, i. 2. 35, we have *piled,* used in a double sense, as if it was equivalent to *peeled,* in the same sense as that in which it is used here, and *piled* as commonly applied to velvet; the latter word being derived from the Latin *pilus,* hair=covered with hair.

84. Line 35.—This line refers to the fact that the public brothels were situated within the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Winchester. Upton records the existence of an old manuscript "in which are mentioned the several fees arising from the brothel-houses allowed to be kept in the bishop's manor, with the customs and regulations of them" (Var. Ed. vol. xviii. p. 31).

85. Line 36: *I'll* CANVASS *thee in thy broad cardinal's hat.*—The sense of *canvass* has been variously given as "to toss in a blanket," or rather we should say "in a sheet," and "to shake as in a sieve." The latter meaning seems the most probable one. Rolfe quotes from the Edin. Rev. for Oct. 1872, "*canvass* was a name for a net used to snare wild hawks; and hence the verb came to mean to entrap, ensnare, catch in a net. The writer thinks that to be the meaning here, and that it was suggested by the netlike meshes of the strings attached to the cardinal's hat."

86. Lines 39, 40:

> *This be Damascus, be thou cursed Cain,*
> *To slay thy brother Abel, if thou wilt.*

It was an old legend that the scene of the murder of Abel by Cain was on a mountain near Damascus. Sir John Maundeville says (cap. xi. p. 123) in his account of Damascus: "And in that place, where Damasc was founded, Kaym sloughe Abel his brother."

87. Line 47: *Blue coats to tawny.—Priest beware your beard.*—Ff. have: "Blue coats to tawny *coats.*" Pope omitted the second *coats,* which destroys the metre. It appears that *tawny* was the colour worn by officers of the ecclesiastical courts. Steevens quotes a passage from Stowe's Chronicles, p. 822: "—and by the way the bishop of London met him, attended on by a goodly company of gentlemen in *tawny*-coats" (Var. Ed. vol. xviii. p. 30).

88. Line 53: WINCHESTER GOOSE! *I cry,* A ROPE! A ROPE!—Johnson says: "A strumpet, or the consequences of her love, was a *Winchester goose*" (Var. Ed. vol. xviii. p. 33). But there is no evidence of the word having ever borne the first meaning. It was properly applied to a swelling in the groin, the result of disease. For *a rope! a rope!* a cry commonly taught to parrots, see Comedy of Errors, note 118.

89. Line 62: *Here's Gloster,* TOO, *a foe to citizens.*—F. 1 omits *too;* in which case *Gloster* must be pronounced as a trisyllable.

90. Line 72: *Come, officer; as loud as e'er thou canst.*—Ff. have: "as e'ere thou canst, *cry:*" the *cry* is probably a stage-direction which has crept into the text.

91. Line 81: *Gloster, we'll meet; to thy* DEAR *cost, be sure.*—F. 1 omits *dear,* which was added in F. 2.

ACT I. SCENE 4.

92.—The main incidents of this scene are founded on the following passage in Hall (copied almost word for word by Holinshed): "In the toure that was taken at the bridge ende, as you before haue heard, there was a high chamber hauyng a grate full of barres of yron by the whiche a man might loke all the length of the bridge into the cite at which, grate many of the chief capitaines stode diuerse times, vieuyng the cite and deuisyng in what place it was best assautable. They within the citee perceiued well this totyng hole, and laied a pece of ordynaunce directly against the wyndowe. It so chaunced that the. lix. daie after the siege laied before the citee, therle of Salisbury, sir Thomas Gargraue and William Glasdale and diuerse other, went into thesaid toure and so into the high chābre, and loked out at the grate, and with in a short space, the sonne of the Master gonner, perceiued men lokyng out at the wyndowe, toke his matche, as his father had taught hym, whiche was gone to dinner, and fired the gonne, which brake and sheuered ye yron barres of the grate, wherof one strake therle so strōgly on the hed, that it stroke away one of his iyes and the side of his cheke" (p. 145).

93. Line 8: *The prince's 'spials have informed me.*—Ff. have *espials,* which makes a very awkward line; the slight emendation is Pope's. Shakespeare uses *espial* in two passages, in iv. 3. 6, of this play:

> By your *espials* were discovered:

and in Hamlet, iii. 1. 32:

> Her father, and myself, lawful *espials.*

But the form *spial,* without any mark of elision, is a recognized form of the word, *e.g.* "he perceived . . . . that he had many *spials* upon him" (North's Plutarch, p. 110).

94. Lines 16-18:

> *And even* FOR *these three days have I watch'd,*
> *If I could see them.*
> *Now do thou watch, for I can stay no longer.*

This passage is generally held to be corrupt. In F. 1 it stands thus:

> And euen these three dayes haue I watcht,
> If I could see them. Now doe thou watch,
> For I can stay no longer.

F. 2 endeavoured to amend it thus:

> And fully even these three dayes have I watcht,
> If I could see them. Now Boy doe thou watch,
> For I can stay no longer.

For the arrangement in the text I am responsible; the only word inserted being *for*, in line 16. In any arrangement attempted, one of the lines must needs be imperfect.

95. Line 27: *The* DUKE *of Bedford.*—Ff. have: "The *Earle* of Bedford;" corrected by Theobald.

96. Line 28: CALLED *the brave Lord Ponton de Santrailles.*—Ff. have *call'd* as in the next line they have *ransom'd.* As has been said before we generally adhere strictly to the elision of words ending in *ed*, as given in F. 1; but, in these two instances—or, at any rate, in the latter one—the retention of the elided *e* seems necessary.

Of *Lord Ponton de Santrailles* frequent mention is made by Hall as among the bravest of the French captains. The name is very variously spelt by Holinshed. Hall says: "Emõgest the capitaines was found prisoner, the valiaunt capitain, called Poynton of Sanctrayles, (which without delay,) was exchaunged for the lorde Talbot, before taken prisoner, at the battaill of Patay" (p. 164).

97. Line 33: *so* VILE-*esteem'd.*—Ff. have *pil'd* esteem'd, an evident mistake for *vild-esteem'd; vild* being the spelling of *vile* frequently adopted by writers in Shakespeare's time. The emendation *vilde-esteem'd* was first made by Pope. There is no reason for maintaining the obsolete spelling of *vile.* Shakespeare uses *vile esteem'd* in Sonnet cxxi. 1:

> 'T is better to be vile than *vile-esteem'd.*

98. Line 60: *Here, through this* SECRET *grate.*—Ff. omit *secret*, which is Dyce's admirable conjecture; we do not hesitate to adopt it as completing the metre, and also as being in accordance with line 10 above:

> Wont through a *secret* grate of iron bars.

The line as given in F. 2:

> Here through this grate I *can* count *every* one,

is, as Dyce points out, a very weak attempt at emendation.

99. Line 95: PLANTAGENET, *I will; and,* NERO-LIKE.—Salisbury was a Montague, or Montacute, not a Plantagenet. (See above note 9.) In F. 1 the line is printed thus:

> Plantagenet I will, and *like thee.*

F. 2 has: "and Nero-like *will,*" which we adopt, omitting *will*, as Dyce does, with whom we agree that this is preferable to Malone's reading: "and *like thee, Nero.*"

100. Line 107: *Pucelle or* PUZZEL, DOLPHIN *or dogfish.*—*Puzzel, pusle,* or *pusill,* meant "a filthy drab," from Italian *puzzolente.* See Stubbes's Anatomy of Abuses (New Shak. Soc. Publications, Series VI. No. 4, p. 78): "And in the Sommer-time, whilst floures be greene and fragrant, yee shall not haue any Gentlewoman almost, no nor yet any droye or *pussle* in the Cuntrey, but they will carye in their hands nosegayes and posies of floures to smell at." *Droye* means a drudge. Dauphin is invariably spelt *Dolphin* in F. 1; hence the play on the word.

ACT I. SCENE 5.

101. Line 6: *Blood will I draw on thee,—thou art a witch.*—The superstition that anyone who could draw the witch's blood was free from her power is mentioned in George Giffard's Dialogue concerning Witches, first published in 1593. (Percy Society's Reprint of edn. 1603, pp. 11, 13, 32.) Compare Butler's Hudibras:

> Till *drawing blood o' the dames like witches*
> They're forthwith cur'd of their capriches.

See, on this subject, Notes and Queries, 7th Series, vol. i. No. 2, p. 23 (January 9, 1886).

102. Line 16: *hunger-starved.*—Ff. have *hungry-starved.* The correction is Rowe's. We have the same word in III. Henry VI. i. 4. 5. Boswell's suggestion that *hungry, starved* may be the right reading is worth consideration; though Rowe's emendation is much the more forcible expression. The original sense of "to starve" is either to die (intransitive), or to kill (transitive); so that *hunger-starved* may mean "killed by hunger."

103. Line 21: *A witch, by fear, not force, like Hannibal.*—Alluding to the stratagem practised by Hannibal when he found himself surrounded by the army of Fabius near Casinum, which is thus narrated by Plutarch: "So the army of the Carthaginians was in manner compassed in every way, and they must needs have died for famine in that place, or else have fled, to their great shame and dishonour: had not Hannibal by this Stratagem prevented the danger. Who knowing the danger all his army stood in, and having spied a fit time for it: he commanded his souldiers to bring forth two thousand Oxen which they had gotten in spoil in the Fields, having great store of them, and then tying Torches of Fire-links unto their horns, he appointed the nimblest men he had to light them, and to drive the Oxen up the Hill to the top of the Mountains, at the relief of the first Watch. All this was duly executed according to his commandment, and the Oxen running up to the top of the Mountains, with the Torches burning, the whole Army marched after them fair and softly. Now the Romans that had long before placed a strong Garison upon the Mountains, they were afraid of this strange sight, and mistrusting some Ambush, they forthwith forsook their Pieces and Holds" (North's Plutarch, edn. 1676, p. 884).

104. Line 29: *Renounce your* STYLE, *give sheep in lions' stead.*—Ff. read: "Renounce your *soil;*" but surely the word soil is entirely out of place, both in relation to the immediate context and to the whole passage. We do not hesitate to adopt *style*, one of the suggestions offered, but not adopted by Dyce in his note on this line. Above (line 25) Talbot says:

> They call'd us, for our fierceness, *English dogs;*

and it may be to that *style*, or "title" that he here refers; or merely to the general reputation of the English for fierceness and bravery; or even to the fact that the *lion*, the characteristic badge of England, had come to be associated with English soldiers, and, especially, with an English king. Compare Richard II. i. 1. 174, where King Richard speaks to Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, whose badge was a leopard: "*lions* make leopards tame." For

the use of *style*, in the sense of *title* or titles, see below, iv. 7. 72-74:

> Here is a silly stately *style* indeed!
> The Turk, that two and fifty kingdoms hath,
> Writes not so tedious a *style* as this.

Dyce's other suggestion is *scroll;* but that does not come so near in letters to *soyle*, the reading of F. 1.

105. Line 34.—See above note 31.

ACT I. Scene 6.

106. Line 2: *Rescu'd is Orleans from the* English.—F. 2 added wolves, unnecessarily, as *English* is here a trisyllable. The account of the raising of the siege of Orleans, which took place in the year before the battle of Patay, is thus given by Hall: "Then the erle of Suffolke, the Lorde Talbot, the Lorde Scales, and other capitaines, assembled together, where causes wer shewed, that it was bothe necessary and conueniente either to leue the siege for euer, or to deferre it till another tyme, more luckey and conuenient. And to the intent that thei should not seme either to flie or to be driuen from the siege by their enemies, they determined to leaue their fortresses and Bastyles, and to assemble in the plain feld and there to abyde all the daie, abidyng the outcomming and battaile of their enemies. This conclusion taken, was accordyngly executed. The Frenchemen, weried with the last bickeryng, held in their heddes and durste not once appere: and so thei set fire in their lodgynges, and departed in good ordre of battail from Orleaunce" (p. 149).

107. Line 6: *Adonis' gardens.*—Pliny alludes to the gardens of Adonis and Alcinoüs in his Natural History (book xix. chap. 4); and Spenser in The Fairy Queen, bk. iii. c. 6, stanzas 29-42, gives a long description of them. Rolfe says: "The *gardens of Adonis* mentioned by the earlier classical writers were nothing but pots of earth planted with fennel and lettuce, which were borne by women on the feast of Adonis in memory of the lettuce bed in which he was laid by Venus" (p. 146).

108. Lines 11-14.—These lines were suggested, no doubt, by the following passage from Hall (p. 149): "After this siege thus broken vp to tell you, what triumphes wer made in the citee of Orleaunce, what wood was spente in fiers, what wyne was dronke in houses, what songes wer song in the stretes, what melody was made in Tauernes, what roundes were daunced, in large and brode places, what lightes were set vp in the churches, what anthemes wer song in Chapelles, and what ioye was shewed in euery place, it were a long woorke, and yet no necessary cause. For they did as we in like case would have dooen, and we being in like estate would haue doen as they did."

109. Line 22: *Than Rhodope's of Memphis ever was.*—F. 1 (followed substantially by the other Ff.) has:

> *Then* Rhodope's *or* Memphis ever was,

which, as Dyce remarks, is simply nonsense. The necessary emendation is Capell's conjecture. Pliny in his Natural History (book xxxvi. chap. 12) thus speaks of this pyramid: "That no man should need to marveile any more of these huge workes that kings have built, let him know thus much, that one of them, the least (I must needs say) but the fairest and most commended for workemanship, was built at the cost and charges of one *Rhodope*, a verie strumpet. This *Rhodope* was a bondslave togither with Æsope a Philosopher in his kind, and writer of morall fables, with whome shee served under one master in the same house: the greater woonder it is therefore and more miraculous than all I have said before, that ever shee should be able to get such wealth by playing the harlot." She was called Rhodōpe (Ῥοδῶπις), *i.e.* "rosy-cheeked;" though Sappho speaks of her as Doricha, which may have been her real name. Charaxus, the brother of Sappho, fell in love with her, and ransomed her from slavery for a large sum of money. She appears to have lived principally at Naucratis, in Egypt. Dr. Smith in his Classical Dictionary mentions a conjecture that she may have been confounded with Nitocris the beautiful Egyptian queen, who is said by the ancient chroniclers to have built the third pyramid.

110. Line 25: *the rich-jewel'd coffer of Darius.*—This is the coffer mentioned by Plutarch in his life of Alexander the Great (p. 569): "There was brought unto him a little *Coffer* also, which was thought to be the preciousest thing, and the richest that was gotten of all Spoyls and Riches, taken at the overthrow of Darius. When he saw it, he asked his familiars that were about him, what they thought fittest, and the best thing to be put into it. Some said one thing, some said another thing: but he said, he would put the Iliads of Homer into it, as the worthiest thing." Puttenham in his Art of English Poesie (edn. 1589), in speaking of this *coffer* uses almost the identical expression in the text: "In what price the noble poems of Homer were holden with Alexander the Great, insomuch as everie night they were layd under his pillow, and by day were carried in the *rich jewel cofer* of Darius, lately before vanquished by him in battaile."

ACT II. Scene 1.

111. Line 29: *Not all together.*—Ff. *altogether*, corrected by Rowe.

112. Line 58.—Improvident *soldiers!*—Shakespeare only uses *improvident* in one other passage, in Merry Wives, ii. 2. 302: "Who says this is *improvident* jealousy?" *Imprudent*, which would suit the metre better, is never used by Shakespeare.

113. Lines 78-81.—The incidents in this scene appear to have been taken from the account by Hall of what took place, not at Orleans, but at "the citee of Mauns," which was delivered over to the French by the treachery of the inhabitants; the Earl of Suffolk and most of the English garrison escaping into "the Castle which standeth at the gate of Sainct Vincent," whence they sent a message to Talbot asking for help. Talbot despatched one Matthew Gough "as an espial," who "so well sped, that priuely in the night he came into the castle, where he knew how that the French men beyng lordes of the citee, and now castyng no perils nor fearyng any creature, began to waxe wanton and felle to riote, as though their

enemies could do to them no damage: thynkyng that the Englishemen whiche wer shut vp in the Castle, studied nothyng but how to escape and be deliuered. Whē Matthew Gough had knowen al the certaintie and had eaten a litle breade and dronke a cuppe of wine to comfort his stomacke, he priuely returned again, and within a mile of the citee met with the lorde Talbot and the Lorde Scales, and made open to theim al thyng according to his credence, whiche to spede the matter, because the day approched, with al hast possible came to the posterne gate, and alighted from their horses, and about sixe of the clocke in the mornyng thei issued out of the castle criyng sainct George, Talbot. The French men which wer scace vp, and thought of nothyng lesse then of this sodain approchment, some rose out of their beddes in their shertes, and lepte ouer the walles, other ranne naked out of the gates for sauing of their liues, leuyng behynde theim all their apparell, horsses, armure and riches, none was hurt but suche, whiche ether resisted or would not yelde, wherof some wer slain and cast into prisone" (p. 143).

114. Line 79: *The cry of Talbot serves me for a sword.*—There are several allusions in writers of Shakespeare's time to the terror which Talbot's name inspired. The following is from Whitney's emblems, 1566:

> So HECTORS sighte greate feare in Greekes did worke,
> When hee was showed on horsebacke, beeinge dead:
> HVNIADES, the terrour of the Turke,
> Thoughe layed in graue, yet at his name they fled:
> And cryinge babes they ceased with the same,
> The like in FRANCE, sometime did *Talbots* name.

(Green's Shakespeare and the Emblem Writers, p. 207.) See also above i. 4. 42, 43, and below ii. 3. 16, 17.

ACT II. SCENE 2.

115. Line 48: *Ne'er trust me then.*—Hanmer proposed very plausibly "*Nay*, trust me *there*." It certainly seems odd that Talbot should reply as if the Duke of Burgundy had expressed the opinion that he would *not* comply with the request of the countess. Perhaps we should understand by the expression in the text: "Never trust me if I do despise her suit;" *then* being equivalent to "if I do what you say I may not."

116. Line 54: *No, truly,* NO; *'t is* MORE *than manners will.*—Ff. have:

> No, truly 't is more than manners will

Most editors print *it is* for *'t is;* but we have preferred inserting the second *No* to make the line complete; the abbreviation of the *it* having been apparently intentional.

ACT II. SCENE 3.

117.—For the incident represented in this scene—one capable of far more dramatic treatment than it here receives—there appears to be no historical foundation whatever; nor has there yet been found any other source, legendary or dramatic, from which it might have been taken.

118. Line 6: *As Scythian* TOMYRIS *by Cyrus' death.*—*Tomyris* was the queen of the Massagetæ; a people of Scythia, who defeated Cyrus the Great in a battle in 529. Cyrus crossed the Araxes in order to conquer the Massagetæ; he was at first victorious, the son of Tomyris being defeated, and her husband slain. She was not long, however, in avenging his death. Cyrus was killed in the battle; the queen had his head cut off and thrown into a bag filled with human blood, that he might satiate himself, as she said, with blood. There is a well-known picture by Rubens on this subject.

119. Line 23: *writhled.*—Some editors read *wrizled;* but the form *writhled* is found in Marston's Scourge of Villanie, Satire iv. line 35. Speaking of Sylenus, he says:

> Cold, *writhled* eld, his lives-wet almost spent.
> —Works, vol. iii. p. 262.

In Summer's Last Will and Testament we find the form *writhen*—wrinkled.

> And, Winter with thy *writhen*, frosty face.
> —Dodsley, vol. viii. p. 89.

The only authentic portrait of Talbot known, which originally hung over the tomb of Lady Shrewsbury in old St. Paul's, and is now in the Heralds' College, London, E.C., proves that this description of his physical appearance by the Countess of Auvergne could not have been in any way a true one. The picture is a half-length; and is evidently the portrait of a man of fair average size and considerable muscular development. A duplicate of this portrait is in the possession of the Marquis of Northampton at Castle Ashby. But to put the matter beyond all doubt, when the bones of Talbot, which were found in a perfect condition, were removed from the old tomb in the parish church of St. Alkmunds, Whitchurch, and reinterred in a new tomb, they were arranged anatomically, and carefully measured; the femur or thigh bone was found to be 18½ inches long, from which it is quite clear that the great general must have been a man, if not a giant, certainly of such a height as by no stretch of the imagination could be called a dwarf. (See Notes and Queries, 6th S., xii. p. 502, Dec. 19, 1885.)

120. Line 27: *I 'll* SORT *some other time to visit you.*—Shakespeare only uses *sort* in this sense = "to select" in two other passages; in Two Gent. of Verona, iii. 2. 92:

> To *sort* some gentlemen well-skill'd in music;

and in Rom. and Jul. iv. 2. 34:

> To help me *sort* such needful ornaments.

121. Line 42: *captivate.*—The same form is used below in v. 3. 107:

> Tush, women have been *captivate* ere now.

Compare Soliman and Perseda, act iv.:

> And Rhodes itself is lost, or else destroy'd:
> If not destroy'd, yet bound and *captivate;*
> If *captivate*, then forc'd from holy faith.
> —Dodsley, vol. v. p. 331.

122. Line 57: *This is a riddling* MERCHANT.—This use of the word *merchant*, in a contemptuous sense, is only found in one other passage in Shakespeare, namely, in Rom. and Jul. ii. 4. 153, 154: "what saucy *merchant* was this, that was so full of his ropery?" Compare our slang word *chap*, which is merely an abbreviation of *chapman*.

123. Lines 78, 79:

that we may
Taste of your wine, and see what cates you have.

Seymour has the following note on this passage: "It seems not very consistent with discretion in Talbot thus to solicit a repast from one that had just been plotting his destruction; she who intended to hang him would not have scrupled to give him poison" (Remarks, vol. i. p. 351). Certainly the conclusion of this scene, which promises to be one of the most dramatic nature, containing, as it does, a really strong situation, is very tame. But I think Seymour has misinterpreted the character of Talbot as drawn in this play, and especially in this scene. Having accepted the frank apology of the countess, he would be utterly incapable of harbouring any suspicion of her good faith afterwards. He took this jovial and good-natured way of ending what might have been a very awkward adventure.

ACT II. SCENE 4.

124. Lines 34, 35:

I love no colours; and without all colour
Of base insinuating flattery.

Compare Love's Labour's Lost, iv. 2. 156: "I do fear *colourable colours.*" So also in Lucrece, 475–478:

But she with vehement prayers urgeth still
Under what *colour* he commits this ill.

Thus he replies:

The *colour* in thy face,
That even for anger makes the lily pale.

125. Line 56.—"This lawyer," Ritson says, "was probably *Roger Nevyle*, who was afterward hanged" (Var. Ed. vol. xviii. p. 60). I do not know what ground Ritson had for this conjecture. Few lawyers have attained the distinction which he claims for "*Roger Nevyle.*"

126. Lines 65, 66:

but anger that thy cheeks
Blush for pure shame to counterfeit our roses.

Malone thus explains the sentence: "it is not for fear that my cheeks look pale, but for anger; anger produced by this circumstance, namely, that *thy* cheeks blush," &c. (Var. Ed. vol. xviii. p. 63). The latter part of the sentence seems the chief difficulty. I suppose it means that the blush on Plantagenet's cheek, which arose from shame at showing he was in the wrong, counterfeited the red roses of the Lancaster faction, as if the blusher knew that he ought to be on the side of the red rose.

127. Line 76: *I scorn thee and thy* FACTION, *peevish boy.*—Ff. have *fashion.* The emendation is Theobald's, and is justified by line 107 below, where Plantagenet says:

And, by my soul, this pale and angry rose
. . . . . .
Will I for ever, and my *faction* wear.

128. Line 83: *His grandfather was Lionel Duke of Clarence.* This is a mistake (see note 7). Duke Lionel was his maternal great great-grandfather.

129. Line 86: *He bears him on the place's privilege.*—This means, apparently, that the gardens and precincts of the Temple had the "*privilege* of sanctuary." But this was not so, it being then, as in later times, chiefly remarkable as the residence of law students and "gentlemen learned in the law." Probably the author still connected the Temple with its original founders, the Knights Templars; or perhaps he thought that any one might hold himself secure from illegal violence in a place with such a strong legal element all round him. If men quarrelled within the bounds of the Temple, they were bound only to quarrel "as the law directs," and not without the paid assistance of lawyers.

130. Lines 96, 97.—The Earl of Cambridge was condemned like his associates on his own confession; but that his intentions were different from those of his fellow-conspirators the following passage in Hall would seem to show: "For diuerse write that Richard earle of Cambridge did not conspire with the lorde Scrope and sir Thomas Graye to murther kyng Henry to please the Frenche kyng withal, but onely to thentent to exalte to the croune his brotherinlawe Edmond earle of Marche as heyre to duke Lyonel. After whose death consideryng that the earle of Marche for diuerse secrete impediments was not hable to haue generacion, he was sure that the croune should come to him by his wife, or to his children. And therfore it is to be thought that he rather cõfessed him selfe for nede of money to be corrupted by the Frẽche kyng, then he would declare his inwardle mynd and open his very entent. For surely he sawe that if his purpose were espied, the earle of March should haue dronken of the same cup that he did, and what should haue come to his owne children he muche doubted. And therfore beyng destitute of comfort and in dispayre of life, to saue his children he fayned that tale, desiryng rather to saue his succession then him selfe, which he did in dede. For Richard duke of Yorke his sonne not priuely but openly claimed the croune, and Edward his sonne both claimed and gained it as hereafter you shall heare, which thyng at this time if kyng Henry had foresene I doubt whether either euer that line should haue either claimed the garlande or gained the game" (p. 61).

131. Line 101: *I 'll note you in my* BOOK OF MEMORY.—Compare Hamlet, i. 5. 98, 99:

Yea, from the *table of my memory*
I 'll wipe away all trivial fond records.

And (in line 103) in the same scene:

Within the *book* and volume of my brain.

ACT II. SCENE 5.

132. Line 9: *as drawing to their* EXIGENT.—Shakespeare uses *exigent* in two other passages; in Antony and Cleopatra, iv. 14. 63; and in Julius Cæsar, v. 1. 19; in both of which cases it is used as="pressing necessity." It seems to be used, as here, in the sense of *end* in the following passage from The Wisdome of Dr. Dodypoll (iv. 3):

Aye me, I feare my barbarous rudenesse to her
Hath driven her to some desperate *exigent.*
—Bullen's Old Plays, vol. iii. p. 146.

In the following passage from A Knack to Know a Knave (1594), the word appears to have much the same sense: "I tell you, neighbour, my great grandfather and all my predecessors have been held in good regard for their good

housekeeping; and (God willing) their good names shall never take an *exigent* in me" (Dodsley, vol. vi. p. 546). Possibly there was, in the latter passage, some allusion to the legal sense of the word.

133. Lines 23-25:

Since Henry Monmouth first began to reign,
Before whose glory I was great in arms,
This loathsome sequestration have I had.

This was not historically true (see above, note 13). The author fell into the mistake very likely through the following passage in Hall (p. 128): "Duryng whiche season, Edmonde Mortimer, the last Erle of Marche of that name (whiche long tyme had been restrained from his liberty, and finally waxed lame) disceased without issue, whose inheritaunce discended to lorde Richard Plantagenet, sonne and heire to Richard erle of Cambridge, beheded, as you haue heard before, at the toune of Southhāton."

134. Line 61: *my* FADING *breath.* — Walker suggests that we should read *failing*, which is certainly a more appropriate word; but it is hardly worth while to alter the text. Below, in line 95, we have "*fainting* words."

135. Line 64: *Depos'd his* NEPHEW *Richard,* — Some editors would read *cousin*. Bolingbroke and Richard were first cousins; but *cousin* and *nephew* are both used to express various relationships. In Othello, i. 1. 112 *nephews* is used = grandchildren. Compare Ben Jonson's Masque of Augurs:

> Him (*i.e.* your son) shall you see triumphing over all,
> Both foes and vices: and your young and tall
> *Nephews*, his sons, grow up in your embraces.
> —Works, vol. vii. p. 445.

But this sense of *nephew* is the same as that of the Latin *nepos*, from which *nephew* is derived through the French *neveu*. Spenser uses it = descendant in general, in the Ruines of Rome (viii. 6):

> This peoples vertue yet so fruitfull was
> Of vertuous *nephewes*, that posteritie.
> Striving in power their grandfathers to pass, &c.
> —Works, vol. v. p. 305.

But here, and in the passage quoted by Nares from Drayton (under *nephew*), it is evidently associated, in the writer's mind, with the sense of *grandson*. But that *cousin* is used very indiscriminately for any relationship, is clear from numerous passages, *e.g.* Hamlet, i. 2. 64:

> But now, my *cousin* Hamlet, and my *son*.

Niece also appears to have been used of different relationships. See Two Gent. of Verona, note 91.

136. Lines 74, 75:

For by my MOTHER *I derived am*
From Lionel Duke of Clarence.

This is a mistake; it should be *grandmother*, *i.e.*, his father's mother (see above, note 13).

137. Line 76: *Unto the third King Edward.*—In Ff. the line stands:

> To King Edward the Third; whereas he,

a line too excruciatingly unmetrical to be admitted as verse at all. The emendation is one that I have ventured to make. Compare line 66 above:

> Of Edward king, the third of that descent.

138. Lines 82, 83:

Long after this, when Henry the Fifth,
Succeeding his sire Bolingbroke, did reign.

In F. 1 (which the other Ff. follow substantially) the second line is:

> Succeeding his *Father* Bullingbroke, did reigne;

I have ventured to substitute *sire*, a word used frequently by Shakespeare in the sense of *father*, which makes the line more metrical. One would be tempted to suggest a rearrangement of these two lines thus:

> Long after this when the Fifth Henry reign'd,
> Succeeding *to* his father Bolingbroke,

but that Shakespeare appears never to have used *to succeed*, or any of its derivatives, in this sense, with the preposition *to*. He always uses the verb alone.

139. Line 88: *Levied an army.* — Neither the Earl of Cambridge, nor any of his accomplices in the conspiracy, appears to have *levied an army*, or ever to have contemplated doing so. See above, note 130.

140. Line 96: *Thou art my heir; the rest I wish thee gather.*—Thus explained by Heath: "I acknowledge thee to be my heir; the consequences which may be collected from thence, I recommend it to thee to draw" (Revisal, p. 281). But may not the latter part of the speech mean: "*the rest, i.e.*, the practical result, the advantages to be gained therefrom, I wish thee to *gather, i.e.* to reap."

141. Lines 109, 110:

Thou dost then wrong me,—as that slaughterer doth
Which giveth many wounds when one will kill.

Compare Hamlet, iv. 5. 95, 96:

> Like to a murdering piece, in many places
> Gives me superfluous death.

142. Line 129: *Or make my* ILL *the advantage of my good.*—Ff. have "my *will*;" corrected by Theobald.

ACT III. Scene 1.

143. The Parliament, in which this scene is supposed to take place, met at Leicester on the 25th day of March, 1426. Henry VI. was then only four years and three months old. The dramatist has assigned to him the part really played on this occasion by the Duke of Bedford, who was summoned hastily from France by a letter from the Bishop of Winchester, complaining of the Lord Protector's conduct. Whoever was the original author of this play, he was quite right to disregard history in this matter; perhaps Shakespeare himself might have transferred what should be Bedford's speech to the young king. One of the dramatic objects, which he proposed to himself in this play, evidently was to illustrate the character of the boy-king, and so to complete the portrait of Henry which the Three Parts furnish. The passage in Hall, referring to the Parliament at Leicester, is as follows: "The xxv. daie of Marche after his cōmyng to London, a parliamēt began at the toune of Leicester, where the Duke of Bedford openly rebuked the Lordes in generale, because that they in the tyme of warre, through their priuie malice and inward grudge, had almoste moued the people to warre and commocion, in which

tyme all men, ought or should be of one mynde, harte and consent: requiryng them to defend, serue and drede their soueraigne lorde kyng Henry, in perfourmyng his conquest in Fraunce, whiche was in maner brought to conclusion. In this parliament the Duke of Gloucester, layed certain articles to the bishop of Wynchesters charge, the whiche with the answeres herafter do ensue" (p. 130). Fabyan tells us (p. 396) that the Parliament lasted till the 15th of June in the same year; also that it was called by the common people The Parliament of Bats,[1] "the cause was, for proclamacyons were made, ye men shulde leue theyr swerdes and other wepeyns in their innys, the people toke great *battes* and stauys in theyr neckes," (*i.e.* on their shoulders) "and so folowed theyr lordes and maisters vnto the parlyament. And whan ye wepyn was inhybyted theym, then they toke stonys and plūmettes of lede, and trussyd them secretely in theyr sleeys and boosomys."

144. Line 1: *deep-premeditated.*—Not hyphened in **Ff.**; but *deep* must be an adverb here, so we have thought it better to follow Dyce in adopting Walker's suggestion to insert the hyphen.

145. Line 6: *extemporal.*—This form of the adjective is used by Shakespeare only here, and twice in Love's Labour's Lost; i. 2. 189; iv. 2. 51. As Armado is the speaker in the first case, and Holofernes in the second case, the word would seem to lie under some suspicion of affectation or pedantry. Shakespeare, however, uses the adverb *extemporally* in Ant. and Cleo. v. 2. 217, and in Venus and Adonis (line 836). *Extemporal* is used by Hooker, and by later authors such as Boyle and Locke; but it is rarely if ever used in the present day. Burton, in his Anatomy of Melancholy, uses *extemporaneous;* while the more modern form *extemporary* does not seem to be used by any author earlier than Bishop Taylor.

146. Line 29: *Were I ambitious, covetous, or* WORSE.—This line stands in Ff. thus:

> If I were covetous, ambitious or *perverse,*

a very inharmonious line, which could only be made metrical by transposing the last two adjectives, and omitting *or* (as Pope prints it):

> If I were covetous, perverse, ambitious.

But I have ventured on the alteration given in the text, because *perverse* seems to me a very weak word here; and *proud* (Collier's suggestion) hardly less so. Gloucester has piled such a heap of abuse on his uncle that the latter may well scruple to repeat his polite epithets: *lewd, pestiferous, lascivious, wanton, pernicious usurer,* &c. There seems to be little or no historical ground for Gloucester's virulent abuse of the Cardinal.

147. Lines 41, 42:

> *But he shall know I am as good——*
> Glo. *As good!*
> *Thou bastard of my grandfather!*

Walker proposes to read:

> But he shall know I am as good *as he.*
> Glo. As good, thou bastard of my grandfather!

Very likely this suggestion may be right; but the text, as it stands, sins against neither sense nor metre. Gloucester's reflection on the Cardinal's birth is not in good taste; for the explanation of it see above, note 4.

148. Line 45: *Am I not* LORD *protector, saucy priest?*—F. 1, F. 2 have:

> Am I not Protector, saucy Priest?

in F. 3, F. 4:

> Am not I Protector, saucy Priest?

The emendation we have adopted is Walker's conjecture.

149. Line 49: *reverend.*—So F. 3, F. 4; but F. 1, F. 2 have *reverent,* which now we only use in the active sense, as implying the act of revering, not the quality of being revered.

150. Lines 51–55.—Arranged as by Theobald. **Ff.** give line 52 to Warwick, and lines 53–55 to Somerset.

151. Lines 78–80:

> *The bishop and the Duke of Gloster's men,*
> *Forbidden late to carry any weapon,*
> *Have fill'd their pockets full of pebble stones.*

See above note 143. For a similar form of the possessive 's being omitted in the first of a pair of words, compare Richard II. ii. 3. 62:

> Shall be your love and labour's recompense.

152. Line 82: *at one another's* PATE.—Altered by Pope, whom many editors follow, unnecessarily to *pates.* It is tiresome to notice these petty emendations; but, as Rolfe remarks, unless one does note them, the ordinary reader may think there is a misprint in the text. In trying to make Shakespeare's grammar conform, in all respects, to modern usages, those characteristics of style, common to him and to many authors of that period, are lost.

153. Line 96: *To none inferior but his majesty.*—Ff. have

> Inferior to none but *to* his majesty:

a very awkward, unrhythmical line. Steevens omitted the second *to;* but suggested, in a note, the arrangement of the line which we have adopted.

154. Lines 103, 104:

> *Shall* PITCH *a field when we are dead.*
> Glo. *Stay, stay, stay!*

Referring to the practice of archers and of foot-soldiers, in battles at this period, always to protect themselves, when possible, against cavalry, by a fence of stout stakes *pitched,* or stuck, in the ground. See i. 1. 116–119. Ff. have "Stay, stay, *I say!*" We have followed Hanmer in omitting the words *I say,* which seem perfectly unnecessary, and clash awkwardly with *you say* in the next line.

155. Line 138: THIS TOKEN *serveth for a flag of truce.*—What does he mean by *This token!* Probably, as we have explained it in the stage-direction, he speaks the words while clasping the cardinal's right hand with his own; meaning that this public reconciliation of the principals would serve for the sign of a truce between the followers, as well as between themselves.

[1] *Bats, i.e.* clubs; the word is still preserved in this sense when used of a cricket bat or tennis bat, which, in their original form, were little better than clubs with flattened ends. It is also used of Harlequin's wooden sword, which he still carries in modern pantomimes.

56. Lines 146–148.—These lines are all printed in Ff. ›rose; it seems no use to try and make verse of them.

57. Line 159: *That Richard be restored to his blood.*—Hall (p. 138): "For ioy wherof, the kyng caused a ›pne feast, to be kept on Whitson sondale, on the che dale, he created Richard Plantagenet, sonne and ·e to the erle of Cambridge (whom his father at npton, had put to execution, as you before haue rde) Duke of York, not forseyng before, that this fermēt should be his destruccion, nor that his sede uld, of his generacion, bee the extreme ende and ll confusion."

58. Lines 167, 168:

Thy humble servant vows obedience
And FAITHFUL *service till the point of death.*

have "and *humble* service, &c." We have adopted ›e's emendation which substituted *faithful* for *humble*, iding the awkward tautology. It seems a better wer on the part of Plantagenet to what the king says t above (line 163) "If Richard will be *true*," for him nswer that he will give "his *faithful* service."

59. Line 176: *That* GRUDGE *one thought against your iesty.*—Clarke seems to be the only commentator who noted the difficulty of assigning to the word *grudge* this line its exact meaning. We have given in the ;-note Schmidt's explanation of the word in this sage; but, as an alternative, we have also given the se of "to murmur," in which it appears to be used by kespeare—though intransitively—in more than one ance. Still I do not feel sure that Schmidt is right ssigning that meaning (*i.e.* "to murmur") to *grudge* ll the passages which he quotes. For instance, in hard III. ii. 1. 9:

By heavens my heart is free from *grudging* hate,

›ems to have the sense of "sullen" or "malicious;" haps "envious." The original meaning of *to grudge*, that in which it is most frequently used, both in the and modern English writers, is the sense of "to re-›," "to regret," with an idea of sullenness. Chaucer ples it with "murmur:"

As by continual murmur or *grutching*.
—Wife of Bathe's Tale, Prologue, line 578.

v. 1. 141 we have another instance of the use of this ›, but not in the same sense. It is when King Henry ›ying to reconcile the partisans of York and Lancas-. It is better to quote the whole passage (lines 137–:

And you, my lords, remember where you are:
In France, amongst a fickle wavering nation:
If they perceive dissention in our looks,
And that within ourselves we disagree,
How will their *grudging* stomachs be provok'd
To wilful disobedience, and rebel!

e it may mean "malicious," or it may mean the *sullen nission* which the French rendered to the English. nission which a very little encouragement would ›e into rebellion.

0. Lines 198, 199:

That Henry born at Monmouth should win all,
And Henry born at Windsor should lose all.

See Hall (p. 108): "But when he" (*i.e.* Henry V.) "heard reported the place of his natiuitie, whether he fantasied some old blind prophesy, or had some foreknowledge, or els iudged of his sōnes fortune, he sayd to the lord Fitzheugh his trusty Chamberlein these wordes. My lorde, I Henry borne at Monmoth shall small tyme reigne and much get, and Hēry borne at Wyndsore shall long reign and al lese, but as God will so be it."

ACT III. SCENE 2.

161. The stratagem practised here by Joan of Arc was really practised, apparently, by the English. Knight fell into a mistake here. He says: "The stratagem by which Joan of Arc is here represented to have taken Rouen is found in Holinshed, as a narrative of the mode in which Evreux was taken in 1442." In the first case it is under 1441 that the announcenment is mentioned; secondly, it was not at Evreux, as will be seen by the account given by Hall, followed almost verbatim by Holinshed, which is as follows: "A little before this enterprise, the Frenchemen had taken the toune of Eureux, by treason of a fisher. Sir Fraunces Arragonoys hearyng of that chaunce, apparreled sixe strong men, like rustical people with sackes and baskettes, as carriers of corne, and vitaile, and sent them to the Castle of Cornyll,[1] in the whiche diuerse Englishemen were kept as prisoners: and he with an imbusshement of Englishemen, lay in a valey nye to the fortresse. These sixe companions entered into the Castle, vnsuspected and not mistrusted, and straight came to the chambre of the capitain, and laied handes upō hym, geuyng knowledge therof to their imbushement, whiche sodainly entered the Castle, and slew and toke all the Frenchemen prisoners, and set at libertie all the Englishemen, whiche thing doen, they set all the castle on fire, and departed with great spoyle to the citee of Roan" (p. 197).

162. Lines 13, 14:

Watch. [Within] *Qui va là?*
Puc. *Paysans, pauvres gens de France.*

In F. 1 (which the other Ff. follow) the lines are printed thus:

Watch. Che la.
Pucell. Peasauns la pouvre gens de Fraunce.

The editors of F. 1 were evidently not strong in foreign languages.

163. Line 22: *Where is the best, &c.*—Ff. have *Here;* the correction was made by Rowe.

164. Line 40: *That hardly we escap'd the* PRIDE *of France.*—Theobald altered *pride*, unnecessarily, to *prize*. Shakespeare uses *pride* in two other passages in the same sense; below, in this play, iv. 6. 15:

And from the *pride* of Gallia rescu'd thee.

[1] It does not appear where this *Castle of Cornyll* was. If it was an outwork of Evreux, one would have expected some mention of the fact. Neither Hall nor Holingshed says that Evreux was retaken by the English. There is a place, called Corneilles, in the same department, the Eure, as Evreux, 17 kilometres south-west of Pont Audemer, which may possibly be the *Cornyll* of Hall, and the *Cornill* of Holingshed.

And in Henry V. i. 2. 111, 112:

> O noble English, that could entertain
> With half their forces the full *pride* of France.

The sense we have given to the word, in the foot-note, seems to be the nearest that one can give in a condensed form; *pride* in all these three passages evidently means "the best" or "chosen troops," "those of which the country has most reason to be proud."

166. Line 44: *'Twas full of* DARNEL.—Gerard in his Herbal says: "*Darnel hurteth the eyes, and maketh them dim, if it happen in corne for breade, or drinke.*" Steevens adds in his note: "Hence the old proverb—*Lolio victitare*, applied to such as were *dim-sighted*. Thus also Ovid, Fast. i. 691:

> Et careant *lolii oculos vitantibus* agri.

Pucelle means to intimate, that the corn she carried with her had produced the same effect on the guards of Rouen; otherwise they would have seen through her disguise, and defeated her stratagem." Blakeway has an interesting note on this line: "*Darnel* is the *Lolium temulentum*, so called, because when the seeds happen to be ground with corn, the bread made of this mixture always occasions giddiness and sickness in those who eat it. It resembles wheat in its appearance, whence Dr. Campbell is of opinion, that it was the ζιζάνια of St. Matt. xiii. 25, improperly rendered *tares* in our Authorized Version" (Var. Ed. xviii. p. 91).

166. Line 52: *hag of* ALL *despite*.—Collier altered *all* to *hell's*, considering it, according to Dyce (see his note on this passage), "as equivalent to 'hag of *hellish* despite.' But compare, in Coriolanus (iii. 3. 139):

> As he hath follow'd you, with *all despite*, &c.;

and in the Third Part of King Henry VI. (ii. 6. 80),

> That I in *all despite* might rail at him," &c.

167. Line 73: *we came* UP *but to tell you*.—In F. 1 the line is defective and reads "we came to tell you." F. 2 inserted *Sir;* but *up*, which is Lettsom's emendation, adopted by Dyce, is much better; it means "*up* on the walls."

168. Lines 82, 83:

> *As sure as in this late betrayed town*
> *Great Cœur-de-lion's heart was buried.*

The heart of Richard Cœur-de-lion was buried in Rouen Cathedral, and is now in the museum of that town. Hollinshed's account of Richard's last directions as to the disposal of his body after death is as follows: "Finallie remembring himselfe also of the place of his buriall, he commanded that his bodie should be interred at Fonteurard at his fathers feet, but he willed his heart to be conueied vnto Rouen, and there buried, in testimonie of the loue which he had euer borne vnto that citie for the stedfast faith and tried loialtie at all times found in the citizens there. His bowels he ordeined to be buried in Poictiers, as in a place naturallie vnthankefull and not worthie to reteine any of the more honorable parts of his bodie" (vol. ii. p. 270). There are many variations of this story.

169. Lines 95, 96:

> *That stout Pendragon, in his litter, sick,*
> *Came to the field, and vanquished his foes.*

Uther Pendragon was the father of King Arthur. The story alluded to is found in Harding's Chronicle:

> For which the king ordain'd a horse litter
> To bear him so then unto Verciame,
> Where Ocea lay, and Oysa also in fear,
> That Saint ALbones new light of noble fame,
> Bet down the walles; but to him forth they came,
> Where in battayle Ocea and Oysa were slayn.
> The fielde he had, and thereof was full fayn.

170. Line 110.—The Duke of Bedford's death really took place peaceably at Rouen in 1435 (see above, note 2). Hall (p. 178) gives the following account of his death and funeral: "This yere the xiiij. daie of September, died Ihon duke of Bedford, Regent of Fraunce, a man, as pollitique in peace, as hardy in warre, and yet no more hardy in warre, then mercifull, when he had victory, whose bodye was, with greate funerall solempnitie, buried in the Cathedrall churche of our Lady, in Roan, on the Northside of the high aulter, vnder a sumptuous and costly monument."

171. Line 117: *Let Heaven have glory for this victory!*—Ff. have:

> Yet, heavens have glory for this victory.

Dyce altered *Yet* to *Let*, which emendation we have adopted with the additional alteration of *heavens* to *Heaven*.

ACT III. SCENE 3.

172. Line 44.—There is no historical foundation for this personal appeal of Joan to the Duke of Burgundy; but a letter said to have been addressed by her to the Duke on the day of Charles's coronation in Rheims is given in Barante's Chronicles (tom. iv. p. 259) and transcribed by Knight. In the original French it runs as follows:

"Jhesus Maria.

Haut et redouté prince, duc de Bourgogne, Jehanne la Pucelle vous requiert, de par le roi du ciel, mon droiturier souverain seigneur, que le roi de France et vous fassiez bonne paix, ferme, qui dure longuement. Pardonnez l'un à l'autre de bon cœur, entièrement, ainsi que doivent faire loyaux chrétiens; et s'il vous plaît guerroyer, allez sur le Sarrasin. Prince de Bourgogne, je vous prie, supplie, et requiers tant humblement que je vous puis requérir, que ne guerroyiez plus au saint royaume de France, et faites retraire incontinent et brièvement vos gens qui sont en aucunes places et forteresses dudit royaume. De la part du gentil roi de France, il est prêt de faire paix avec vous, sauf son honneur; et il ne tient qu à vous. Et je vous fais savoir, de par le roi du ciel, mon droiturier et souverain seigneur, pour votre bien et votre honneur, que vous ne gagnerez point de bataille contre les loyaux Français; et que tous ceux qui guerroyent audit saint royaume de France guerroyent contre le roi Jhesus, roi du ciel et de tout le monde, mon droiturier et souverain seigneur. Et vous prie et vous requiers à jointes mains que ne fassiez nulle bataille, ni ne guerroyiez contre nous, vous, vos gens, et vos sujets. Croyez sûrement, quelque nombre de gens que vous amenez contre nous, qu'ils n'y gagneront mie; et sera grand pitié de la grand bataille et du sang qui sera répandu de ceux

qui y viendront contre nous. Il y a trois semaines que je vous ai écrit et envoyez de bonnes lettres par un héraut pour que vous fussiez au sacre du roi qui, aujourd'hui dimance, dix-septième jour de ce présent mois de juillet, se fait en la cité de Reims. Je n'en ai pas eu réponse, ni onc depuis n'a oui nouvelles du héraut. A Dieu vous recommande et soit garde de vous, s'il lui plait, et prie Dieu qu'il y mette bonne paix. Ecrit audit lieu de Reims, le 17 juillet."

I append a translation for the benefit of those of our readers not acquainted with old French:

"Jesus Mary.

High and redoubted prince, Duke of Burgundy, Joan the maid beseeches you, by the King of Heaven, my rightful sovereign lord, that the King of France and you should make a good peace, firm, which may endure long. Pardon one another with good heart, entirely, as loyal Christians ought to do; and if it pleases you to make war, go against the Saracen. Prince of Burgundy, I pray you, supplicate you, and beseech you, as humbly as I can beseech you, that you war not any more against the holy kingdom of France, and that you cause to retreat incontinently and shortly your men who are in any places and fortresses of the said kingdom. On the part of the gentle king of France, he is ready to make peace with you, without prejudice to his honour; and he only waits for you. And I make you to know, by the King of Heaven, my rightful and sovereign lord, for your good and for your honour, that you will not gain any battle against the loyal French; and that all those who make war on the said holy kingdom of France make war against the King Jesus, the king of heaven and all the world, my rightful and sovereign lord. And I pray you and beseech you with clasped hands that you should not make any battle, nor war against us, you, your men, and your subjects. Believe surely, whatever the number of men that you may bring against us, that they will not gain anything; and there will be great pity for the great battle and for the blood which shall be shed of those who shall go against us. It is three weeks that I have written to you and sent good letters by a herald in order that you should have been at the coronation of the king, which, to-day Sunday, the seventeenth of this present month of July, takes place in the city of Rheims. I have not had any response, nor ever since have I heard any news of the herald. I commend you to God and may he protect you, if it pleases him, and I pray God to arrange a good peace. Written at the said place of Rheims, the 17th July."

The language of this letter is certainly very simple and that of a person who thoroughly believes in her own mission. One may notice the frequent recurrence of the phrase "rightful sovereign lord" used of God or of "our Lord Jesus." The Duke of Burgundy did not break off his alliance with Henry and go over to the French till 1435. On 26th September in that year peace was proclaimed between France and Burgundy at Arras, where a congress had been held, after the representatives of the King of England had left in disgust at their failure to obtain any acceptable terms from France.

173. Line 47: *As looks the mother on her* LOWLY *babe.*—So *Ff.*: most editors adopt Warburton's rather commonplace emendation *lovely*. There is something repugnant to one's feelings in such an epithet in a passage like this, which describes the desolation of the speaker's country. Whether we take *lowly* to mean "humble in rank," or, as Schmidt explains it, "enfeebled" (by illness or starvation), it is the preferable epithet of the two. Rather than *lovely* I would suggest *lonely* as the word to be substituted, if any change be desirable; *lonely* in the sense of "deserted by all save the mother," or, = the "one remaining babe" would be in accord with the picture.

174. Line 57: *And wash away thy* COUNTRY'S STAINED *spots.*—Should we not read here "*stained country's* spots?" *Stained spots* seems but poor sense; while *stained* applied to *country* would be a forcible epithet, meaning that France was dishonoured by the presence of a foreign enemy in her midst; or by the fact of one of her own children helping to make war upon her. For an instance of an epithet joined to a wrong word see below, note 200.

175. Line 72: *They set him free without his ransom paid.*—This is historically inaccurate. The Duke of Orleans was not liberated till about the end of the year 1440, five years after the Duke of Burgundy had abandoned the English alliance.

176. Line 85: *Done like a Frenchman,*—[Aside] *turn, and turn again!*—The fickleness of the French was and is proverbial; but surely such a taunt is out of place in the mouth of this simple and heroic maid who so loved her country. The writer of this line was probably not Shakespeare; and if so, he fell into the error, so common with inferior dramatists, of putting into the mouths of their Dramatis Personæ the sentiments of the author himself, however inconsistent.

ACT III. SCENE 4.

177. Henry VI. did not visit France till 1430 when he was in his ninth year. He went first to Rouen, where he appears to have remained about eighteen months; after which time, when all hope of being able to reach Rheims, where it was the Duke of Bedford's original intention that he should be crowned, being abandoned, the young king set out for Paris. He first went to Pontoise, and thence to St. Denis, whence he made his entry into Paris in November, 1431.

178. Line 7: *Twelve cities, seven walled towns of strength.*—*Ff.* have:

Twelve *cites, and* seven walled towns of strength.

We have omitted the *and* for the sake of the metre.

179. Line 13: *Is this Lord Talbot, uncle Gloucester?*—This is the only passage where we find this name printed *Gloucester;* in all the other passages, even where it is evidently pronounced as a trisyllable, it is printed *Gloster*. In *Ff.* the line stands:

Is this the Lord Talbot, Uncle Gloucester?

We have omitted the *the*, in preference to inserting any such word as *fam'd* (Rowe's emendation), and made *Gloucester* a trisyllable.

180. Lines 17, 18:

When I was young,—as yet I am not old,—
I do remember how my father said, &c.

This is a delightful poetical license. Henry VI. was nine months old when his father died.

181. Lines 38, 39:

> *Villain, thou know'st the law of arms is such,*
> *That whoso draws a sword, 't is present death.*

Blackstone says: "by the ancient law before the Conquest, *fighting in the king's palace*, or before the king's judges, was *punished with death*. So too, in the old Gothic constitution, there were many places privileged by law, 'quibus major reverentia et securitas debetur, ut templa et judicia quæ sancta habebantur,—*arces et aula regis*,—denique locus quilibet presente aut adventante rege.' And at present with us, by the Stat. 33 Hen. VIII. c. xii. malicious striking in the king's palace, wherein his royal person resides, whereby blood is drawn, is punishable by perpetual imprisonment and fine, at the king's pleasure, and also with loss of the offender's right hand, the solemn execution of which sentence is prescribed in the statute at length" (Commentaries, vol. iv. p. 124).

ACT IV. Scene 1.

182. Line 1: *Lord bishop, set the crown upon his head.*—The coronation of Henry VI. took place on the 17th December, 1431. Hall gives a detailed description of his progress from St. Denis to Paris, and of the grand procession and pageant which met him on the way. The author of this drama, having killed off the Duke of Bedford, has thereby unfortunately got rid of a character who played a very prominent part in the coronation ceremonies. According to Hall, Gloucester does not seem to have been present; he has probably been substituted by the dramatist for the Duke of Bedford. Hall thus describes the actual coronation: "And on the xvij. of thesaied moneth, he departed from the place" (*i.e.* "the palaice of Paris") "in greate triumphe, honorably accompanied, to our Lady church of Paris: where with al solempnitie, he was anoynted and crouned kyng of Fraunce, by the Cardinal of Winchester: (the bishop of Paris, not beyng content, that the Cardinal should do suche a high Ceremony, in his Churche and iurisdiccion.) At the offeryng, he offred breade and wine, as the custome of Fraûce is. When the deuine seruise was finished, and all Ceremonies due, to that high estate were accôplished, the kyng departed toward the palaice, hauyng one croune on his hed, and another borne before hym, and one scepter in his hand, and the second borne before hym" (p. 161).

183. Line 3: *Now*, GOVERNOR OF PARIS, *take your oath.*—Hall does not mention any governor of Paris; but he mentions a Sir Simon Mouer, provost of Paris, who met the king on his way between St. Denis and Paris. I can find no mention of any governor of Paris, either in Hall or in Holinshed. French says (p. 148): when Paris was captured by the English, the Duke of Bedford "appointed as its governor John of Luxemburg;" but, according to Hall (p. 160), *Sir John of Luxenborough* was left by the Duke of Burgundy as his lieutenant at the siege of Complègne.

184. Line 12: *Writ to your grace from* PHILIP *Duke of Burgundy.*—Ff. read:

> Writ to your grace from *the* Duke of Burgundy.

That makes such a very awkward line, that we have ventured to amend it as above.

185. Line 15: *To tear the garter from thy craven's leg.*—See above, note 47.

186. Line 19: *at the battle of Patay.*—Ff. print, by mistake, *Poictiers;* corrected by Malone.

187. Lines 48, 49:

> *And now, my lord protector, view the letter*
> *Sent from our uncle Duke of Burgundy.*

It was not till four years after Henry's coronation in Paris that the Duke of Burgundy seceded from the English alliance. (See above, note 172.) The "letters" sent by the Duke of Burgundy to King Henry were sent, according to Hall, by "Thoison Dor, his kyng at armes" (p. 177). They were to the effect that "he, beyng not only waxed faint, and weried, with continual warre, and daily conflictes, but also chafed daily, with complaintes and lamentacion, of his people, whiche, of the Frenchemen, suffered losse and detriment, embraydyng and rebukyng hym openly, affirming that he onely was the supporter and mainteyner, of the Englishe people, and that by his meanes and power, the mortall warre was continued and sette forward, and that he more diligētly studied, and intentiuely toke pain, bothe to kepe, and maintein thenglishemen in Fraunce, and also to aduaûce and promote their desires, and intentes, rather then to restore kyng Charles his cosyn, to his rightful inheritaunce, and paternal possession: by reason of whiche thynges, and many other, he was in maner compelled and constrained to take a peace, and conclude an amitie with kyng Charles." And further Hall says: "This letter was not alitle loked on, nor smally regarded of the kyng of England, and his sage coûsaill: not onely for the waightines of the matter, but also for the sodain chaunge of the man, and for the straûge superscripcion of the letter, which was: To the high and mightie Prince, Henry, by the grace of GOD Kyng of Englande, his Welbeloued cosyn: Neither namyng hym kyng of Fraunce, nor his souereigne lorde, accordyng as, (euer before that tyme) he was accustomed to do. Wherfore all they, whiche wer present, beyng sore moued with the craftie deede, and vntrue demeanor of the duke, (whom they so muche trusted) could neither temper their passions, nor moderate their yre, nor yet bridle their toungues: but openly called hym traytor, deceiuer, and most inconstant prince" (p. 177).

188. Line 175: *Prettily, methought, did play the orator.*—This is a very awkward and inharmonious line. Pope inserted *most* before *Prettily*. I would propose to read (omitting *methought*):

> *Right* prettily did play the orator.

189. Line 180: *An if I wist he did,—but let it rest.*—Ff. read: "And if I *wish* he did;" the emendation is Capell's. *Wist* is the preterite tense of the old verb *to wit* (not as erroneously stated by some commentators of *I wis*, there

being no such verb, but *I wis* being "the adverb *Y-wis, i-wis*" (see Imperial Dict. sub. *wis*)]. *To wit* is connected with the German *wissen*, to know, and comes direct from the Anglo-Saxon *witan*, to know. Shakespeare uses the verb *to wit* in this same play, above, ii. 5. 16:

> As *witting* I no other comfort have;

and again in Pericles, iv. 4. 31, 32:

> Now please you *wit*
> The epitaph is for Marina writ.

The sense evidently demands some such alteration as Capell made. Johnson's attempt to explain the meaning of the text, as it stands in F. 1, is not very successful. (See Var. Ed. vol. xviii. p. 111.) We have punctuated the passage as Capell did, following the Cambridge edn. and Dyce. Theobald would read: "And, if I *wis*, he did—" explaining it: "Nay, if I know anything, he did think harm in answer to the last sentence of the preceding speech of Warwick."

190. Lines 187–191:

> *But howsoe'er, no simple man that sees*
> *This jarring discord of nobility,*
> . . . . . .
> *But that it doth presage some ill event.*

The construction of this sentence is certainly obscure. Many emendations have been proposed in the last line; that generally adopted being the substitution of *he* for *it*, which is Rowe's; F. 3, F. 4 have "*By* that it," which certainly does not help the sense. The best conjecture is an anonymous one, mentioned by the Cambridge editors, "But *thinks* it does, &c." It is better, however, to take the passage as being elliptical in construction; the meaning being: "No man, however *simple, that sees this jarring discord*, &c. &c. but *sees* (also), or feels that *it doth presage*, &c &c.

ACT IV. Scene 2.

191. Lines 10–13:

> *You tempt the fury of my three attendants,*
> *Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire;*
> *Who, in a moment, even with the earth*
> *Shall lay your stately and air-braving towers.*

Compare Henry V. Prologue i. 6–8:

> and at his heels,
> Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword, and fire,
> Crouch for employment.

The close similarity of the two passages is worth noticing; but the whole of this scene, short as it is, bears evident marks of Shakespeare's hand. Both these passages are evidently founded upon the following passage in Hall (p. 85), copied as usual by Holinshed: "The goddesse of warre called Bellona (whiche is the correctrice of princes for right witholdyng or iniurie doying, and the plage of God for euil liuyng and vntrue demeanor amongest subiectes) hath these . iii. handmaides euer of necessitie attendyng on her, bloud, fyre, and famine, whiche thre damosels be of that force and strength that euery one of them alone is able and sufficient to turment and afflict a proud prince: and they all ioyned together are of puissance to destroy the most populous countrey and most richest region of the world."

192. Line 14: *If you forsake the offer of* OUR *love.*—Ff. read *their;* the correction is Hanmer's.

193. Line 15: *Thou ominous and fearful owl of death.*—The association of the cry of the owl with the foreboding of death is alluded to in Richard III. iv. 4. 509:

> Out on you, *owls!* nothing but *songs of death!*

in Macbeth, ii. 2. 3, 4:

> It was the *owl* that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,
> Which gives the stern'st good-night;

and in Lucrece, line 165:

> No noise but *owls'* and wolves' *death-boding cries.*

194. Line 34: *That I, thy enemy,* DUE *thee withal.*—Ff have *dew*, which may possibly be the right reading. *Due* for *endue* is not used by Shakespeare elsewhere. He uses the verb *to dew* several times, though never in a tropical sense; but if *dew* be retained it is worth while to compare Coriolanus, v. 6. 23:

> He water'd his new plants with *dews* of flattery.

It seems most probable that, if *due* be the right reading, it is not meant as a shortened form of *endue*, but as a verb equal to *give what is due.*

195. Line 42: *He* FABLES *not.*—It is curious that this verb is used by Milton, in the well-known passage in Comus, when the lady refutes the enchanter's arguments. After her beautiful speech, Comus says (lines 800, 801):

> She *fables* not, I feel that I do fear
> Her words set off by some superior power.

Shakespeare uses the verb, in the limited sense of "to tell fables," in III. Henry VI. v. 5. 25:

> Let Æsop *fable* in a winter's night.

196. Line 47: MAZ'D *with a yelping kennel of French curs.*—This word is generally explained as=*amazed;* but it may mean "surrounded by a *maze*," out of which it was impossible to escape.

197. Line 54: *dear deer.*—The same pun is found in Love's Labour's Lost, iv. 1. 115, in Venus and Adonis (line 231), and in several other passages.

ACT IV. Scene 3.

198. There seems to be no historical foundation for the supineness, or treachery, of which York in this scene accuses Somerset. John Beaufort, the Duke of Somerset of this play, died in 1444; so that, as Talbot was killed in battle in 1453, it must have been Edmund, the brother of John Beaufort, who is the Duke of Somerset of the next play. He was appointed regent in France in 1445, in the place of the Duke of York; having, it was alleged, obtained the office by the help of Suffolk. In 1453 he was High Constable of England; and in the previous year was accused by the Duke of York of "treason, briberie, oppression and manie other crimes" (Holinshed, vol. iii. p 233). The king had already promised the regency of France to the Duke of York for another term of five years. The successful intrigue, by which Somerset supplanted him, incensed the duke's enmity, already bitter enough against his rival. Probably the historical fact, upon which this scene is founded, is the alleged weakness of Somerset in yielding up the town of Caen, in 1450, to the French,

against the wish of Sir David Hall, who had been left as captain of the town by the Duke of York. Somerset was induced to commit this act of weakness by the entreaties of his wife, who, with her children, had a narrow escape of being killed by a stone shot into the town. Sir David Hall remonstrated most strongly with Somerset, maintaining that without the permission of his lord and master, Richard Duke of York, the town could not be surrendered; but at last, according to Hall, (p. 215) "this capitain perceiuyng, that neither his woordes serued, nor his truthe toward his master preuailed, bad the duke of Somerset do what he list, for he would in no wise be named in y^t composiciō. Then the duke partely to please the tounes men, but more desirous to please the duches his wife, made an agrement with the Frenche kyng, that he would rendre the toune, so that he and all his, might depart in sauegard with all their goodes and substaunce: whiche offre, the Frenche Kyng gladly accepted and allowed, knowyng that by force, he might lenger haue longed for the strong toune, then to haue possessed thesame so sone. After this conclusion taken, sir Dauie Halle, with diuerse other of his trustie frēdes, departed to Chierburge, and from thence sailed into Irelande, to the duke of Yorke, makyng relacion to hym of all these dooynges: whiche thyng kyndeled so greate a rancore in his harte and stomacke that he neuer lefte persecutyng of the Duke of Somersette, till he had brought hym to his fatall poynt, and extreme confusion." It may be observed that, judging by York's own conduct in this scene, he was quite as much to blame as Somerset for not going to Talbot's help. Both this scene and the following one show, on the part of the dramatist, no little ingenuity in setting forth so effectively the fatal results of the jealousies and quarrels between the various lords, from which resulted the disastrous and bloody civil war known as The Wars of the Roses

199. Line 13: *louted.* Various meanings have been assigned to this word. Johnson in his note suggests that it may mean "lowered," "dishonoured." Steevens gives "subdued," "vanquished;" but from a passage in Ralph Roister Doister, iii. 3:

> Whereas a good gander, I dare say, may him beat
> And where he is *louted* and laughed to scorn,
> For the veriest dolt that ever was born.
>
> —Dodsley's Old Plays, vol. iii. p. 103;

as well as from two or three passages quoted from various authors, the word seems evidently to have the meaning assigned to it in our foot-note.

200. Line 51: *That ever living man of memory.*—Lettsom suggests that we should read:

> That man of ever living memory.

But it is hardly worth while to disturb the order of the words, the meaning being: "That man who lives for ever in our memory." For a similar misplacement of epithets, see Richard II. note 233; also above, note 174.

ACT IV. SCENE 4.

201. Line 13: *Whither, my lord! from bought and sold Lord Talbot.*—F. 1 has *Whether.* Dyce reads *Hither,* following Pope. Surely the repetition of *Whither* is the better reading, and more like the original. There is no note of interrogation after the sentence in the Folio. *For bought and sold* as a proverbial expression="betrayed," see Comedy of Errors, note 67.

202. Line 16: *his weak legions.*—Ff. have *regions,* corrected by Rowe.

203. Line 19: *And, in* ADVANTAGE *lingering, looks for rescue.*—Staunton conjectures "*disadvantage.*" Johnson's explanation is: "Protracting his resistance by the advantage of a strong post;" and Malone adds: "Or, perhaps, endeavouring by every means that he can, with *advantage* to himself, to linger out the action" (Var. Ed. vol. xviii. p. 120). Dyce prints *disadvantage,* and in his note on this passage, vol. v. p. 90, quotes Lettsom: "Johnson's explanation of the old reading is against the course of events as described in this play." It certainly does not seem, from the detailed account which Hall gives of the circumstances preceding the engagement so fatal to Talbot, that he, at any time, held any position in which he awaited reinforcements; in fact he appears all throughout to have been, not the attacked, but the attacker. After he had retaken Bordeaux, his son and other lords arrived from England with 2200 men and supplies; and Talbot immediately assumed the offensive. Charles had two armies in the field, one of which marched against Bordeaux, while with part of the other he besieged the town of Châtillon in Périgord. Talbot immediately determined to attack the smaller of the two hostile armies first. He left the bulk of his forces, under the command of the Earl of Kendale, with directions to follow him as quickly as possible. Having taken one of the enemy's outposts, and routed a small body of 500 men, he attacked the French in a very strong intrenched position, in which they had more than 300 pieces of ordinance. Talbot appears to have had only 800 cavalry with him, whom he dismounted, himself remaining on horseback on account of his age. To attack so strong a position without waiting for his reinforcements was a very heroic feat, but, at the same time, a very serious strategic mistake; and for the fatal result he had no one but himself to blame.

204. Line 26: *Orleans the Bastard, Charles, and Burgundy.*—So F. 2, F. 3, F. 4: F. 1 omits the *and.*

205. Line 31: *his levied horse.*—Ff. read (substantially) *host;* which may be the right reading, as, above line 23, we have:

> The *levied succours* that should lend him aid.

But it is much more probable that the author intended to write *horse,* in accordance with York's speech above, sc. 3, lines 9–11:

> A plague upon that villain Somerset,
> That thus delays my promised supply
> Of *horsemen,* that were levied for this siege

and with Somerset's answer (line 33, below):

> York lies; he might have sent and had the *horse.*

ACT IV. SCENE 5.

206. Line 29: *But, if I bow, they'll say it was for fear.*—If this, the reading of Ff. be right, *bow* must mean "yield," give way under pressure, as in Sonnet xc. 3:

> Join with the spite of fortune, make me *bow.*

Again, in Sonnet cxx. 3:

> Needs must I under my transgression *bow*.

But I had noted *go*, in the margin, as a probable reading before I saw that it is given in the Long MS. It is extremely probable that the author really wrote *go*, both because above, in line 11, Talbot says: "come, dally not, be *gone*;" and again below, line 36:

> Upon my blessing, I command thee *go*.

Go is in perfect contrast with *stay* in the next line. Walker proposes also the same reading.

207. Lines 34-42.—This is an instance of what is called in Greek *στιχομυθία*, *i.e.* dialogue in alternate lines, a very favourite trick in Greek Tragedy, and one which we find much imitated in the early English dramatic writers. Shakespeare does not ever resort to it, except in his earlier plays. The most noteworthy instance is in Richard III. iv. 343-367; and in The Two Gent. of Verona, i. 2, and in many scenes in the Comedy of Errors, other instances will be found. Lilly introduced a modification of *στιχομυθία* in dialogues consisting of one short sentence, on the part of each speaker, in prose. This Shakespeare imitates frequently; especially in his early plays. The old play (if it can be called a play) of The Pardoner and the Friar, 1521, by John Heywood, contains pages of this *στιχομυθία*. Sometimes the rhyme is in alternate lines, sometimes in consecutive lines. Where such instances are found in old English plays, they are generally in rhyme, as of course the use of rhymed decasyllabic lines is earlier than the use of blank verse. The objection to the use of *στιχομυθία*, whether in its original classic form or in the modified form introduced by Lilly, is that it causes the author to strive after epigrammatic expressions, and to attempt to be witty at the expense of naturalness.

208. Lines 52, 53:

> *Then here I take my leave of thee, fair* SON,
> *Born to eclipse thy life this afternoon.*

There is apparently a quibble intended on *son* and *sun* here, however out of place it may seem in such a passage. Shakespeare appears to have been rather partial to this quibble. Compare Richard III. i. 3. 267:

> Witness my *son*, now in the shade of death,

where it is introduced with equal impropriety.

ACT IV. Scene 6.

209. Line 44: *On that* ADVANTAGE, *bought with such a shame*.—Several unnecessary emendations of this word have been proposed. The meaning of this and the three following lines is plain. He means: "Before I will secure the *advantage* of continuing our household's name *bought with such a shame* as the desertion of my father, I wish my horse may fall dead under me." Talbot had two surviving sons by his first wife, and two more sons, besides this John Talbot, by his second wife, so that the speaker was not in any sense an only son.

210. Line 48: *And like me to the peasant boys of France*.—Compare II. Henry IV. ii. 1. 97, 98: "when the prince broke thy head for *liking* his father to a singing-man of Windsor" (according to the Quarto; Ff. have *lik'ning*).

ACT IV. Scene 7.

211. This pathetic scene, as also the preceding one, are founded on Hall's vivid account of Talbot's death: "This cōflicte continued in doubtfull iudgement of victory. ii. longe houres: durynge which fight the lordes of Montamban and Humadayre, with a great companye of Frenchmen entered the battayle, and began a new felde, and sodaynly the Gonners perceiuynge the Englishmen to approche nere, discharged their ordinaunce, and slew. iii. C. persons, nere to the erle, who perceiuynge the imminent ieopardy, and subtile labirynth, in the which he and hys people were enclosed and illaqueate, despicynge his awne sauegarde, and desirynge the life of his entierly and welbeloued sonne the lord Lisle, willed, aduertised, and counsailled hym to departe out of the felde, and to saue hym selfe. But whē the sonne had aūswered that it was neither honest nor natural for him, to leue his father in the extreme ieopardye of his life, and that he woulde taste of that draught, which his father and Parent should assay and begyn: The noble erle and comfortable capitayn sayd to him: Oh sonne sonne, I thy father, which onely hath bene the terror and scourge of the Frēch people so many yeres, which hath subuerted so many townes, and profligate and discomfited so many of them in open battayle, and marcial conflict, neither cā here dye, for the honor of my countrey, without great laude and perpetuall fame, nor flye or departe without perpetuall shame and cōtinualle infamy. But because this is thy first iourney and enterprise, neither thy flyeng shall redounde to thy shame, nor thy death to thy glory: for as hardy a man wisely flieth, as a temerarious person folishely abidethe, therefore ye fleyng of me shalbe ye dishonor, not only of me and my progenie, but also a discomfiture of all my company: thy departure shall saue thy lyfe, and make the able another tyme, if I be slayn to reuenge my death and to do honor to thy Prince and profyt to his Realme. But nature so wrought in the sonne, that neither desire of lyfe, nor thought of securitie, could withdraw or pluck him frō his natural father: Who cōsideryng the constancy of his chyld, and the great daunger that they stode in, comforted his souldiours, cheared his Capitayns, and valeaūtly set on his enemies, hauyng a greater company of men, and more abūdaunce of ordinaunce then before had bene sene in a battayle, fyrst shot him through the thyghe with a hādgōne, and slew his horse, and cowardly killed him, lyenge on the ground, whome they neuer durste loke in the face, whyle he stode on his fete, and with him, there dyed manfully hys sonne the lord Lisle, his bastard sonne Henry Talbot, and syr Edward Hull, elect to the noble order of the Gartier, and . xxx. valeant personages of the English nacion, and the lord Molyns was there taken prysoner with . lx. other" (p. 229).

Hall's account of Talbot's death was confirmed most curiously by an examination of the bones of Talbot (see above, note 119). On the occasion of their reinterment, the thigh bones were found to be uninjured; so that it is evident that the shot which first disabled him did not fracture the bone. But "Immediately behind the right parietal eminence of the cranium was a perpendicular

fracture, evidently caused by a sharp instrument. It was 2¾ in. long, and in the centre ⅝ of an inch across" ("Talbot's Tomb," &c., by Rev. W. H. Egerton. Transactions of Shropshire Archæological Society, June 1885, p. 113). This was the blow on the head, struck from behind, when he was *lyenge on the ground*, probably with a battle axe. The skeleton of a mouse was found along with the bones of the great warrior, and in the skull was the nest of the little intruder with "three small mummied mice" still in it; the mother had used the opening made in the cranium by the battle axe as a means of ingress and egress. That the mouse had chosen this odd spot for her nest, after the removal of the body from Rouen to Whitchurch, was proved by the fact of some portions of an English prayer book being found therein (*Ut supra*, pp. 14, 28).

212. Line 3: *Triumphant death, smear'd with captivity.*—This line seems to have exercised the understandings of some of the commentators. The explanation of *smear'd*, given in our foot-note, is probably the right one. Walker asks, "Can any sense be made out of this line?" to which Professor F. A. Leo thus makes answer: "I believe Death here to be represented in the appearance of a warrior. In the same way as the Indian war-tribes are accustomed even to-day to appear in the battle (smearing their body with the slain enemies' blood, in order to make a more horrid impression on their foes), and as our Teutonic ancestors appeared, Death is supposed to go triumphantly over the battle field, *smeared* with the terrible aspect of captivity; terrible even for those who are happy enough to escape the sword of death" (Shakespeare, notes, p. 17). This is a truly leonine explanation. As Clarke justly observes: "The construction of this sentence is so 'forced and cramp' that it may either signify 'Death, thou who art stained with captivity,' or 'Death, stained as I am with captivity, my son's valour enables me to smile at thee'" (vol. ii. p 342).

213. Line 10: TEND'RING *my ruin.—Tendering* is usually explained as in our foot-note; but it may mean "caring for me in my ruin." We have, in II. Henry VI. iii. 1. 277:

> I *tender* so the safety of my liege.

214. Line 18: *Thou* ANTIC *death, which laugh'st us here to scorn.*—Compare Richard II. iii. 2. 162-165:

> and there the *antic* (*i. e. Death*) sits
> Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp,
> Allowing him a breath, a little scene,
> To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks.

215. Line 21: *lither sky*—Walker would read *hither;* but *lither* seems to have meant originally "soft," "yielding;" and, secondly, "weak," "lazy," "depraved."

216. Line 35: *raging-wood.*—See Mids. Night's Dream, note 114.

217. Line 41: GIGLOT *wench.*—Shakespeare uses this word in two other passages; as a substantive, in Measure for Measure, v. 1. 352, and as an adjective, in Cymbeline, iii. 1. 31. The derivation of the word seems to be uncertain, whether it be the diminutive form of *gig*, or derived from *giggle*. As young Talbot's death took place twenty-two years after the execution of Joan of Arc, and during her lifetime he could not have been old enough to bear arms, she could never have encountered him in single combat. Probably the author confused him with his elder half-brother, John Talbot, who succeeded his father as second Earl of Shrewsbury, and who was at this time forty years old.

218. Line 70: *Great marshal to* OUR KING *Henry the Sixth.*—So F. 2; F. 1 omits *our king.*

219. Line 76: STINKING AND FLY-BLOWN, *lies here at our feet.*—The author might have spared us these repulsive words; for, even in the hottest climate, the body of Talbot could not have become corrupt in so short a time.

220. Line 91.—F. 2 makes act v. begin in the middle of the last scene immediately after Talbot's death where the Dauphin and others enter.

221. Line 91, 92:

> Char. *Go, take their bodies hence.*
> Lucy. *I'll bear them hence;*
> *But from their* MIGHTY *ashes shall be rear'd.*—

Ff. have:

> *Char.* Go, take their bodies hence.
> *Lucy.* I'll bear them hence, but from their ashes shall be rear'd.

Various emendations have been made in order to complete the metre. Pope prints *Dauphin.* Dyce adopts Lettsom's emendation:

> But *doubt not* from their ashes shall be rear'd.

The emendation we have ventured to make is based on the supposition that some epithet to *ashes* has dropped out of the text.

222. Line 94: *So we be rid of them, do what thou wilt.*—F. 1 has:

> So we be rid of them, do with *him* what thou wilt.

F. 2, F. 3, F. 4:

> So we be rid of them, do with them what thou wilt.

It seems a pity to spoil the line by leaving in the two words *with them*, which are utterly unnecessary.

ACT V. SCENE 1.

223. Lines 1, 2:

> *Have you perus'd the letters from the pope,*
> *The emperor and the Earl of Armagnac!*

This probably refers to two attempts on the part of the pope to put an end to the disastrous war between England and France. One was made a year after the king's coronation. Hall, after describing the terrible sufferings which the war inflicted upon both nations, says (p. 166): "for whiche cause Euginye the fourth, beyng bishopp of Rome, intendyng to bryng this cruel warre, to a frendly peace, sent his Legate, called Nicolas, Cardinall of the holy crosse, into Fraunce to thentent to make an amitie, and a concord betwene the two princes and their realmes. This wise cardinall, came first to the Frenche kyng, and after to the duke of Bedford beyng at Paris: exhortyng concord, and persuadyng vnitie, shewyng, declaryng and arguyng, peace to be moste honorable and more profitable to christian princes, then mortall warre, or vncharitable discencion;" and further on he says: "The Cardinal beyng in vtter dispaire, of cõcludyng a peace betwene the two

realmes, (least he should seme to departe empty of all thynges, for the whiche he had taken so muche trauaill) desired a truce for sixe yeres to come, which request, as it was to him, by bothe parties hardly graunted, so was it of the Frenchmen, sone and lightly broken, after his returne." No doubt the principal reference is to the Council of Arras. (See above, note 172.) It was after this Council of Arras that the Duke of Burgundy deserted the English alliance and was reconciled to France. There is no mention of the Earl of Armagnac, either in Hall or Holinshed, as having been present at the council.

224. Lines 15–20.—This offer on the part of the Earl of Armagnac was not made till later in 1442. The account given by Holinshed is as follows: "He (Armagnac) sent solemne ambassadours to the king of England, offering him his daughter in mariage, with promise to be bound (beside great summes of monie, which he would giue with hir) to deliuer into the king of Englands hands, all such castels and townes, as he or his ancestors deteined from him within anie part of the duchie of Aquitaine, either by conquest of his progenitors, or by gift and deliuerie of anie French king: and further to aid the same king with monie for the recouerie of other cities within the same duchie, from the French king; or from anie other person that against king Henrie vniustlie kept, and wrongfullie withholden them" (vol. iii. p. 205).

225. Line 17: *near* KIN *to Charles.*—Ff. have *knit;* the correction is Pope's. The Cambridge editors defend the reading of the Ff. *knit* (vol. v. note vi. p. 104): "as the conceit suggested by the 'knot of amity,' in the preceding line, is not alien from the author's manner." On the other hand, Dyce says that *knit* is a mistake, evidently occasioned by the *knot* just above, and we agree with the latter. Pope's emendation is a very plausible one, and, as the retention of *knit* makes a weak and cacophonous line, we do not scruple to adopt it.

226. Line 21: *Marriage! alas, uncle, my years are young!*—The king was, as Malone points out, twenty-four years old when he married; but when his marriage with the daughter of Armagnac was first proposed, he had only just completed his twenty-first year.

227. Lines 28, 29:

What! is my lord of Winchester install'd,
And call'd unto a CARDINAL'S *degree?*

This is an undoubted discrepancy, implying great carelessness on the part of the author, in giving the Bishop of Winchester the title of *cardinal* in act i. sc. 3, while he is only called *prelate* in act iii. sc. 1, and *bishop* in act iv. sc. 1, and making him here apparently for the first time invested with the dignity of *cardinal*. According to history, although he was named *cardinal* in 1417, in the reign of Henry V., Archbishop Chichely, who was jealous of him, persuaded the king to forbid Beaufort to accept the dignity offered him, and he did not obtain the royal license to accept the preferment until 1426. He was appointed one of the representatives of the King of England at the Congress of Arras in 1435: but he does not appear to have been one of the commissioners for peace in the diet called together at Tours, at which Suffolk represented the king. It is useless to attempt to assign the exact year to the events of this act, as it contains a mixture of incidents which really occurred in the years 1435, 1442, and 1444 respectively.

228. Lines 31–33:

Henry the Fifth did sometime prophesy,—
"If once he come to be a cardinal,
He'll make his cap co-equal with the crown."

The foundation for this statement, here put into the mouth of Exeter, seems to rest on the second article of the complaint made against the cardinal by Gloucester in the year 1441: "First, the cardinall then being bishop of Winchester, tooke vpon him the state of cardinall, which was naied and denaied him, by the king of most noble memorie, my lord your father (whome God assoile) saieng that he had as leefe set his crowne beside him, as see him weare a cardinals hat, he being a cardinall" (Holinshed, vol. iii. p. 199).

229. Line 49: *And safely brought to Dover;* WHERE, *inshipp'd.*—F. 1, F. 2, F. 3 have *there;* the reading in our text is that of F. 4.

230. Line 59: *That, neither* IN *birth, or for authority.*—Johnson would read "*for* birth." In order to make the line scan we must make *neither* a monosyllable. I would propose to read:

That *nor* in birth, *nor in* authority.

ACT V. SCENE 2.

231. Line 12: *Into two* PARTS.—*Ff.* have *parties;* the correction is Pope's. It is pretty evident that the error arose from the *is* being mistaken by the transcriber as belonging to the word *parts*.

ACT V. SCENE 3.

232.—As has been remarked in the Introduction, the first part of this scene between Pucelle and the fiends seems to have been "written in to please the vulgar," and is decidedly inconsistent, in the main, with her character as depicted by the dramatist.

233. Line 2: *periapts.*—In bk. 12, chap. ix. Reginald Scot gives a number of "Popish *periapts*, amulets and charmes." He says: "These vertues under these verses (written by pope Urbane the fifth to the emperour of the Grecians) are contained in a periapt or tablet, be continually worne about one, called Agnus Dei, which is a little cake, having the picture of a lambe carrying of a flag on the one side; and Christs head on the other side, and is hollow: so as the Gospel of S. Iohn, written in fine paper, is placed in the concavitie thereof: and it is thus compounded or made, even as they themselves report."

He then gives eight lines of Latin verse "Englished by Abraham Fleming."

"Balme, virgine wax, and holy water,"
An Agnus Dei make:
A gift than which none can be greater,
I send thee for to take.
From fountain clear the same hath issue,
In secret sanctified:
'Gainst lightning it have soveraigne vertue,
And thunder-crackes beside.

Each hainous sinne it weares and wasteth,
Even as Christ's precious blood,
And women, whiles their travel lasteth,
It saves, it is so good.
It doth bestowe great gifts and graces,
On such as well deserve:
And borne about in noisome places,
From peril doth preserve.
The force of fire, whose heat destroyeth,
It breaks and bringeth down:
And he or she that this enjoyeth,
No water shall them drowne.
—Edn. 1654, pp. 166, 167.

234. Line 6: *Under the lordly* MONARCH *of the* NORTH. —By the *monarch of the north* is meant the devil *Zimimar*, "the king of the *north*." Scot says: "A Maymon, king of the east, Corson king of the south, *Zimimar* king of the north, Goap king and prince of the west, may be bound from the third houre, till noone, and from the ninth houre till evening" (bk. 15, chap. ii. p. 277). In his preceding chapter (p. 266) he gives "an inventarie of the names, shapes, powers, governement, and effects of divels and spirits, of their severall seguiories and degrees." Most of these great spirits seem to have so many legions under them, who obey them; but *Zimimar* does not appear to be described among them. He says in a note at the end of this chapter that "a legion is 6666." Johnson says: "The *north* was always supposed to be the particular habitation of bad spirits. Milton, therefore, assembles the rebel angels in the *north*" (Var. Ed. vol. xviii. p. 139); but according to Scot: "Their first and principal king (which is of the power of the *east*) is called *Baell*" (bk. 15, chap. ii. p. 266). It would seem that among the evil spirits there were dukes and marquises, prelates, knights, and presidents.

235. Lines 10, 11:

Now, ye familiar spirits, that are CULL'D
Out of the POWERFUL LEGIONS *under earth.*

Ff. have *regions;* but the expression *cull* and the epithet *powerful* surely point to *legions*, and not to *regions*, as the right reading; it is Warburton's correction. The same mistake occurs above (iv. 4. 16):

To beat assailing death from his weak *legions* (Ff. *regions*).

The emendation of *legions* is also supported by three or four passages quoted by Dyce in his note on this passage, *e.g.* Macbeth, iv. 3. 55–57:

Not in the *legions*
Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd,
In evils to top Macbeth.

He also gives an instance of the same misprint in Shelton's Don Quixote (Pt. ii. chap. 46, p. 220, edn. 1652): "And such was his ill lucke, . . . it seem'd to him that there were a *Region* of Diuels in his chamber."

236. Line 25: *That France must* VAIL *her lofty-plumed crest.*—Compare Merchant of Venice, i. 1. 27, 28:

And see my wealthy Andrew dock'd in sand,
Vailing her high-top lower than her ribs.

237. *Excursions. Re-enter La Pucelle fighting hand to hand with York: La Pucelle is taken. The French fly.*—In Ff. the stage-direction here is given: *Enter* BURGUNDIE *and Yorke, fight hand to hand. French flye.*

238. Line 30.—The capture of Joan of Arc is thus narrated by Hall. "And it happened in the night of the Assencion of our lorde, that Pothon of Xentraxles, Ione the Puzell, and flue or sixe hundred men of armes, issued out of Chãpeigne, by the gate of the bridge towarde Mowntdedier, intendyng to set fire in the tentes and lodgynges of the lord of Baudo, which was then gone to Marigny, for the Duke of Burgoyns affaires. At whiche tyme, sir Ihon of Luxenborough, with eight other gentlemen (which had riden aboute the toune to serche and vieue, in what place the toune might be most aptly and conueniently assauted or scaled) were come nere to the lodges of the lorde of Baudo, where they espied the Frenchmen, whiche began to cut doune tentes, ouerthrowe pauilions, and kil men in their beddes. Wherefore, shortely they assembled a great nombre of men, as well Englishe as Burgonions, and coragiously set on the Frenchmen. Sore was the fight and greate was the slaughter, in so much that the Frenchemen, not able lenger to indure, fled into the toune so faste, that one letted the other to entre. In whiche chace was taken, Ione the Puzell, and diuerse other: whiche Ione was sent to the duke of Bedford to Roan, wher, (after lõg examinaciõ) she was brent to ashes" (pp. 156, 157). There seems to be no ground for ascribing this act of valour to the Duke of York. Monstrelet's account is as follows:

"After some time, the French, perceiving their enemies multiply so fast on them, retreated toward Compiègne, leaving the Maid, who had remained to cover the rear, anxious to bring back the men with little loss. But the Burgundians, knowing that reinforcements were coming to them from all quarters, pursued them with redoubled vigour, and charged them on the plain. In the conclusion, as I was told, the Maid was dragged from her horse by an archer, near to whom was the bastard de Vendôme, and to him she surrendered and pledged her faith. He lost no time in carrying her to Marigny, and put her under a secure guard. With her was taken Poton the Burgundian, and some others, but in no great number. The French re-entered Compiègne doleful and vexed at their losses, more especially for the capture of Joan: while, on the contrary, the English were rejoiced, and more pleased than if they had taken five hundred other combatants, for they dreaded no other leader or captain so much as they had hitherto feared the Maid" (vol. i. chap. lxxxvi. p. 572). Holinshed (vol. iii. p. 170) gives three different accounts of Joan's capture; but Monstrelet's account is, no doubt, substantially correct.

239. Line 35: *As if, with Circe, she would change my shape!*—Alluding to the mythological legend of *Circe*, supposed to be the daughter of the sun by the ocean nymph Perse; she lived in the island of Œæa. She changed those persons, who were unfortunate enough to fall into her power, into animals. The story of the adventure of Ulysses with this enchantress, and his amour with her, is given in the Tenth Book of Homer's Odyssey.

240. Line 45: *Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner.* —It is hardly necessary to say that Suffolk never took Margaret prisoner. It was in 1430 that Joan was captured; but not until 1444, when representing the king at the Diet held at Tours, that Suffolk took upon himself

to negotiate the marriage between Margaret of Anjou and Henry VI.

241. Lines 47–49:

For I will touch thee but with reverent hands,
And lay them gently on thy tender side.
I kiss these fingers for eternal peace.

In Ff. these lines run thus:

For I will touch thee but with reuerend hands,
I kisse these fingers for eternall peace,
And lay them gently on thy tender side.

The transposition was made by Capell. The reason for the transposition is that Suffolk, according to the arrangement of the Ff., is made to kiss his own fingers; "a symbol of peace," says Malone, "of which there is, I believe, no example." On the other hand, those who defend the reading of the old copies say that Suffolk is supposed to kiss Margaret's hand, and to lay it gently back by her side; but surely it is much more natural, as he is supposed to be bringing her in prisoner, that he should have his arm round her, as if supporting her.

242. Line 68: *Hast not a tongue? is she not here* THY PRISONER?—F. 1 omits these words, which were added by F. 2. Lettsom suggests: "Perhaps the author wrote 'here *in place*,' or 'here *beside thee*;' at any rate he could scarcely have written what the second folio ascribes to him" (Walker, vol. iii. p. 152). We agree with Dyce in thinking that this objection has not much force.

243. Line 71: *Confounds the tongue, and makes the senses* ROUGH.—There have been several emendations proposed in this line. Hanmer suggests "makes the senses *crouch*" instead of *rough*, which Dyce adopts. Collier coolly altered it to "*mocks* the sense of *touch*." Schmidt explains it: "disturbs them like a troubled water, ruffles them." May not *rough* here be taken as the opposite to *fine*, the meaning being that the effect of beauty, instead of sharpening the senses, makes them dull and *rough*?

244. Lines 77, 78:

She 's beautiful, and therefore to be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore to be won.

These lines occur with very little variation in Titus Andronicus, ii. 1. 82, 83:

She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore may be won.

Steevens says that the latter line "seems to be a proverbial line, and occurs in Greene's Planetomachia, 1585" (Var. Ed. vol. xviii. p. 143).

245. Line 83: *there lies a* COOLING CARD.—Clarke (p. 347) explains this expression thus: "A card so decisive as to cool the courage of an adversary; metaphorically, something to damp or overwhelm the hopes of an expectant." We have in The Antiquary (1641), v. 1: "Are you so hot? I shall give you *a card to cool you presently*" (Dodsley, vol. xiii. p. 505); and in Sir Gyles Goosecappe, ii. 1: "their livers were too hot, you know, and for temper sake they must needs have *a cooling carde* plaid upon them" (Bullen's Old Plays, vol. iii. p. 37).

246. Line 89: *tush, that's a* WOODEN *thing!*—This is the only instance of Shakespeare using the word *wooden* in this peculiar sense. It may either mean "That is a *wooden*, *i.e.* a stupid thing to do," much as we talk nowadays of any dense person being "*wooden* headed;" or it may possibly mean that the king was a "mere block of wood" incapable of love. None of the instances given by Steevens in his note seem very much to the point; nor has he succeeded in coming across any instance of this exact phrase. The following passage from Middleton's The Wisdom of Solomon Paraphrased (lines 17–19) illustrates this meaning of *wooden*:

Conceiving folly in a foolish brain,
Taught and instructed in a *wooden* school,
Which made his head run of a *wooden* vein.
—Works, vol. v. p. 445;

referring to the making of wooden idols. The double sense of the word here is clearly intended.

247. Line 120: *If thou wilt condescend to—*.—Ff. 1, F. 2, F. 3 have "to *be my*;" F. 4 "to *my*." The emendation is Steevens's. The words *be my* are superfluous.

248. Line 154: *the* COUNTIES *Maine and Anjou*.—Maine is called both by Hall and Holinshed "the *county* Maine." Ff. have *country*; the alteration is Theobald's.

249. Line 179: *Words sweetly plac'd and modestly directed*.—F. 1 has *modestie*; the correction is made in F. 2.

250. Line 192: AND *natural graces that extinguish art*.—F. 1 has *mad*; F. 2, F. 3, F. 4 *made*. Pope prints *her*; but we prefer Mason's conjecture *and*, which we have adopted, as being the word most likely to be mistaken for *mad*. Steevens defends the reading of F. 1, supposing *mad* to = "wild," "uncultivated;" but even in that sense the word seems completely out of place.

ACT V. SCENE 4.

251. Line 2: *this kills thy father's heart*.—Compare Richard II. v. 1. 97–100:

Give me mine own again; 't were no good part
To take on me to keep and *kill thy heart*.
So, now I have mine own again, be gone,
That I may strive to *kill it* with a groan.

The expression *to kill one's heart* means "to cause great grief" or "distress."

252. Line 7: *Decrepid miser!*—For an instance of *miser* = miserable creature, compare The Contention between Liberality and Prodigality (1602), i. 6:

That *misers* can advance to dignity,
And princes turn to *misers'* misery.
—Dodsley, vol. viii. p. 342.

253. Lines 7–9.—We have already remarked in the Introduction on the gross inconsistency of Joan's repudiating her parents, and claiming to be of noble birth, as she does here, after her own declaration of her humble origin. (See above, i. 2. 72–75.) In fact the whole of this scene is contemptible, with the exception of Joan's speech (lines 36–53).

254. Line 18: *God knows thou art a* COLLOP *of my flesh*.—Shakespeare only uses *collop* in one other passage, namely, in Winter's Tale, i. 2. 137, where Polixenes says of his son: "Most dear'st! my *collop!*" There is great

difference of opinion as to the origin of this word. Richardson derives it from to *collow* or *colly*, *i.e.* "to make black with coal;" and quotes Cotgrave, who gives: "*charbonner*, is to *collow*, or make black with a coal." But the real derivation is from German *klopfen*, Dutch *kloppen*, "to beat." Skeat quotes a passage from a comic poem, of which he does not give the date, in which the word *klop* is used = "clap" or "clatter." Halliwell gives *clope* = "a blow" in his Dictionary of Archaic and Provincial Words; and in Cornwall *clopping* is used, meaning "lame," "limping;" a word derived probably from the same source. There is no doubt that *collop* originally meant "a piece of meat cut off for the purpose of cooking." Beaumont and Fletcher use the word in The Maid of the Mill, iv. 1:

> if there want but a *collop*,
> Or a steak o' me, look to 't.
>
> —Works, vol. ii. p. 599.

255. Line 49: *No,* MISCONCEIVED *Joan of Arc hath been.* —F. 1 has:

> No misconceyued, Joan of *Aire* hath beene;

and so F. 2, F. 3, F. 4 substantially. Steevens arranges the line thus:

> No, *misconceived!* Joan of Arc hath been,

explaining it, "No, ye misconceivers, ye who mistake me and my qualities." The reading in our text is that of F. 4, which certainly seems to be, in this instance, the right reading. There can be no necessity for giving the peculiar sense to *misconceived* which Steevens does. Its natural meaning suits the context best; Joan calls herself the victim of misconception.

256. Line 64: *Although ye* HALE *me to a violent death.* —It is worth noting that this word seems to be a favourite one with the author, or authors of this play, in which it occurs three times, namely, i. 1. 149; ii. 5. 3; v. 4. 64. It occurs twice in II. Henry VI. iv. 1. 131 and iv. 8. 59; twice in Titus Andronicus, v. 2. 51; v. 3. 143, and once in Pericles, iv. 1. 55. It may be noted that these are all plays of which comparatively but a small portion is Shakespeare's own work. He uses the word no more than five times in all the other plays; namely, in Twelfth Night, iii. 2. 64; Winter's Tale, iii. 2. 102; Troilus and Cressida, iv. 5. 6; Coriolanus, v. 4. 40; Othello, iv. 1. 144.

257. Line 70: *Well,* WELL, *go to; we'll have no bastards live.*—The second *well* was added by Capell. F. 1 has:

> Well go too, we'll haue no Bastards liue.

F. 2, F. 3, F. 4 have "we *will* have no bastards live," in order to make the line complete. Capell's emendation, however, is preferable.

258. Line 74: *that notorious Machiavel!*—In Merry Wives, iii. 1. 103, 104, we have: "Am I politic? am I subtle? am I a *Machiavel?*" and in III. Henry VI. iii. 2. 193:

> And set the *murderous Machiavel* to school,

an epithet which he scarcely deserves. *Machiavelli* was born in 1469, and died in 1527. His period of political activity, as secretary to the Council of Ten in Florence, lasted from 1498 to 1512. In that year he was banished; and was not again employed, except as ambassador. His work Del Principe, which has gained for his name proverbial infamy, was not published till 1532. The evil reputation associated with the name of *Machiavelli* is scarcely deserved. His other works are models of style and composition; and may justly claim to rank among the noblest specimens of Italian literature. The anachronism in this passage is surpassed by one quoted by Steevens from The Valiant Welshman, 1615, a play of Armin's. One of the characters bids Caradoc, *i.e.* Caractacus,

> read *Machiavel:*
> Princes that would aspire must mock at hell.

259. Line 87: *May never glorious sun* REFLEX *his beams.* —This is the only instance of the use of this word as a verb. Shakespeare uses the noun once; namely, in Rom. and Jul. iii. v. 20:

> 'T is but the pale *reflex* of Cynthia's brow.

260. Line 91.—This is the last that the dramatist allows us to see of the unhappy Joan, who ought to have been the heroine of this play; whose character, as has been already pointed out, is treated with such inconsistency, and such a curious mixture of meanness and generosity, that one does not know whether the dramatist intended us to sympathize with her, or to detest her. One cannot help regretting that Shakespeare had not time and inclination to treat the character of the Maid of Orleans from a nobler and juster point of view; but perhaps that would have been asking too much of a writer in his time. The intense prejudice shown against Joan by Hall and Holinshed, greater in the case of the latter, proves how long the embittered animosity, which originally demanded the execution of this brave and noble-minded woman, survived in the English mind. Hall gives the letter sent by the King of England to the Duke of Burgundy justifying the execution of Joan. This letter has been attributed to the Duke of Bedford; but, from the theological tone of it, it is more likely to have been the work of Cardinal Beaufort, who is said to have been the only ecclesiastic who looked on unmoved at the Maid's death-agony. The letter is too long for quotation; but the gist of it is that she was accused of heresy, of sorcery, and of blasphemy; that she refused to confess her crimes till the judges had begun to pronounce her sentence; that being condemned to penance, she revoked her confession and submission; was again exhorted to repent, but, proving obstinate, was delivered over to the secular authorities, who condemned her to be burnt. Hall does not accuse her of incontinency, as will be seen from the following passage, in which he argues against any claim on her part to sanctity: "I can very well agree, that she was more to be marueiled at, as a false prophetisse, and seducer of the people: then to be honored or worshipped as a sainct sent from God into the realme of Fraunce. For of this I am sure, that all auncient writers, aswell deuine as prophane, alledge these three thynges, beside diuerse other, to apparteine to a good woman. First, shamefastnesse, whiche the Romain Ladies so kept, that seldome or neuer thei wer seen openly talkyng with a man: which vertue, at this day emongest the Turkes, is highly esteemed. The seconde, is pitie: whiche in a womans harte, abhorreth the spillyng of the bloud of a poore beast, or a sely birde. The third, is womanly behauor aduoydyng the occasion of euill iudgement, and

causes of slaundre. If these qualities, be of necessitie, incident to a good woman, where was her shamefastnes, when she daily and nightly, was conuersant with comen souldiors, and men of warre, emongest whom, is small honestie, lesse vertue, and shamefastnesse, least of all exercised or vsed? Where was her womanly pitie, whē she taking to her, the harte of a cruell beaste, slewe, man, woman, and childe, where she might haue the vpper hand? Where was her womanly behauor, when she cladde her self in a mannes clothyng, and was cōuersant with euery losell, geuyng occasion to all men to iudge, and speake euill of her, and her doynges. Then these thynges, beyng thus plainly true, all men must nedes confesse, that the cause ceasyng, the effect also ceaseth: so yt, if these morall vertues lackyng, she was no good womā, then it must nedes, consequently folowe, that she was no sainct" (p. 159).

But the dramatist had some ground for representing Joan as stooping to the cowardly device of pleading pregnancy, as the following passage from Holinshed will show: "But herein (God helpe vs) she fullie afore possest of the feend, not able to hold hir in anie towardnesse of grace, falling streight waie into hir former abominations (and yet seeking to eech out life as long as she might) stake not (though the shift were shamefull) to confesse hir selfe a strumpet, and (vnmaried as she was) to be with child. For triall, the lord regents lenitie gaue hir nine moneths staie, at the end wherof she found herein as false as wicked in the rest, an eight daies after, vpon a further definitiue sentence declared against hir to be relapse, and a renouncer of hir oth and repentance, was she therevpon deliuered ouer to secular power" (vol. iii. p. 171). However much of shame one feels, as an Englishman, at the malignant cruelty which condemned this heroic girl, whose courage at least ought to have won the respect of her foes, to an ignominious death; and at the malicious prejudice which, a century and a half later, allowed no English writer to treat her character with any justice; still it may be some consolation to remember that it was reserved for a Frenchman in the eighteenth century, one before whose intellect, if not to whose heart, we are often asked to bow down, to perpetrate the greatest outrage on the Maid of Orleans. Voltaire's filthy and ribald slander on one of the noblest of heroines his country had ever produced is fortunately little read, except by those whose tastes lead them to explore the sewage of literature. That any Frenchman could have written such a thing seems almost incredible; but, having written it, that he should not have done everything in his power to withdraw it from publication, and to destroy every copy of it, seems absolutely impossible. Unfortunately for the reputation of the human intellect, such is the fact.

261. Line 114: SÉVERE *covenants.*—For another instance of the accent on the first syllable of this word compare Measure for Measure, ii. 2. 41: "O just but *sévere* law!" In all other cases Shakespeare uses the word with the accent on the second syllable.

262. Lines 121, 122:

The hollow passage of my PRISON'D *voice,*
By sight of these our BALEFUL *enemies.*

Ff. have *poison'd;* the emendation is Theobald's. Johnson defends *poison'd* on the ground that the epithet agrees well enough with *baleful* in the following line; *baleful* being = "baneful," *i.e.* "noxious;" but surely it is not his *voice* that would *see* his *baleful* enemies, and the context does not allow of our making any sense of *poison'd.* For *baleful* compare Rom. and Jul. ii. 3. 8: "*baleful* weeds and precious-juiced flowers."

263. Line 150: *Stand'st thou aloof upon comparison?*—The meaning is: "Do you stand off upon the ground of comparing your position with that of King Henry, the part that you possess of France with the part that he possesses?"

264. Lines 171, 172:

Nor be rebellious TO THE CROWN OF ENGLAND,
Thou, nor thy nobles, TO THE CROWN OF ENGLAND.

Walker suggests that there is an error here in the repetition of the words *to the crown of England.* It certainly looks very much like it. I would suggest the omission altogether of the words in the second line, leaving the line an imperfect one.

ACT V. SCENE 5.

265. Lines 5–9:

And like as rigour of tempestuous gusts
Provokes the mightiest hulk against the tide,
So am I driven by breath of her renown,
Either to suffer shipwreck, or arrive
Where I may have fruition of her love.

The simile in this passage is certainly obscure and far-fetched. Johnson says: "he seems to mean, that as a ship is driven against the tide by the wind, so he is driven by love against the current of his interest" (Var. Ed. vol. xviii. p. 157). King Henry does not say anything about sacrificing his interests; he simply says, what he affirms below (79–86), that Suffolk's description of Margaret's charms and accomplishments has kindled in him so strong a passion, that he has determined to possess her as his wife.

There does not seem to be any historical authority for representing Henry's consent to this marriage as proceeding from any passion excited by the description, received from Suffolk, of Margaret's charms. From the first it must have been a marriage devised, on political grounds, by part of the king's council; and, as far as we can gather from the somewhat conflicting authorities, Suffolk was himself very reluctant to conclude the marriage. Hall's account is as follows: "When these thynges wer concluded, the Erle of Suffolke with his company, thinkyng to haue brought ioyfull tidynges, to the whole realme of Englande, departed from Toures, and so by long iornies, arriued at Douer, and came to the kyng to Westminster, and there openly before the kyng and his counsail, declared how he had taken an honorable truce, for the saueguard of Normandy, and the wealth of ye realme, out of whiche truce, he thought, yea, and doubted not, but a perpetual peace, and a finall concorde, should shortely proceade and growe out. And muche the soner, for that honorable mariage, that inuincible alliaunce, that Godly affinitie, which he had concluded: omitting nothyng, whiche might extoll and setfurth, the personage

of the Ladie, nor forgetting any thyng, of the nobilitie of her kinne, nor of her fathers high stile: as who would saie, that she was of suche an excellent beautie, and of so high a parentage, that almoste no king or Emperor, was worthy to be her make. Although this mariage pleased well the kyng, and diuerse of his counsaill, and especially suche as were adherentes, and fautors to the erle of Suffolke, yet Humfrey duke of Gloucester, Protector of the realme, repugned and resisted as muche as in him laie, this new alliaunce and contriued matrimonie" (p. 204).

266. Lines 25-29.—Gloucester's reasons for opposing the marriage are the same as those given by Hall (p. 204): "that it was neither consonaunt to the lawe of God nor man, nor honorable to a prince, to infringe and breake a promise or contracte, by hym made and concluded, for the vtilitie and profite of his realme and people, declaryng, that the kyng, by his Ambassadors, sufficiently instructed and authorised, had cōcluded and cōtracted, a mariage betwene his highnes, and the doughter of therle of Arminacke, vpon condicions, bothe to hym and his realme, asmuche profitable as honorable. Whiche offers and cōdicions, thesaid erle sith his commyng out of his captiuitie and thraldome, is redy to yelde and performe, saiyng: that it was more conueniente for a Prince, to marie a wife with riches and frendes, then to take a make with nothyng, and disherite himself and his realme of olde rightes and auncient seigniories. The duke was not heard, but the Erles doynges, were condiscended vnto, and allowed. Whiche facte engendered suche a flame, that it neuer wente oute, till bothe the parties with many other were consumed and slain, to the great vnquietnes of the kyng and his realme."

267. Line 46: *Beside, his wealth doth warrant liberal dower.*—This is the reading of F. 2. F. 1 reads "*a* liberal dower," which Dyce prefers on the ground that *warrant* is usually a monosyllable in our early poets. This may be so in one or two instances; but certainly, in the majority of passages in which Shakespeare uses the word, it cannot be anything but a dissyllable. For instance, in the Comedy of Errors, i. 1. 69; the Two Gent. of Verona, ii. 4. 102; in Richard II. iv. 1. 235; and again in this very play, v. 3. 143. So, upon the whole, we are justified in preferring to follow F. 2.

268. Line 56: *Than to be dealt in by* ATTORNEYSHIP.—Or as we should say, "by attorney." Shakespeare is rather fond of this legal similitude: *e.g.* in Richard III. iv. 4. 413:

> Be *the attorney* of my love to her;

and again in same play, v. 3. 83:

> I, *by attorney*, bless thee from thy mother.

Shakespeare would certainly seem, at one period of his life, to have had some practical acquaintance with the technicalities of the law. (See Mid. Night's Dream, note 11.)

269. Line 60: IT *most of all these reasons bindeth us.*—IT is omitted in Ff.; first inserted by Rowe.

270. Line 64: *Whereas the contrary bringeth* FORTH *bliss.*—This is the reading of F. 2, F. 3, F. 4. F. 1 has *bringeth bliss*, which some editors defend upon the ground that *contrary* is here used as a quadrisyllable; but as there does not seem to be, in Shakespeare, any instance of the use of the word as a quadrisyllable; and as, in two passages, namely, Timon of Athens, iv. 3. 144: "Be quite *contrary;*" and Hamlet, iii. 2. 221:

> Our wills and fates do so *contrary* run,

Shakespeare uses it with the accent on the second syllable (where the word cannot possibly be a quadrisyllable), it seems better to adopt the alteration of F. 2.

271. Line 72: *Will answer hope in issue of a king.*—Ff. have:

> Will answer *our* hope in issue of a king.

The omission of *our* was first suggested by Steevens.

272. Line 90: ACROSS *the seas to England, and be crown'd.*—Ff. have *To cross;* the emendation is Walker's.

273. Line 108: *But I will rule both her, the king, and realm.*—Whether this play was written before or after those two plays now known as The Second and Third Parts of Henry VI., it certainly ends at the very best point that could be chosen with regard to the two other plays. Henry's marriage seems to have been the turning-point of his fortunes. From that moment nothing seems to have prospered with him or his army. The discontent which the cession of Anjou and Maine excited in the minds of the people, as well as amongst the nobles, was increased by the uniform ill success which the English met with in France after that event. Had Henry not been linked to a woman of so ambitious, resolute, and fierce a character as Margaret, he might, perhaps, have been suffered to conclude his reign in peace; or, at least, to have yielded up the crown of his own accord, and retired into that life of quiet contemplation and religious devotion for which he was most adapted by nature.

WORDS OCCURRING ONLY IN KING HENRY VI.

PART I.

NOTE.—The addition of sub., adj., verb, adv. in brackets immediately after a word indicates that the word is used as a substantive, adjective, verb, or adverb only in the passage or passages cited.

The compound words marked with an asterisk (*) are printed as two separate words in F. 1.

	Act	Sc.	Line
Abrupt	ii.	3	30
Accomplices	v.	2	9
Agazed	i.	1	126
Air-braving	iv.	2	13
Attorneyship	v.	5	56
Bachelorship	v.	4	13
Bartered	i.	4	31
Blood-sacrifice	v.	3	20
Blood-thirsty	ii.	3	34
Bloomed[1]	i.	6	7
Bold-faced[2]	iv.	6	12
*Bull-beeves	i.	2	9
Cannon-shot	iii.	3	70
Captivate (adj.)	ii.	3	42
	v.	3	107
Co-equal	v.	1	33
Condescend	v.	3	17
	v.	3	120
Confusedly	i.	1	118
Confutation	iv.	1	98
Contumeliously	i.	3	58
Cornets	iv.	3	25
Corrosive (adj.)	iii.	3	3
Couched[3]	iii.	2	134
Crazy	iii.	2	89
Crestless	ii.	4	85
*Deep-premeditated	iii.	1	1
Disagree	iv.	1	140
Disanimates	iii.	1	183
Discomfiture	i.	1	59
Distrustful	i.	2	126
Dizzy-eyed	iv.	7	11
Dogfish	i.	4	107
Due (verb)	iv.	2	34
*Easy-held	v.	3	139
Effused	v.	4	52
Enrank	i.	1	115
Enshrines	iii.	2	119

1 The substantive *bloom* occurs twice in Shakespeare: the verb only in this passage.

2 Occurs in Venus and Adonis, 6.

3 Used of fixing a lance in the rest; in other senses the verb is used frequently.

	Act	Sc.	Line
Ever-living	iv.	3	51
Exequies	iii.	2	133
Expulsed	iii.	3	25
Extinguish[4]	v.	3	192
Fickleness	v.	3	134
*First-begotten	ii.	5	65
Fling (sub.)	iii.	1	64
Fly-blown	iv.	7	76
Foil[5] (sub.)	iii.	3	11
	v.	3	23
Fruition	v.	5	9
*Full-replete	v.	5	17
Gimmals	i.	2	41
Guardant[6] (sub.)	iv.	7	9
Hedge-born	iv.	1	43
High-minded	i.	5	12
*Hungry-starved[7]	i.	5	16
Immanity	v.	1	13
Immortalized	i.	2	148
Imperiously[8]	i.	3	5
Incantations	v.	3	27
Inhearsed[9]	iv.	7	45
Inshipped	v.	1	49
Intermissive	i.	1	88
Keen-edged	i.	2	98
Kennel[10]	iv.	2	47
Lither	iv.	7	21
*Lofty-plumed	v.	3	25
Louted	iv.	3	13
Magnifiest	iv.	7	75
Market-bell	iii.	2	16
Market-folks	iii.	2	15

4 Lucrece, 313.

5 In the sense of "defeat." In other senses it is used in several places.

6 In Coriolanus, v. 2. 67, Jack *guardant* occurs, where the word is probably used as an adj.

7 This is the reading of Ff. See note 102.

8 Venus and Adonis, 265.

9 Occurs in Sonn. lxxxvi. 3.

10 Used = a pack of dogs; in other senses it occurs elsewhere.

	Act	Sc.	Line
Market-men	iii.	2	4
	v.	5	54
*Master-gunner	i.	4	6
*Minute-while	i.	4	54
Misconceived	v.	4	49
*Moody-mad	iv.	2	50
Motions (verb)	i.	3	63
*Nero-like[11]	i.	4	95
Nestor-like	ii.	5	6
*New-begot	i.	1	79
Nourish (sub.)	i.	1	50
Nurser	iv.	7	46
Oft-subdued	i.	5	32
Otherwhiles	i.	2	7
Over-awe	i.	1	36
Over-daring	iv.	4	5
Over-long	v.	3	13
Over-mounting	iv.	7	15
Overpassed	ii.	5	117
Over-tedious	iii.	3	43
Over-veiled	ii.	2	2
Pamphlets[12]	iii.	1	2
Parked	iv.	2	45
Patronage (verb)	iii.	1	48
	iii.	4	32
Periapts	v.	3	2
Pithless	ii.	5	11
Platforms[13]	ii.	1	77
Potter	i.	5	19
Practisants	iii.	2	20
Precinct	ii.	1	68
Preciseness	v.	4	67
Proditor	i.	3	31
Putrefy (trans.)	iv.	7	90
Quittance (verb)	ii.	1	14
*Raging-wood	iv.	7	35
Rascal-like	iv.	2	49
Raw-boned	i.	2	35
Reflex (verb)	v.	4	87

11 See note 99.

12 Lucrece Dedic. 1.

13 In the sense of "plans," "schemes." In its ordinary sense *platforms* occurs Hamlet, i. 2. 213, 252; Oth. ii. 3. 124.

	Act	Sc.	Line
Reguerdon (sub.)	iii.	1	170
Reguerdoned	iii.	4	23
Repugn	iv.	1	94
Rich-jeweled	i.	6	25
Rigorously	v.	4	52
Sack[14] (sub.)	ii.	2	15
Sapless	ii.	5	12
	iv.	5	4
Servility	v.	3	113
Skirmish (verb)	i.	2	34
	i.	4	69
Slaughterer	ii.	5	109
Spelling[15]	v.	3	31
'Spials[16]	i.	4	8
Stablish	v.	1	10
Strong-fixed	ii.	5	102
Stubbornly	iv.	1	94
Studiously	iii.	1	2
Subtle-witted	i.	1	25
Subverts	ii.	3	65
Taint[17]	v.	3	183
Tawny-coats	iii.	1	74
*Thrice-victorious	iv.	7	67
Turtle-doves	ii.	2	30
Unbidden	ii.	2	55
Unchain	v.	3	31
Unfallible	i.	2	59
Unpremeditated	i.	2	88
Unready	ii.	1	39
	ii.	1	40
Unvanquished	v.	4	141
Upstart (sub.)	iv.	7	87
*Vile-esteemed	i	4	33
Warrantize[18]	i.	3	13
War-wearied	iv.	4	18
Wist	iv.	1	180
Writhled	ii.	3	23

14 = the lacking of a town. It is used frequently as the name of a kind of wine.

15 = working a spell or enchantment.

16 See note 83.

17 = tainted.

18 Sonn. cl. 7.

EMENDATIONS ON KING HENRY VI.—PART I.

ORIGINAL EMENDATIONS ADOPTED.

Note
36. i. 1. 60: *Guienne, Champagne, Rheims,* ROUEN, *Orleans.*
43. i. 1. 95; *The Duke Alençon flieth to his side.*
44. i. 1. 96: *The Dauphin* CROWN'D *king!* AND *all fly to him!*
46. i. 1. 128: *Cried out amain, A Talbot!* HO! *a Talbot!*
50. i. 1. 159: *The Earl of Salisbury* CRAVES A *supply.*
52. i. 1. 174: *for me* NO THING *remains.*
58. i. 2. 25: THAT *Salisbury* 'S *a desperate homicide.*
70. i. 2. 102: *Then come* ON, *o' God's name; I fear no woman.* So Keightley.
77. i. 2. 148: *Drive them from Orleans, be immortaliz'd.*

Note
94. i. 4. 16–18:
And even FOR *these three days have I watch'd,*
If I could see them.
Now do thou watch, for I can stay no longer.
116. ii. 2. 54: *No, truly,* NO; *'t is more than manners will.*
137. ii. 5. 76: *Unto the third King Edward.*
138. ii. 5. 82, 83:
Long after this, when Henry the Fifth,
Succeeding his SIRE *Bolingbroke, did reign.*
146. iii. 1. 29: *Were I ambitious, covetous, or* WORSE.
178. iii. 4. 7: *Twelve cities, seven walled towns of strength.*
179. iii. 4. 13: *Is this Lord Talbot, uncle Gloucester?*

ORIGINAL EMENDATIONS SUGGESTED.

Note
55. i. 2. 7: *O' the whiles.*
173. iii. 3. 47: *As looks the mother on her* LONELY *babe.*
188. iv. 1. 175: RIGHT *prettily did play the orator.*
230. v. 1. 59: *That* NOR *in birth,* NOR IN *authority.*

Note
264. v. 4. 171, 172:
Nor be rebellious TO THE CROWN OF ENGLAND,
Thou, nor thy nobles.

END OF VOL. I.

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